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LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECHES ON SLAVERY.

It is not for their matchless eloquence that we select these speeches as the text of a few observations on the important topic which they handle; nor yet for their masculine, compact reasoning, and consummate oratorical skill; not even for the stronger fascination of that fervid and holy tone of pleading and appeal—that

"Still, sad music of humanity"—

which never before breathed so passionately from the lips of the same distinguished individual. It is solely the mighty object which they advocate which has won our attention to the noblest specimens of modern eloquence, sanctified by the noblest purpose. Lord Brougham has surpassed himself in the present session of Parliament. His moral nature has warmed and expanded in the divine office which he has latterly assumed—to him no new one—of breaking the chains of the African slave, tearing the scourge from the grasp of the oppressor, and now in endeavouring to preserve to another helpless race, the blessings, with the rights, of freemen.

We do not pretend to award the palm of eloquence, to one speech or the other of the three speeches before us. Lord Brougham cannot be the rival of himself. His powerful reasoning, his eloquent pleading for the IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGRO APPRENTICES, will, in the present excited state of the public mind—most generously and righteously excited—probably make the most lively impression. But the exposition of the new, the EASTERN SLAVE TRADE—delivered in denouncing that invidious Order in Council, of which it would be uncharitable to imagine that the authors were aware of half its incipient wickedness—we consider incomparably the more important. The public were tolerably well acquainted with the condition of the negro apprentices, and the injustice of their masters. Missionaries in the islands, and a host of benevolent and vigilant Abolitionists at home, were watching the course of events—fearlessly searching out oppression and cruelty in their secret places, and dragging them into light; but the Order in Council—laying deep the foundations of a new scheme of slavery as flagitious as that which, after so memorable a contest, is hardly yet extirpated, and more cruel, in the same proportion as the feeble and sensitive Hindoo is a more helpless creature than the African—was an invidious lurking serpent, the more dangerous that its envenomed nature was unsuspected.

We shall not here enter into the question of the justice or propriety of making the unfortunate Colonial Secretary the scape-goat for the delinquencies of the entire Cabinet. There might have been as great wisdom, as there unquestionably would have been more manliness, in grappling boldly with the whole body, instead of singling out one victim, because, though not considered the most culpable, he might be fancied the most helpless, and the least fortified by party alliance and collateral influences. We, therefore, altogether concur in the opinion expressed by Lord Brougham, when he denied the charge of having instigated the attempt to separate from his colleagues in the Government—to *cut out*, as it were—Lord Glenelg, for particular punishment or opprobrium. In relation to Canada, the Colonial Secretary is probably less worthy of blame than others of his colleagues. As Lord Brougham remarked at the Exeter Hall abolition meeting, when the Colonial Secretary was blamed exclusively for the permitted iniquity of the planters—"With him all his colleagues take a part, and nothing can be more rankly unjust than to bestow all the blame upon him. *There is plenty to spare for all;* and it ought to be divided between him and all his colleagues in just and rateable proportions."

But this just and candid easoning will hardly avail Lord Glenelg, in the case of the Order in Council. Besides his official duty and responsibility, he ought, individually, to have been more completely alive than any of his colleagues, to the incipient mischief with which this Order, extorted by the artifices and importunity of the planters of Guiana, was fraught. It was indefensible in principle, and obviously cruel in its immediate operation; while, in creating an Eastern slave trade, it again set open the flood-gates to human misery, exceeding all other shapes of misery which the world has ever known—that which kills the body by lingering tortures, while it brutalizes the soul. And this Order in Council, devised

in culpable ignorance, or in more culpable knowledge, and passed in mystery, was defended by its authors; who were sheltered from the consequences of their error by the Duke of Wellington. Though the Duke could not help condemning their measure, he found it necessary to compromise the affair, and allow them to recede shabbily from the awkward dilemma. In moving the Previous Question, while he neither denied nor impugned the truth of Lord Brougham's resolutions, the Duke of Wellington, to shelter the helpless Government—doubtless not without kind nor yet sufficient motives—compromised himself, and brought in question that character for candour, fairness, and sagacity, with which the Whigs at present delight to invest him.

In January last, if not earlier, Lord Brougham gave notice of his intention to drag into light this half-smuggled Act of Council. It had been passed on the 12th of July 1837, as an amendment most favourable to the planters, of another Order, passed in March of the same year, though until this day not the least intimation of its existence has appeared in the *Gazette*. The practice of publishing acts for the colonies is said to be unusual; but the omission of this one, ought to establish the practice of publication in all future time. Lord Brougham truly remarked—

When we consider that such orders framed in private by the Minister, make the law of the Crown Colonies as absolutely as the law of England is made by the enactments, the open and public enactments, of King, Lords, and Commons, surely it is not too much to desire that those resolutions of the executive Government, thus private in their adoption, and, it may be, little considered before made, should not be consigned at once to the Council books, where they can only be accessible to the clerks, but should be promulged to the whole people whose interests they concern, whose conduct they govern. When I denounced this order, I stated, shortly, but distinctly, my reasons for condemning it; I shewed in some detail how it must work; I referred to the former history of slave-trading to illustrate my meaning; and, believing, or willing to believe, that it had been issued through inattention, or negligence, or indolence, or ignorance of the subject, I said, "Let it only be withdrawn, and I shall never again advert to the subject in anyway—nor comment upon the issuing it—nor in any manner make it the subject of observation." I have waited since then, anxiously looking for its recall; but I find my not unfriendly suggestion was thrown away, and that the measure is persisted in, maintained, defended, by its authors.

The nature of the Order in Council complained of, and which the Duke of Wellington has said that the Whigs shall amend, as the price of his protection, is specious enough. In name, and probably in the belief of Lord Glenelg, it is one to enable the planters of Guiana to bring labourers, or indentured apprentices, as they are pleased to call them—slaves, as they are in reality—from India, in the same manner as they have been brought to the Mauritius for several years, after the planters there had found that their contraband trade in men was become perilous. This hopeful scheme—a godsend, or rather an instigation of the Devil—had been adopted by the planters of the Mauritius, when the British People—the Parliament having, many years before, passed Mr Brougham's bill, making man-stealing a capital felony—insisted that the full penalty should be exacted from the speculators in human beings, and after 25,000 slaves had been illegally brought to the island—25,000 capital felonies perpetrated in the course of a few years, by sordid and greedy speculators. So early as 1811—when the planters, after the trade was abolished, were as much haunted by the alarm of the slave population decreasing, as they now are, that, though the negroes may work under terror of the cart-whip, the stimulus of wages will never render them industrious as free labourers—the introduction of *free* labourers from Asia was proposed, to counteract the anticipated bad effects of the decrease of the population, which might occasion overtasking of the slaves, as the same amount of labour must be performed, with fewer labourers. It was a scheme of pretended philanthropy. Lord Brougham remarks:—

The reception of this plan in Parliament was very remarkable. Mr Anthony Browne, then and now the respectable agent for Antigua, cautioned the House against being led astray by its feelings in behalf of the slaves, to sanction an impracticable and visionary scheme. But Mr Stephen gave it his decided opposition upon higher grounds. Now, than Mr Stephen's there can no higher authority be cited on slavery and slave-trading, and everything connected with these subjects. He had long made them his study; he had been at all times the zealous co-operator with his friend and brother-in-law, Mr Wilberforce, in the Abolition Committee; he had passed the best years of his life in a slave colony, St. Kitt's; and, since his return to Europe, he had never ceased to watch over every branch of the great questions connected with West India affairs. His resistance to the proposition of introducing free labourers into the colonies, as it was called then and is called now, was grounded upon the injuries thus certain to be inflicted upon the people whom it was proposed to transport from Asia; and Mr Huskisson, adopting the same views, opposed the project upon the same grounds. An accident prevented Mr Canning from attending this debate, as absence from town upon the circuit kept me also away from it. I felt exceedingly anxious when the subject was announced; and, when I saw that eminent person after the committee had been appointed, I found he viewed the subject in the same light with Mr Stephen and myself. No, no, said he—it is enough to have desolated Africa, without introducing this pest into Asia too.

The next circumstance to which we must look in pursuing this historical retrospect, is the traffic which for some years has been going on between India and the Mauritius; for it is to the alleged success of this experiment that we are desired to look by the patrons of the new scheme—the Government and the Guiana planters. I own that I regard whatever relates to the Mauritius with extreme jealousy in all slave questions. There is no quarter of the globe where more gross abuses have been practised—nay, more flagrant violations of the law, from the eager appetite for new hands which the fertile land excites in the uncleared districts of that island. . . . The position of the island is singularly adapted for carrying on this detested commerce. Near the continent, and near that part of it where we have no settlement and keep hardly ever any cruisers, no effective check upon such operations can ever be maintained, if the authorities in the island itself do not exercise the most vigilant attention; and there is but too much reason to suspect, from what came out in Mr Buxton's committee, that, instead of watching, they connived at one time, whilst some high in office encouraged the offenders and even partook in the fruits of their crimes. Doubtless, if the Guiana Order in Council is suffered to subsist, a like pri

vilege will be extended to this island. But, in either case, the African coast is under the operation of this new traffic. That Order comprehends it in terms the most distinct. Nor does it only open the trade to

—— "them that sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mosambique"—

It stretches along Sofala, and to Guardafui and Arabia—comprising all the Asian Islands

"Ceylon and Timor, Ternate and Cadore."

It then includes the whole coast of India, and all the regions of that vast domain, stretching

"O'er hills where flocks do feed, beyond the springs
Of Ganges and Hydaspes, Indian streams."

All those plains and mountains—all those ports, and bays, and creeks—long lines of sea-beach without a fort or a witness, a magistrate to control, or an eye to see what is done—from Madagascar to the Red Sea—from the Arabian Gulf along Malabar, to Travancore, thence from Comorine to the mouths of the Ganges, and of all the unknown and unnamed streams that water the peninsula and flow into the Indian Ocean. It is in such vast and such desolate regions, that we are to be told this Order will never be abused, and none be taken by force, nor any circumvented by fraud. When in the heart of Europe, with all men's eyes to watch him and his agents, the King of Prussia could drive his trade of a crimp, and fill his army with recruits spirited away from the banks of the Rhine, populous, civilized countries, enjoying the blessings of regular government, the protection of a vigilant police, and entertaining ambassadors at the court of Berlin—when that monarch could, in such countries, and in the face of day, carry off the priest at the altar, and the professor at his desk, from the countries on the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Oder, and these reverend and learned recruits were, for months afterwards, found carrying his firelocks, and serving in his ranks—how can the folly be sufficiently derided, which represents it as difficult to abuse this abominable regulation, and make it the cover of common slave-trading in the remote desolate countries watered by the Niger, and the yet more deserted shores of eastern Africa, through which nameless rivers flow into the sea? The order was passed without a single regulation being subjoined, either here or in the East Indies, to prevent such abuses or to limit their amount. But to speak of regulations in such circumstances, is too absurd. What regulations can the wit of man devise, which can have any effect at all? Nay, in the very places where the abuse is most likely to occur, you have not the shadow of authority to make rules. How can you legislate for the slave-dealers on the eastern coast, north of the Cape? Yet there the worst branches of the old slave-trade at this moment exist. I saw, only yesterday, a person who had been present at the capture of a Portuguese slave-ship, which had sailed from the coast of Zanzebar, with 800 negroes on board, and lost above 200 before she reached her port of destination in the Brazils. Let it not then be said, that regulations may be devised for preventing abuse. But none have been attempted or thought of. The wretched beings, apprentices you call them, are to be carried, without a word said, specifying the tonnage—regulating the space for accommodation between the decks—fixing the proportion of water to drink, or provision to sustain life—ordering medical attendance—directing the course of the voyage, or limiting its duration. The Order was issued here in July, before it could possibly be known that any law had been promulgated in Bengal—for the date of the Bengal regulation was May 1, and it was sent over on the 7th of June. That regulation, too, was, and still is, confined to the presidency of Fort William. Nay, more, it is altogether silent on every one of the important particulars which I have mentioned, and merely prescribes, in vague and general terms, that the parties interested in disobeying it, and on whose conduct it sets no kind of watch, shall attend to the comforts of the crew and cargo.

We make no apology for the length of this extract from the speech, which, very imperfectly reported in the newspapers, is before us in an authentic form; nor do we select these passages for any reason save that they contain a plain statement of matters of fact, and cogent argument.

Lord Brougham contrasts, with the permitted facility of crimping, kidnapping, and deceiving the simple Asiatics, the extreme jealousy and vigilance with which our law protects those voluntary and well-informed British emigrants, who are so much more capable of taking care of themselves than the natives of India. He enumerates every preliminary regulation and safeguard, provided by statute, for the protection of British subjects; and continues—

With the additional penalty of no less than £500, for any passenger taken on board in any place where no Custom-house stands, and no officers are ready to perform the examination—lest, peradventure, a single Englishman may, by some improbable combination of accidents, be kidnapped and carried, innocently or ignorantly, into a foreign land. And then comes my noble friend, (Lord Glenelg,) with his Order in Council—his crown-made law—to encourage the shipment, not of enlightened Englishmen, but simple Hindoos and savage Africans, in distant, desert coasts, in remote creeks and bays of the sea, laid down in no charts, bearing no name, at the mouth of rivers which drain unknown regions far inland, and carry down their streams the barbarous natives to an ocean which they had never beheld. Knowing the watchful care, the scrupulous and suspicious jealousy of the English law made by Parliament on all that relates to the emigration of our own civilized people—knowing that the shipper would be ruined who should suffer an Englishman to embark, of his own free will, and more desirous to go than he to take him, where there was no custom-house officer to watch the operation—my noble friend makes his colonial law with the avowed purpose of enabling thousands and thousands of simple, ignorant, uncivilized men, to be taken in any speculating trader's vessel, in obscure, nameless places, where, instead of revenue establishments and public offices being stationed, the footstep of no European, save the slave-trader and the crimp, ever was known to have trodden since the creation. The law made by Parliament suspects all engaged in the trade of emigration, even from the city of London, and the lawgivers have framed its enactments on the assumption that abuse and offence must come. The law of the Colonial Office suspects no one, even of those who navigate the Indian seas, and sweep the coasts of Southern Africa—it proceeds upon the assumption that neither abuse nor offence can ever come where the temptation is the strongest and the difficulty of prevention the most insurmountable.

After adverting to the injustice to the freed negro labourers, of pouring in a host of foreign labourers upon them, habituated, like the Coolies of India, to the lowest rate of hire and sustenance, and that, at the very moment the negro, long deprived of his rights by the injustice of his owner, is emancipated, he is to be defrauded of his hire by his owner's craft—his Lordship returns to the main point:—

But this is the very least part of the evil inflicted by the measure; this is taking the argument on the lowest ground. Look to the inevitable consequences of the system upon the eastern coast of Africa, and all our Indian dominions. The language used by its patrons and their abettors in Downing Street, is just what used to be heard in the days of open slave-trading. "We wish to bring over a number of labouring people from Asia," says one planter—"We contemplate drawing a supply of labourers for our estates," say others—respectable men, whom I personally know. It is "the engaging of labourers," according to the President of the Board of Control, under whose protection India is placed; while the Colonial Secretary, under whose care all our other settlements

repose, speaks of the "Emigration from India," and "East India Emigrants." The voyage which brings these poor creatures from the indolence of their native plains to the hard and unwholesome toils of Guiana, can hardly yet be described as proving an agreeable passage, for time has not yet been allowed to carry any over. But the experiment already made in the Mauritius furnishes the means of commendation, and that passage has been distinctly termed by the schemers one of no suffering, but of sufficient ease and comfort to the cargoes. So they have described the change of the Coolie's situation as beneficial to him. "They are represented," it is said, "to be much pleased with their new situation, it being considered by them as more desirable and beneficial than that from which they have been removed"—in the very language, your Lordships observe, of the slave-traders and their defenders fifty years ago. The experience of the Mauritius planters is in these papers cited at large, and paraded through many a long page, to shew how happy is the lot of the transported labourer in the bondage of that blissful land. The queries sent to various proprietors are given at length, with the answers returned by them. The fourth question, as to the comforts and happiness of the imported apprentices, is answered alike by all but one—from whom the truth escapes. The others say, the men are quite contented and happy, exactly as Sir William Young found the African slaves in the Leeward Islands. . . . .

That one planter, however, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. "Has any feeling of uneasiness and discontent been observable among the Indian labourers on your estate, as arising out of separation from their families, or from any other similar cause?" The answer is signed Bickagee; and this name seems to indicate a Malabar origin; so that probably the reason why the account is so different from that of other proprietors may be, that Bickagee could converse with the poor Indians in their own language, as another witness who gives a similar account certainly could. The answer is "Yes; and for these reasons—In their country they live happy and comfortable with their wives and families on three or four rupees a-month. They engage to leave their native country on a small increase of salary, say five rupees and rations, in the hope of receiving the same comfort here, but experience has proved the reverse. Uneasiness and discontent arise from these privations, besides their being deprived of the holidays their religion entitles them to." So Mr Scott, a gentleman resident in Bengal and acquainted with the people, their language, and habits, plainly says, that, "with very rare exceptions, he doubts if there are any who congratulate themselves on the bargain they have made." He makes an observation of much wisdom upon the inefficacy of all regulations respecting treatment, and of all conditions in contracts for apprenticeships. "The main result of my inquiry," says he, "leads me to the conclusion that the condition of the labourer practically depends on the individual character of his employer, and that the terms of the agreements are trifling compared with the spirit in which they are interpreted."

This must hold true; for what are these simple and deluded exiles but slaves?—and on what other foundation can their comfort rest but the individual character of their employer? Mr Scott has shewn more directly that these poor Hindoos were deceived by the crimps:—

"They all stated (says he) that they left Calcutta under the impression that they were going to the Company Rabustie (Company's village) the name by which the Mauritius is designated"—but by whom? In the vernacular tongue of India? By all men in common parlance? Oh, no, nothing of the kind! But "by the agents in India!"—By the slave-trader's agents—by his crimps—his inveiglers—his kidnappers. Mr Scott adds, "How far the term was complimentary or compulsory I cannot say;" so that he has his suspicions of these poor ignorant people being made to believe that they might be compelled to go to the Mauritius as a part of the Company's territory. He adds this remarkable observation: "While I make no charge of misrepresentation, I am bound to acknowledge the difficulty of correctly and intelligibly describing an island in the Indian Ocean to a person who had never seen the sea, or knew what an island was." Some, there may doubtless be, who will say, that this representation of the Mauritius, where the powers of Leadenhall Street have not one servant, and possess not one yard of ground, being a village of the Company, was plausibly rather than justly made. For my part, I hold it to have been wickedly, deceitfully, fraudulently, crimpingly, kidnappingly done, and with the purpose of inveigling, and cheating, and carrying away the natives of Asia, after the most approved practices of slave traders, in their nefarious proceedings on the African coast.

But the probable suffering of the Hindoo slaves does not rest upon conjecture. Lord Brougham said he held in his hand—

The despatch from the Mauritius government, of April last, in which three vessels are said to have carried over, one of them 224, the other 200, and the third seventy-two labourers, as you are pleased to term what I plainly name slaves. Each had a full cargo of rice besides; so that the despatch says they could not have proper accommodation for the Indians, nor protection from the weather, nor had any one of the three a medical officer. The William Wilson, out of 224, lost thirty-one on the voyage—a sacrifice to the pestilential hold in which they were compelled to breathe. The Adelaide, still worse, lost twenty-six out of seventy-two—between a third and a half in five or six weeks. The statements I have given from the slave-trader's arguments in 1788 and 1797 were absurd enough when they represented the mortality of the middle passage as one in the hundred. But never did I hear it put higher than this of thirty or forty per cent. Only see once more how the record of your own statute-book rises up in judgment against your own conduct! While you not merely allow, but encourage and stimulate the carrying away of untutored Indians and savage Africans from the desolate shores of Malabar, and Ceylon, and Mosambique, giving free scope to all the practices of fraud and treachery, which the arts of wicked ingenuity can devise to entrap them, and bear them into bondage, that the sordid desires of a few grasping planters may be gratified—read the wise and humane words on the front of the British statute—read them, and blush for shame! "Whereas, in various parts"—of Hindostan! Of the Indian Archipelago! Of the Mosambique and Sofala coasts? No—but "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, persons have been seduced to leave their native country under false representations, and have suffered great hardships for want of provisions and proper accommodation, and no security whatever being afforded that they shall be carried to the ports for which they have agreed—be it *therefore* enacted."—Has the faintest attempt been made to afford such security to the Indian and the African, as this statute anxiously provides, for the free and enlightened native of our own island—any precaution against his being trepanned and seduced on board, under representations that he is only going to another village of his own country, where he will enjoy his own ease, work in his own way, and worship according to his own religion—any precautions against being hurried away by force, while others are decoyed by fraud—any precautions against being scantily provided and pestilentially lodged—any precaution against his being carried to one destination after bargaining for another? Nothing whatever of the kind.

The condition of the negro apprentices we consider immeasurably better than that of the expatriated Coolies. They are among their relatives, and in their own country. They understand its language; they have a perception of their rights; they have advisers, friends, and protectors, in their spiritual teachers; they appeal to the magistrate; and they travel to the

Governor if justice is denied them. They are cruelly oppressed, and that under the forms of justice; but the apprenticed negro, even were complete emancipation not at hand, is in a far safer position than the forlorn Coolie. In granting this Order in Council, the Colonial Secretary has looked chiefly to latitude, while we think he overlooked more imminent dangers. When he received the Ordinance of the Court of Policy in Demerara, authorizing the importation of apprentices into the colony from India, he warned the planters against letting this license become a cover for slave-dealing, and for bringing apprentices from Africa; as if slaves could not be as effectually made of Hindoos as of negroes.

Another striking argument which Lord Brougham employs against the Order in Council, is the use which may be made of it by the Spanish and Portuguese governments, when they hear their continued nefarious traffic stigmatized by the English, who impatiently demand its abolition:—

They will hold, and truly, that they have a just right to tax us with insincerity, and with fraud and dishonesty, if, while we affect to reprobate slave-trading in them under its own name, we continue to carry it on ourselves under false pretences, and by a false and borrowed title. As long as Africans are brought over under the vile Order, by the name of apprenticed labourers, it is still more just than it is plausible to accuse us of that insincerity and those frauds; and how does my noble friend (Lord Glenelg) escape the charge? By a regulation which he adds to the ordinance, and which I pledge myself instantly to demonstrate does nothing whatever to prevent the very thing here denounced. Nothing of the kind, absolutely nothing, has been done by the additional provision of my noble friend. For what is that provision? You will find it in page 21, and it only makes indentures of apprenticeship void if executed in Africa, or the adjacent islands inhabited wholly or in part by the negro race. Why, what signifies that? Who is prevented by such a flimsy folly as that article, from carrying over as many Africans as he pleases, and in whatever way he likes? To escape this most ridiculous check, the slave-trader (my noble friend himself calls him by this name) has only to take the negroes on board of his slave-ships, and there execute their indentures, or to Brazil, or to Cuba, or to Monte Video, or, indeed, to Guiana itself; and then he complies with the conditions of this inconceivable restriction, and imports as many negroes as he pleases, and can afford to buy. To be sure, there is added another provision of the same notable kind, requiring that all contracts be made and witnessed before two justices, or, it is added, magistrates. What then? The slave-trader has only to carry his prey, his human victims, to the Mauritius, where he will find two, ay twenty, magistrates fully ready to help him, and to do anything for the encouragement of the business there most popular, the slave-trade; or if it be the western coast of Africa which he has been desolating with his traffic, under the encouragement of this Order in Council, he has only to touch at the Brazils, where all slave-traders are at home; or at Monte Video, where the governor took a bribe of £10,000 to allow, in the teeth of the Spanish law, 2000 slaves, which he termed, in the language of these papers and this Order in Council, labourers, to be introduced; or at Cuba, where the governor does not suffer the sailing of slave-ships to be announced in the newspapers, for fear of our cruisers being thereby warned and stopping them. In all these slave-trading ports, justices, and magistrates, and governors too, will ever be ready to witness indentures for Guiana, and make this most ludicrous provision utterly void and of no effect.

How can this be gainsaid? The experience of fifty years has sufficiently taught us the kind of protection which colonial magistrates afford to colonial labourers. One might now suppose that this plan of bringing over indented labourers to the West Indies from Asia, had not a leg to stand upon; but, lest it should still hobble on, a case was brought forward, so apt, so directly to the point, that we are not surprised the Colonial Secretary gave it the go-by. Some few years ago, a person named Letord, seeing the Mauritius so much in want of labourers, graciously propounded to the Governor a plan for importing twenty thousand African—not Asiatic, labourers, which makes the only visible distinction between his scheme and that sanctioned by Lord Glenelg's Order in Council.

His plan was circumstantially and elaborately framed. . . . . The ingenious projector, (who, I understand, was one of those most deeply concerned in the Mauritian slave-trading some time ago, and therefore well versed in the subject) gave his plan the name of "Projet d'Emancipation Africane"—for he was, of course, to liberate all the slaves he bought of the chiefs, or kidnapped on his own account, and to convert them, as the plan of our Government proposes, into indentured apprentices. Your Lordships smile at the plan and its title, because you see through the trick at once: so did the worthy Governor, General Nicolay—whose answer was short, whose refusal was flat and unqualified, just such as the Government at home should have given to the Letords of Guiana. He said he had read the details of the plan "with much interest, and felt bound to give it his unqualified refusal, considering it, however speciously coloured, as neither more nor less than a renewal of the slave-trade, and, therefore, entirely inadmissible." And so to be sure it was. . . . But I now ask, if there is one single tittle of the plan thus instantly seen through, which differs from the present project for Guiana? I defy the most ingenious, subtle, and astute person who now hears me, to shew any one thing that could have been done under Letord's plan, denounced by Sir W. Nicolay, as common slave-trading—in other words, felony—which may not be done exactly in the same manner, if this Order in Council is suffered to continue in operation.

The nation, or that, we hope, fast-increasing portion of it, alive to the incipient evils wrapped up in this ill-advised Order in Council, wrung, we fully believe, from Lord Glenelg by the importunity and craft of the planters of Guiana, now wait for those corrective amendments, those regulations which were conceded by Ministers, as the price of the Duke of Wellington's protection on the night of the 6th March.

Like Lord Brougham, we entertain no fears for the emancipation of the negro apprentices—if not now, in 1838, when it is earnestly and righteously demanded, as a purchased right, by almost the unanimous voice of the nation—yet speedily; and, like him, we consider the insidious and gradual renewal of the traffic, under a new form, a for more pressing danger, though one less apprehended. The spirit and growing intelligence of the negro apprentices; the hope, and the sweet foretaste of liberty which they already enjoy; the millions of generous and watchful friends which they have in Britain—guarantee them against the chain and the cart-whip. But, against the renewal of the trade, there is, we fear, no security to be found in the most cunningly-devised regulations which the Colonial Office can invent. Avarice and self-interest are power-

ful opponents to cope withal. "I know," said Lord Brougham, in his reply—

I know the Indian crimp and the African trader; the inexhaustible perfidies of the dealers in men, and the scope which those frauds have among hordes of uncivilized men, many of them in their own country slaves; the comfort and aid which those wretches may reckon upon receiving from accomplices ready made, such as the bribed governor on the Spanish Main, and the friendly authorities of Cuba.

And wise it is that he will not permit the hydra to rear its head, although there be a Press and a Parliament to watch its movements; and although another Clarkson might be found to grapple with and destroy in its strength, the monster Lord Brougham would strangle in its cradle.

The monster is down, and I prefer keeping him down to relying upon all our resources for gaining a second triumph. I will not suffer the Upas tree to be transplanted, on the chance of its not thriving in an ungenial soil, and in the hope that, after it shall be found to blight with death all beneath its shade, my arm may be found strong enough to wield the axe which shall lay it low. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me, and on which I have unwillingly trespassed so long. My bounden duty could not otherwise have been performed; and I had no choice but to act now as I have acted ever through the whole of my life—maintaining to the end the implacable enmity with which I have at all times pursued this infernal trade.

Such is the animated winding-up of this noble speech; spoken at the right moment, thrust home, direct to the heart of the lurking iniquity which, in exposing, it must annihilate. It cannot be for a moment believed that those who will not patiently tolerate another two years of mitigated slavery among the negroes, will sit quietly by while a more flagrant enormity is perpetrated, and the foundation silently laid for centuries of systematic crime.

This speech we consider—looking to its mighty object—as the most important that ever Lord Brougham delivered in Parliament. His pleading for immediate emancipation is, however, more brilliant and glowing, and more highly graced with the flights of the orator, and the skill of the rhetorician. Instead of the close and sober reasoning, and the solemn tones of the warning voice, prophetically denouncing the new-born Eastern slave-trade, we have graphic, soul-harrowing narrative, contrasted with such beautiful passages as the following, which we expect to see flourishing among the finest of the lessons which English mothers select as exercises for their sons—themes addressed to the heart, to the dawning intellect, and to the tender conscience of early youth. The day of Emancipation has arrived—that day when the star of freedom first rose, rejoicing over those sun-smitten, slave islands:—

The first of August came, the object of so much anxiety and so many predictions—that day so joyously expected by the poor slaves, so sorely dreaded by their hard taskmasters; and surely, if ever there was a picture interesting, even fascinating to look upon—if ever there was a passage in a people's history that redounded to their eternal honour—if ever triumphant answer was given to all the scandalous calumnies for ages heaped upon an oppressed race, as if to justify the wrongs done them—that picture, and that passage, and that answer, were exhibited in the uniform history of that auspicious day all over the islands of the Western Sea. Instead of the horizon being lit up with the lurid fires of rebellion kindled by a sense of natural though lawless revenge, and the just resistance to intolerable oppression—the whole of that wide-spread scene was mildly illuminated with joy, contentment, peace and good-will towards men. No civilized nation, no people of the most refined character, could have displayed, after gaining a sudden and signal victory, more forbearance, more delicacy, in the enjoyment of their triumph, than these poor untutored slaves did upon the great consummation of all their wishes, which they had just attained. Not a gesture or a look was seen to scare the eye—not a sound or a breath from the negro's lips was heard to grate on the ear of the planter. All was joy, congratulation, and hope. Everywhere were to be seen groups of these harmless folks assembled to talk over their good fortunes; to communicate their mutual feelings of happiness; to speculate on their future prospects. Finding that they were now free in name, they hoped soon to taste the reality of liberty. Feeling their fetters loosened, they looked forward to the day which should see them fall off, and the degrading marks which they left be effaced from their limbs. But all this was accompanied with not a whisper that could give offence to the master by reminding him of the change. This delicate, calm, tranquil joy, was alone to be marked on that day, over all the chain of the Antilles.—Amusements there were none to be seen on that day—not even their simple pastimes by which they had been wont to beguile the hard hours of bondage, and which reminded that innocent people of the happy land of their forefathers, whence they had been torn by the hands of Christian and civilized men. The day was kept sacred as the festival of their liberation; for the negroes are an eminently pious race. They enjoy the advantages of much religious instruction, and partake in a large measure of spiritual consolation. These blessings they derive not from the ministrations of the Established Church—not that the aid of its priests is withheld from them, but the services of others, of zealous Missionaries, are found more acceptable and more effectual, because they are more suited to the capacity of the people. The meek and humble pastor, although perhaps more deficient in secular accomplishments, is far more abounding in zeal for the work of the vineyard, and, being less raised above his flock, is better fitted to guide them in the path of religious duty. Not made too fine for his work by pride of science, nor kept apart by any peculiar refinement of taste, but inspired with a fervent devotion to the interests of his flock, the Missionary pastor lives but for them; their companion on the week-day, as their instructor on the Sabbath; their friend and counsellor in temporal matters, as their guide in spiritual concerns. These are the causes of the influence he enjoys—this the source from whence the good he does them flows. Nor can I pass by this part of the West Indian picture without rendering the tribute of heartfelt admiration which I am proud to pay, when I contemplate the pious zeal, the indefatigable labours of these holy and disinterested men; and I know full well that, if I make my appeal to my noble friend (Lord Sligo) he will repeat the testimony he elsewhere bore to the same high merits, when he promulgated his honest opinion, that "for the origin of all religious feeling among the negroes, it is among the Missionaries and not the Clergy we must look." Therefore it was that, fourteen years ago, I felt all the deep anxiety to which I this night began by referring, when it was my lot to drag before the Commons of England the persecutors of one among the most useful, most devoted, and most godly, of that inestimable class of men, who, for his piety and his self-devotion, had been hunted down by wicked men conspiring with unjust judges, and made to die the death, for teaching to the poor negroes the gospel of peace. I am unspeakably proud of the part I then took; I glory mightily in reflecting that I then struck, aided and comforted by far abler men,* the first of those blows, of

* Our readers will recollect the case of Smith, the Demerara missionary. The able men to whom Lord Broughm alludes, are his associates in the defence of Queen Caroline—Lord Chief-Justice Denman, Mr Justice Williams, and Dr Lushington.

which we are now aiming the last, at the chains that bind the harmless race of our Colonial peasantry. The 1st of August came—and the day was kept a sacred holiday, as it will ever be kept to the end of time throughout all the West Indies. Every church was crowded, from early dawn, with devout and earnest worshippers. Five or six times in the course of that memorable Friday, were all those churches filled and emptied in succession by multitudes, who came, not coldly to comply with a formal ceremonial, not to give mouth-worship or eye-worship, but to render humble and hearty thanks to God for their freedom, at length bestowed.

One more passage we are tempted to transfer to pages which may claim, if no higher merit, that of being less costly than those of volumes—less perishable and more widely diffused than those of newspapers. It sends a voice across the Atlantic to the shores of America; it embodies another of those glorious lessons which the children of Britain—free, and the offspring of the free—should imbibe at the knee of their mothers:—

I regard the freedom of the negro as accomplished and sure. Why? Because it is his right—because he has shewn himself fit for it—because a pretext or a shadow of a pretext can no longer be devised for withholding that right from its possessor. I know that all men at this day take a part in the question, and they will no longer bear to be imposed upon now they are well informed. My reliance is firm and unflinching upon the great change which I have witnessed—the education of the people unfettered by party or by sect—witnessed from the beginning of its progress, I may say from the hour of its birth. Yes! It was not for an humble man like me to assist at royal births with the illustrious Prince who condescended to grace the pageant of this opening session, or the Great Captain and Statesman in whose presence I am now proud to speak. But with that illustrious Prince, and with the father of the Queen, I assisted at that other birth, more conspicuous still. With them, and with the Head of the house of Russell, incomparably more illustrious in my eyes, I watched over its cradle—I marked its growth—I rejoiced in its strength—I witnessed its maturity—I have been spared to see it ascend the very height of supreme power; directing the councils of State; accelerating every great improvement; uniting itself with every good work; propping all useful institutions; extirpating abuses in all our institutions; passing the bounds of our European dominion, and in the New World, as in the Old, proclaiming that freedom is the birth-right of man—that distinction of colour gives no title to oppression—that the chains now loosened must be struck off, and even the marks they have left effaced—proclaiming this by the same eternal law of our nature which makes nations the masters of their own destiny, and which in Europe has caused every tyrant's throne to quake! But they need feel no alarm at the progress of light who defend a limited monarchy and support popular institutions—who place their chiefest pride, not in ruling over slaves, be they white or be they black, not in protecting the oppressor, but in wearing a constitutional crown, in holding the sword of justice with the hand of mercy, in being the first citizen of a country whose air is too pure for slavery to breathe, and on whose shores, if the captive's foot but touch, his fetters of themselves fall off. To the resistless progress of this great principle I look with a confidence which nothing can shake; it makes all improvement certain; it makes all change safe which it produces; for none can be brought about, unless all has been prepared in a cautious and salutary spirit. So now the fulness of time is come for at length discharging our duty to the African captive. I have demonstrated to you that everything is ordered—every previous step taken—all safe, by experience shewn to be safe, for the long-desired consummation. The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking: you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, or faltering, or delay.

THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.*

A BALLAD.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Take a single captive."—STERNE.

No star!—all was dark!—not a cloud could be seen!
  Naught was heard, but the whisper'd command,
And the beating of hearts, where the bravest, I ween,
  Held weapons that shook in the hand;
For strong was the fortress, and well knew the foe
  Of our noiseless advancing array;
And night, in a moment, like lightning on snow,
  Shone horribly brighter than day.

Ay—stars not her own, sent on missions of bale,
  With arrow-like speed, climb'd the sky,
And, startling the bold, turn'd the umber'd cheeks pale
  Of men sworn to conquer or die.
Then, fire, like a river of thunder, rush'd o'er
  The warrior-watch'd line in our van;
And he who, untroubled, could hear its waves roar,
  Wore never the features of man.

One dropp'd out of six, at each rattle of balls;
  We blacken'd, we rush'd—and were down:
"On, on, to th' assault! we must walk o'er the walls
  To their daughters and wives in the town."
And who that knows aught of our lords, and their lives,
  Aud the paupers of state we maintain,
Would not kill our allies, and then ravish their wives,
  For the Protestant cause in old Spain?

Still o'er us the glare of their fireballs they cast,
  Their shot on our masses to throw:
"Up! up! scale the wall, boys!" We scaled it—and fast
  Fell, spiked on our bayonets below.
But who that knows aught of our lords, and their laws,
  And the Protestant cause they sustain,
Would not combat and die for the Protestant cause,
  And its old Popish priesthood in Spain?

My God! how we're riddled! They flap us like flies!
  Climb, devils! and fight hand to hand!
They burn up the gloom o'er our groans and our cries—
  Damnation! what ladder can stand?
Our dead fill the ditch—but we tread where they stood:
  Christ's death! will they flap us again?
Now! now!—or our gentry, who hate to shed blood,
  Will despair of their church in old Spain.

"Don't falter! we've lives"—bought in Britain with gold;
  And what will the gentlemen say,
And what their sweet ladies and parsons, if told
  That the Hir'd-of-the-Spoil ran away?
"Huriah! we are victors!"—on waves of red foam
  We ride over Frenchmen again,
That our lords may still feed on the people at home,
  And the old Popish priesthood in Spain.

* From the mouth of one of the heroes who, on that occasion, bartered a limb for glory and the bread-tax. Are we on the eve of another crusade for chains?

Hey, Spaniards! thank England for friendship and war—
  Take care, if you can, of your lives;
And we'll make a hymn to the pale morning star
  Of the shrieks of your daughters and wives.
"In Freedom's wrong'd name, her worst foes we sustain,
  And sheath in her bosom our swords:
Sink, Papist of Erin! swim, Papist of Spain!—
  So order our squires and our lords."

Now, starv'd be the useful!—the honest bound down
  In the doorless and windowless jail!
Ring out through all England, thorpe, city, and town,
  That the *arms* of the pious avail!
Let anthems to Moloch be heard on the breeze,
  Wherever his name hath a fane!
And kneel, pious ladies, give thanks on your knees,
  For the triumphs of hell in old Spain!

"Still, Thanes of the Isles! bet against my right-hand,
  Nor be warn'd," saith the Lord, "till ye've lost!
When my fire-worm in France crept by night o'er the land,
  Did her nobles take note of the cost?
No! nor then, when her peasantry rose like the sea,
  And her palaces sank in their ire;
Nor then, when arm'd Paris found vengeance in me,
  And the heart of a people took fire."

But, gamblers of nations! there cometh a day
  When the debt of the doom'd must be paid:
Even now, while ye boast, saith the God of Dismay,
  "'Twas with Me that your wager ye laid:
What stak'd ye? The future against my right-hand!
  The fortunes of all ye love most!
The hopes of your children! your houses, your land!
  And how stands the game? Ye have lost!"

BULWER'S ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES.

THOSE ladies who talk of "the rights of women," and the few of "the nobler sex," Quakers and others, who join in the outcry, are assuredly very unreasonable persons. What do they wish for? What would they be at? Do they know their own minds? The rights of women, though not recorded in the statute-books, are, by the sanctity of opinion, as broadly chartered as those of angels. They far transcend, in their immaculate purity, and strictness of definition, those which we claim for our frail human selves. To women, we generously give up the monopoly of all the graces, and the sole and unquestioned possession of many of the virtues. Save property and power, with the exercise of the varied rights flowing from their enjoyment, and that intellectual superiority which men hold by virtue of the nobility of sex, nothing is denied to women. They have the absolute possession of most of the spiritual virtues, and of all those which we may call the corporeal. Of the latter, we dispute the possession of none with the ladies, save *active* courage, which we consider one of our exclusive prerogatives; so far, at least, as boxing, quarrelling, fighting duels, and using fire-arms are concerned. Women are permitted to be as firm, truthful, loving, disinterested, generous, compassionate, and self-denied as ever they please; while they are required to be constant, faithful, forbearing, forgiving, submissive, peaceful, long-suffering, prudent, pious, patient, temperate, "enduring all things, hoping all things." And with this wide charter, women complain of their rights being denied! So do slaves: yet to slaves also great latitude is permitted. Like women, they may be as faithful, affectionate, and good-humoured as they choose; while they must be industrious, honest, and obedient, under pains and penalties; and, in lieu of the few trifling rights and enjoyments denied here, Heaven is freely given up to them by their Christian masters. To women, the Christian world is equally indulgent.

To a certain very limited extent, Mr E. L. Bulwer seems inclined to advocate some new-fangled notions about the rights of women, so far as pains and penalties are concerned. He has not, indeed, ventured very far on newly-broken slippery ground, and he has moved cautiously and gingerly; yet he is a bold man, and, as men go, a daring innovator; for he had to deal not alone with the rights of men as opposed to the wrongs of women, but with the equally sacred privileges of birth and rank, as well as with what are considered the great bulwarks of morality.

The moral tendency of the first portion of this romance, we considered enervating, and altogether very questionable. In the concluding volumes, Mr Bulwer has perhaps made all the atonement possible, he has made the best of bad things; and yet he seems to fear the severe judgment of society, upon points about which it is peculiarly tenacious, far more then when he came before its tribunal, laden with the burden of what we consider his weightier original offence. That was telling a beautiful and seductive tale, of what is conventionally called seduction—the equivocal phrase with which mercy often softens the unequal awards which men's justice deals to women. Now, he has had the hardihood to make his hero, Maltravers—a gentleman by birth, and, by temperament and education, a fastidious and sensitive man of honour—at the close of the eighteenth year of her probation, marry his own mistress—that low-born girl, of pure and elevated nature—that beautiful and tender Alice, whom he had betrayed in early girlhood, and whose heart, during the long sad years of separation, "had never once swerved from its earliest worship." This faithful devotion to one being, one image, one memory—and to poor Alice, Maltravers had been no more than a memory—is one of those angelic immunities which men freely grant to women—one of the especial "rights of women," for which the nobler sex have neither taste nor calling. Mr Bulwer employs all his eloquence and all his invention, to reconcile society to the *denouement* which justice and the true morality of punishment and compensation, of error and atonement, demanded from

him. In order to propitiate the worldly-minded, the straitlaced, and those whose conventional morality could easily have overlooked the seduction, but who will never pardon the "very improper marriage," he has had recourse to things improbable and things impossible; and yet he seems to have felt that all was insufficient, and direct apology necessary. True, Alice had long been the equal in rank, if not in birth, of her early lover. She was well endowed with wealth, lovely as in her first youth, the pattern of every amiable grace and feminine virtue, and her early error was unknown; but still the *sacrifice* of Maltravers, the *precedent*, must be reconciled to the world's law, and secured against the world's sneer, stronger than its law—and thus it is attempted:—

And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law books the statutes that disproportion punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize, wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the social code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books—it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to Error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought that the close to Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close!

The judgments pronounced upon the *denouement* which Mr Bulwer has had the courage to hazard, will be as various as the opinions of mankind upon the great questions which it involves—the relative position of men and women, and the privileges guaranteed to rank by opinion. The minority will say—"Having given your heroine wealth, title, the world's esteem, and an honourable station in society, you need not be so very much alarmed for allowing her lover to make her that tardy and slight atonement which, by the merest chance, it was still in his power to offer." While a very few, included in that minority, in whose judgment we are strongly disposed to concur, may close the book saying, "This weak, sophisticated, capricious Maltravers is unworthy of this noble and natural woman, Alice Darvil. It is a breach of poetic justice, to permit their union; and, on his part, it is made an act of high virtue, a sacrifice, forsooth! a breach of usage, for which the writer must deprecate the severity of society! He must ask pardon for having ventured so bold an innovation on the most solemn points of its code!"

We hold to the belief that, when Mr Bulwer had concluded the first three volumes of this fiction, he had no clear notion of how he was to hape out the remainder—

> "Perhaps it might turn out a song,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

It is a song—a thing of amusement, with many clever moral essays interwoven, and a sermon tagged to the end of it. The connexion between the hero and heroine, Maltravers and Alice, is throughout the slightest possible. From the time that they are ruthlessly separated by fate, in the bloom of their early loves, they meet no more, and have no knowledge of each other's existence, until, at the close, Maltravers, who, in the interval, has been twenty times in and out of loves, and scrapes, and entanglements, besides two betrothments—is thrown back upon his early love, blighted in hope, wasted and chilled in affection.

The new volumes are not, in literary merit, equal to the first three; but they are the production of a man of mind and accomplishment; they bear in every page his individual stamp and impress; and are immeasurably superior to the common herd of romances. They introduce us to a new set of actors—and this might be necessary, as so many of the old were killed off; though we should have preferred cultivating a closer intimacy with our old friends, and obtaining a deeper insight into characters already vigorously outlined. This might be overtasking the rapid author. He has restored Lumley Ferrers, Lord Vargrave, to his English identity, which had been considerably destroyed by the part of the villain of a melodrame, which he was made to play. The author has also imparted a few heightening touches to his Byronic hero—for Maltravers is essentially Byronic; and he has produced some clever new groups. The Merton family is one. It is that of a worldly-minded, well-endowed clergyman, holding an excellent family-living, and in hopes of yet becoming, by dint of proper management, a bishop. The sketch of the father, the Rev. Charles Merton, Rector of Merton, and brother of Sir John Merton, is distinct though slight; that of his ambitious and world-trained elder daughter, is better, because it dives deeper into the causes which influence the formation of the character of women in fashionable society. Here is Rector Merton's portrait—that of his daughter is too elaborate for this slight notice. "The Mertons were a delightful family!"

In person, Mr Merton was of the middle height: fair, and inclined to stoutness—with small features, beautiful teeth, and great suavity of address. Mindful still of the time when he had been "about town," he was very particular in his dress: his black coat, neatly relieved in the evening by a white under-waistcoat, and a shirt-front admirably plaited, with plain studs of dark enamel—his well-cut trowsers, and elaborately-polished shoes—(he was good humouredly vain of his feet and hands)—won for him the common praise of the dandies, (who occasionally honoured him with a visit, to shoot his game, and flirt with his daughter,) "that old Merton was a most gentlemanlike fellow—so damned neat for a parson!"

Into "this delightful family," Evelyn Cameron—now a lovely young woman, whom the reader has reason to believe the daughter of Alice and Maltravers, and who is known to the world as the step-child and rich heiress of the deceased banker, Templeton, afterwards Lord Vargrave, and the destined bride of his nephew, Lumley Ferrers, now Lord Vargrave—has just been received as a distinguished visiter. Mrs Merton is the daughter, though most unlike, that benevolent Mrs Leslie, who had rescued Alice and

her infant from disgrace and poverty, and procured her the friendship of the banker, and who has faithfully preserved her secret. The Sequel opens some years after the death of the banker, and when Evelyn has nearly attained the age of eighteen, at which period she was, by the banker's will, either to give her hand to Lumley or forfeit a part of her fortune. Mother and daughter had spent the last few years in a cottage in Devonshire, a beautiful retirement, to which Alice Lady Vargrave was deeply attached, for mysterious reasons unknown to her daughter. Evelyn is the true heroine of the new volumes, and, until the consummation, the melancholy Alice, her alleged mother, is but slightly noticed. She is, from the first to last, a meek, passive character, acted upon by others, through the medium of her affections, and without moving impulse, save the illusion on which her heart had been concentrated, since the Miranda of the moor had first become conscious of any self-existent sentiment. She was now some years beyond thirty, "that critical boundary in the life of beauty." "Her form was slight and delicate in its proportion, nor was her countenance the less lovely, because, from its gentleness and repose, (not unmixed with a certain sadness,) the coarse and the gay might have thought it wanting in expression." With this lady, sat the venerable Mrs Leslie; once the consoler and the benefactress, now the warmly-approving friend, to whose affectionate compliments Alice replied:—

"You cannot make me vain," said she, with a sweet and melancholy smile. "I remember what I was when you first gave shelter to the poor desolate wanderer and her fatherless child; and I, who was then so poor and destitute, what should I be, if I was deaf to the poverty and sorrows of others—others, too, who are better than I am? But now, Evelyn, as you say, is growing up; the time approaches when she must decide on accepting or rejecting Lord Vargrave;—and yet in this village how can she compare him with others? how can she form a choice?"

And Evelyn was, accordingly, sent to learn the science of the world, in the rectory of Merton. It was a good school; but she was not an apt pupil. Her young grief at leaving, for the first time, her home, her mother, and her guardian genius, the venerable Aubrey, the curate of the parish, and a true Chaucer-priest, are all beautifully described; though, we confess, there is relief from the tedium of excessive affection and amiability in the worldly shrewdness of Lumley Ferrers, and in the frank, if commonplace, ambition of Caroline Merton. She is already old in the science of the world; but, if weak in principle, she is not wholly destitute of heart.

And Evelyn, the daughter of Alice Lady Vargrave—another beautiful combination of the rarest qualities and attributes of woman, as different from the low-born, devoted mistress of Ernest's boyish affections, as from the accomplished Madame de St Ventadour, or the lofty Lady Florence Lascelles—how, when they meet, shall her unconscious father, the impassioned Maltravers, the enthusiastic adorer of the good and the beautiful, help being deeply in love with her? It is a tantalizing mystery; but the reader need neither be grieved nor shocked. Mr Bulwer has made the freest use of the license of romance, in outraging probability, and so all comes right at last. We say this much *in limine*—that we may have the more confidence in presenting his youngest beauty, his most perfect specimen of the sex in every adorable and engaging attribute.

Evelyn Cameron was beautiful—a beauty that came from the heart and went to the heart—a beauty, the very spirit of which was love. Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse and careless ringlets of darkest yet sunniest auburn, that a breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness, murmured in her low, melodious voice; in all its kindness—its unsuspecting truth—love coloured every thought; in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood, love swelled the swan-like neck, and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm—whether gay or grave—there was so charming and irresistible a grace about her. She seemed born not only to captivate the giddy, but to turn the heads of the sage. Roxalana was nothing to her. How, in the obscure hamlet of Brook Green, she had learned all the arts of pleasing, it is impossible to say. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half-shyness, half-freedom of her winning ways, it was as if Nature had made her to delight one heart, and torment all others.

Without being learned, the mind of Evelyn was cultivated and well informed. Her heart, perhaps, helped to instruct her understanding; for, by a kind of intuition, she could appreciate all that was beautiful and elevated. Her unvitiated and guileless taste had a logic of its own: no schoolman had ever a quicker penetration into truth—no critic ever more readily detected the meretricious and the false. The book that Evelyn could admire, was sure to be stamped with the impress of the noble, the lovely, or the true.

But Evelyn had faults—the faults of her age—or, rather, she had tendencies that might conduce to error. She was of so generous a nature, that the very thought of sacrificing herself for another had a charm. She ever acted from impulse—impulses pure and good, but often rash and imprudent. She was yielding to weakness—persuaded into anything—so sensitive that even a cold look from one moderately liked, cut her to the heart; and, by the sympathy that accompanies sensitiveness, no pain was so great as that of giving pain to another. Hence it was that Vargrave might form reasonable hopes of his ultimate success. It was a dangerous constitution for happiness. How many chances must combine to preserve to the mid-day of characters like this, the sunshine of their dawn!

Yet Evelyn escaped all these dangers. Her share of "The Mysteries," is neither perplexed nor painful.

The rector duly appreciated his young guest, the rich heiress, and future wife of Lord Vargrave, a man already in office, and a probable Cabinet Minister, whom, moreover, she might reject, for his own son, the *attaché*. He ordered her dresses more suitable to her fortune and rank than her simple Devonshire wardrobe; procured her a fashionable abigail; and, instead of the intended small chamber, with its French bed, installed her in the apartments usually occupied by the Dowager Countess of Chipperton, at her yearly Christmas visits to the rectory. The rectory was opportunely situated in the very vicinity of Burleigh—the fine old Elizabethan place of the absent Maltravers, who had not re-

turned to England since grief for the death of his betrothed Lady Florence had driven him from public life, and into exile. It so chanced that, when the young ladies of the rectory went one day to explore the beauties and wonders of Burleigh, the misanthropic owner had returned. To his great indignation, the strangers had made their way through an open window into his magnificent ancient library, and he was just ordering his steward, in a very haughty, Norman-like tone, to drive away the intruders, when "a voice of such heavenly sweetness was heard without, that it arrested his own step, and made the stern Maltravers start in his seat. He held up his hand to the steward, to delay his errand, and listened, charmed and spell-bound. His own words came on his ear—words long unfamiliar to him, and, at first, but imperfectly remembered—words connected with the early and virgin years of poetry and aspiration—words that were as the ghosts of thoughts now far too gentle for his altered soul. He bowed down his head, and the dark shade left his brow."

At the conclusion of her song, Evelyn was left alone by her companions, gazing, absorbed, on an interesting portrait of the mother of the owner of the Hall, who had expired in giving him birth:—

It was a beautiful vision, as she thus stood, with her delicate bloom, her luxuriant hair, (for the hat was not yet replaced,) her elastic form, so full of youth, and health, and hope—the living form beside the faded canvass of the dead—once youthful, tender, lovely as herself! Evelyn turned away with a sigh—the sigh was re-echoed yet more deeply. She started: the door that led to the study was opened, and, in the aperture, was the figure of a man in the prime of life. His hair, still luxuriant as in his earliest youth, though darkened by the suns of the East, curled over a forehead of majestic expanse. The high and proud features, that well became a stature above the ordinary standard; the pale but bronzed complexion; the large eyes, of deepest blue, shaded by dark brows and lashes; and, more than all, that expression at once of passion and repose which characterizes the old Italian portraits, and seems to denote the inscrutable power that experience imparts to intellect—constituted an *ensemble* which, if not faultlessly handsome, was eminently striking, and adapted at once to interest and command. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten; it was a face that had long, half unconsciously, haunted Evelyn's young dreams; it was a face she had seen before, though, then younger, and milder, and fairer, it wore a different aspect.

This is the reader's old friend, Maltravers, and, as the said reader has every reason to imagine, the father of Evelyn. Maltravers, who on former occasions, had repelled the polite advances of the rector, now gladly accepted his civilities, and became a daily guest at the rectory, the playmate of the children; the companion and admirer, in the fair way of becoming the ardent lover of Evelyn, the affianced bride of his perfidious friend, Lumley Ferrers—his own child, as the reader of "The Mysteries," trembles to remember. Meanwhile, how had time and experience dealt with him? Hitherto, we have seen but the exterior, and "The Man of Genuis" is now in another stage of being:—

Wearied with civilization, and sated with many of the triumphs for which civilized men drudge, and toil, and disquiet themselves in vain, he had plunged amongst hordes scarce redeemed from primeval barbarism. The adventures through which he had passed, and in which life itself could only be preserved by wary vigilance and ready energies, had forced him, for a while, from the indulgence of morbid contemplations. His heart, indeed, had been left inactive; but his intellect, and his physical powers, had been kept in hourly exercise. He returned to the world of his equals with a mind laden with the treasures of a various and vast experience, and with much of the same gloomy moral as that which, on emerging from the Catacombs, assured the restless speculations of Rasselas, of the vanity of human life, and the folly of mortal aspirations.

Ernest Maltravers, never a faultless or completed character, falling short in practice of his own capacities, moral and intellectual, from his very desire to overpass the limits of the Great and Good, was seemingly as far as heretofore from the grand secret of life. It was not so in reality—his mind had acquired what before it wanted—*hardness*; and we are nearer to true virtue and true happiness, when we demand too little from men, than when we exact too much.

Nevertheless, partly from the strange life that had thrown him amongst men whom safety itself made it necessary to command despotically—partly from the habit of power, and disdain of the world—his nature was incrusted with a stern imperiousness of manner, often approaching to the harsh and morose, though beneath it lurked generosity and benevolence.

Many of his younger feelings, more amiable and complex, had settled into one predominant quality, which more or less had always characterized him—Pride! Self-esteem made inactive, and Ambition made discontented, usually engender haughtiness. In Maltravers this quality, which, properly controlled and duly softened, is the essence and life of honour, was carried to a vice. He was perfectly conscious of its excess, but he cherished it as a virtue. Pride had served to console him in sorrow, and, therefore, it was a friend—it had supported him when disgusted with fraud, or in resistance to violence; and, therefore, it was a champion and a fortress. It was a pride of a peculiar sort—it attached itself to no one point in especial—not to talent, knowledge, mental gifts—still less to the vulgar commonplaces of birth and fortune;—it rather resulted from a supreme and wholesale contempt of all other men, and all their objects—of ambition—of glory—of the hard business of life. His favourite virtue was fortitude—it was on this that he now mainly valued himself.

Enough of Maltravers—of the man actuated by "morbid and morose philosophy, begot by a proud spirit upon a lonely heart"—a philosophy fast disappearing before the smiles and fascinations of Evelyn. And now the proud man shared in childish sports, and claimed his prize in the baby lottery, of which the prizes were drawn by Evelyn, and "remained all day at the Rectory, and shared in the ball—yes, he danced with Evelyn—he—Maltravers—who had never been known to dance since he was twenty-two! The ice was fairly broken—Maltravers was at home with the Mertons."

And Evelyn combated his false philosophy, his misanthropic pride, his scepticism, his contempt of mankind, their nature and pursuits—combated them with the instincts of truth, powerful in her young and pure mind. She would convince him of his error, "and restore him to his race." The task, perilous to herself, was not less dangerous to her pupil.

By degrees she grew more and more familiar with her stern friend; and in that familiarity there was perilous fascination to Maltravers. She could laugh him, at any moment, out of his most moody reveries—contradict, with

a pretty wilfulness, his most favourite dogmas—nay, even scold him, with bewitching gravity, if he was not always at the command of her wishes or caprice. At this time, it seemed certain that Maltravers would fall in love with Evelyn; but it rested on more doubtful probabilities whether Evelyn would fall in love with him.

One seems getting on ticklish ground; but we are quit for our fears. Lumley Ferrers, the gay, bold-faced, frank villain, comes upon the scene, and Maltravers retires for a time, to struggle against his dawning passion, and cherish "his peasantry," correct the abuses of the old poor-laws, and play the benevolent landlord, which, it seems, may best be done by curbing public charity, and exercising individual beneficence through the small allotment system. The portrait of Lumley Ferrers—transformed from the able, dexterous commoner, who gave easy, unpretending, bachelor dinners in his small house in Great George Street, with plenty of flour in the sauce for the perennial cod's head, into a member of the Upper House, and a rising man in the government—is, in many respects, both more real and not less profound than the more ambitious sketch of his rival.

Before a large table, covered with Parliamentary papers, sat Lumley Lord Vargrave. His complexion, though still healthy, had faded from the freshness of hue that distinguished him in youth. His features, always sharp, had grown yet more angular; his brow seemed to project more broodingly over his eyes, which, though of undiminished brightness, were sunk deep in their sockets, and had lost much of their quick restlessness. The character of his mind had begun to stamp itself on the physiognomy, especially on the mouth when in repose—it was a face striking for acute intelligence, for concentrated energy; but there was something written in it which said, "BEWARE!" It would have inspired any one who had mixed much amongst men, with a vague suspicion and distrust.

Lumley had been always careful, though plain in dress; but there was now a more evident attention bestowed on his person than he had ever manifested in youth, while there was something of the Roman's celebrated foppery in the skill with which his hair was arranged on his high forehead, as either to conceal or relieve a partial baldness at the temples. Perhaps, too, from the possession of high station, or the habit of living only amongst the great, there was a certain dignity insensibly diffused over his whole person, that was not noticeable in his earlier years—when a certain *ton de garnison* was blended with his ease of manner; yet, even now, dignity was not his prevalent characteristic; and, in ordinary occasions, or mixed society, he still found a familiar frankness, a more useful species of simulation.

The political career of Lumley, his arts and intrigues, are sketched in a masterly style; but, to understand the merits of this delineation of a modern second-rate statesman, he must be seen at large. He was suspected by his own party, to whom he played false, and left out of the administration when it was reinstated, but afterwards terrified the government into taking him back, though he obtained no higher office, and was still excluded from the Cabinet, the grand object of his ambition:—

Lumley, burning with resentment, longed to decline the offer; but, alas! he was poor, and, what was worse, in debt—"his poverty, but not his will, consented." He was reinstated; but, though prodigiously improved as a debater, he felt that he had not advanced as a public man. His ambition inflamed by his discontent, he had, since his return to office, strained every nerve to strengthen his position. He met the sarcasms on his poverty, by greatly increasing his expenditure; and by advertising everywhere his engagement to an heiress, whose fortune, great as it was, he easily contrived to magnify. As his old house in Great George Street—well fitted for the bustling commoner—was no longer suited to the official and fashionable peer, he had, on his accession to the title, exchanged that respectable residence for a large mansion in Hamilton Place; and his sober dinners were succeeded by splendid banquets. Naturally, he had no taste for such things; his mind was too nervous and his temper too hard to take pleasure in luxury or ostentation. But, now as ever, he *acted upon a system*. Living in a country governed by the mightiest and wealthiest aristocracy in the world, which, from the first class almost to the lowest, ostentation pervades—the very backbone and marrow of society—he felt that to fall far short of his rivals in display was to give them an advantage which he could not compensate, either by the power of his connexions, or the surpassing loftiness of his character and genius. Playing for a great game, and with his eyes open to all the consequences, he cared not for involving his private fortunes in a lottery, in which a great prize might be drawn. To do Vargrave justice, money with him had never been an object, but a means—he was grasping, but not avaricious.

He more than ever required Evelyn's fortune, and his arts had converted the ambitious Caroline Merton into his reluctant, though subservient instrument in this and other purposes of aggrandizement. In return for her love and her devotion, he helps her to a husband, of whom this is the portrait. It looks like an original.

Lord Doltimore—

Was a small, pale man, with a very limited share of understanding; supercilious in manner, elaborate in dress, not ill-natured *au fond*, and with much of the English gentleman in his disposition—that is, he was honourable in his ideas and actions, whenever his natural dulness and neglected education enabled him clearly to perceive (through the midst of prejudices, the delusions of others, and the false lights of the dissipated society in which he had lived) what was right and what wrong. But his leading characteristics were vanity and conceit. He had lived much with younger sons, cleverer than himself, who borrowed his money, sold him their horses, and won from him at cards. In return, they gave him all that species of flattery which young men *can* give with so hearty an appearance of cordial admiration. "You certainly have the best horses in Paris. You are really a devilish good fellow, Doltimore. Oh, do you know, Doltimore, what little *Désiré* says of you? You have certainly turned the girl's head."

We may add that, at twenty-two, with a proxy in the House of Peers, and a county and borough at command, Doltimore was worth cultivating. The cold, callous, deliberate villany of Lumley, and the gradual acquiescence of Caroline Merton in his schemes, when she had played with the serpent till it coiled around her, and she could not longer escape its fascinations and folds, are ably depicted, and with a strong air of reality, in spite of the repulsive nature of their compact, and the improbability of communications unnaturally frank, upon subjects so humiliating to the pride and painful to the affection of the victim.

Meantime, Mr Cleveland, Maltravers' old and most paternal guardian, is as desirous as ever that his young friend—now no longer young—should mix again with the world—and give Burleigh a mistress:—

Maltravers shook his head, and sighed.

"I do not say," continued Cleveland, wrapt in the

glowing interest of the theme, "that you should marry a mere girl—but an amiable woman, who, like yourself, has seen something of life, and knows how to reckon on its cares, and to be contented with its enjoyments."

"You have said enough," said Maltravers, impatiently—"an experienced woman of the world, whose freshness of hope and heart is gone! What a picture! No; to me there is something inexpressively beautiful in innocence and youth. But you say justly, my years are not those that would make a union with youth desirable, or well suited."

"I do *not* say that," said Cleveland, taking a pinch of snuff; "but you should avoid great disparity of age—not for the sake of that disparity itself, but because, with it, is involved discord of temper, pursuits. A *very* young woman, new to the world, will not be contented with home alone; you are at once too gentle to curb her wishes, and a little too stern and reserved (pardon me for saying so) to be quite congenial to very early and sanguine youth."

Cleveland made a visit to the Rectory that night alone, and saw the new-arrived Lord Vargrave devoting himself to Evelyn Cameron, and she—

"What a sweet face!—so modest, yet so intelligent! I talked with her a good deal during the deals, in which I cut out. I almost lost my heart to her."

"So Lord Vargrave devoted himself to Miss Cameron?"

"To be sure; you know they are to be married soon. Merton told me so. She is very rich. He is the luckiest fellow imaginable, that Vargrave! But he is much too old for her: she seems to think so too. I can't explain why I think it; but, by her pretty, reserved manner, I saw that she tried to keep the gay minister at distance; but it would not do. Now, if you were ten years younger, or Miss Cameron ten years older, you might have had some chance of cutting out your old friend."

"So you think I also am too old for a lover?"

"For a lover of a girl of seventeen, certainly. You seem touchy on the score of age, Ernest."

"Not I;" and Maltravers laughed.

"No! There was a young gentleman present, who, I think, Vargrave might really find a dangerous rival—a Colonel Legard—one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life; just the style to turn a romantic young lady's head; a mixture of the wild and the thoroughbred; black curls, superb eyes, and the softest manners in the world. But, to be sure, he has lived all his life in the best society." . . . . . .

"I can't help pitying her—married to one so careless and worldly as Lord Vargrave—thrown so young into the whirl of London. Poor thing! she had better have fallen in love with Legard; which, I dare say, she will do after all."

And so she did, and married him too, but not until she has suffered herself, and been the cause of great distraction and final despair to Maltravers, who, after her known rejection of Lumley, and a variety of incidents, is led to believe that he has made a deep impression upon her affections, and obtains the promise of her hand. This fair prospect is blighted by the interference of the rejected Lumley, now almost hating the girl who had stepped between him and his uncle's inheritance, and yet resolving that she should be his, as the only means of acquiring the fortune which his style of living had made so necessary. He was, by this time, drowned in debt.

By a string of lucky accidents, and his own tact, Lumley learns the early connexion between Alice Darvil, his uncle's wife, and Maltravers, and the birth of their child, whose existence was still unknown to its supposed father. The mocking fiend hurries to Paris, to dash the cup of felicity from the lip of his enraptured friend, to whom paradise was opening, in the prospect of an immediate marriage with the charming Evelyn. A conversation held with her respecting her beloved mother's musical tastes and secluded habits, has, in some degree, prepared Maltravers for the agitating interview with Lumley. After he returned home—

He felt a vague, unaccountable curiosity respecting this secluded and solitary mother; all concerning her early fate seemed so wrapped in mystery. . . . . He slept ill that night—dark and ill-boding dreams disturbed his slumber. He rose late, and dejected by presentiments he could not master; his morning meal was scarcely over—and he had already taken his hat to go to Evelyn's for comfort and sunshine—when the door opened, and he was surprised by the entrance of Lord Vargrave.

Lumley seated himself with a formal gravity very unusual to him; and, as if anxious to waive unnecessary explanations, began, as follows, with a serious and impressive voice and aspect:—

"Maltravers, of late years we have been estranged from each other; I do not presume to dictate to you your friendships or your dislikes. Why this estrangement has happened, you alone can determine. For my part, I am conscious of no offence; that which I was I am still. It is you who have changed. Whether it be the difference of our political opinions, or any other and more secret cause, I know not."

But we may pass these preliminary explanations and recriminations. Maltravers defended in frankly proclaiming, his love for Evelyn—

"Stay!" said Lord Vargrave (who, plunged in a gloomy reverie, had scarcely seemed to hear the last few sentences of his rival;) "Stay, Maltravers. Speak not of love to Evelyn!—a horrible foreboding tells me that, a few hours hence, you would rather pluck out your tongue by the roots, than couple the words of love with the thought of that unfortunate girl. Oh, if I were vindictive, what awful triumph would await me now! What retaliation on your harsh judgment—your cold contempt—your momentary and wretched victory over me!—Heaven is my witness, that my only sentiment is that of terror and wo! Maltravers, in your earliest youth, did you form connexion with one whom they called Alice Darvil?"

"Alice!—merciful Heaven! what of her?"

"Did you never know that the Christian name of Evelyn's mother is Alice?"

"I never asked—I never knew—but it is a common name," faltered Maltravers.

"Listen to me," resumed Vargrave: "with Alice Darvil you lived in the neighbourhood of ——, did you not?"

"Go on—go on!"

"You took the name of Butler—by that name Alice Darvil was afterwards known, in the town in which my uncle resided—(there are gaps in the history that I cannot of my own knowledge fill up)—she taught music—my uncle became enamoured of her—but he was vain and worldly. She removed into Devonshire, and he married her there, under the name of Cameron, by which name he hoped to conceal from the world the lowness of her origin, and the humble calling she had followed—— Hold! do not interrupt me. Alice had one daughter, as was supposed, by a former marriage—that daughter was the offspring of him whose name she bore—yes, of the false Butler!—that daughter is Evelyn Cameron!"

"Liar—devil!" cried Maltravers, springing to his feet, as if a shot had pierced his heart. "Proofs—proofs!"

These were produced to the satisfaction of the dupe—for Maltravers had been duped; and Lumley was now in possession of the key to the grand mystery. He was aware that Evelyn was the mysterious child of his uncle, the pious banker,

though Alice had adopted her as her own, as soon as her infant—the child of her lover—had been laid in the lonely churchyard, near the cottage in Devonshire. An affecting interview between Maltravers and his betrothed confirms his fears, and raises his despair to passionate horror. He returned to Lumley:—

"You have saved me from a dreadful crime—from an everlasting remorse—I thank you!"

Hardened and frigid as his nature was, Lumley was touched: the movement of Maltravers took him by surprise. "It has been a dreadful duty, Ernest," said he, pressing the hand he held; "but to come, too, from *me*, your rival!"

"Proceed, proceed, I pray you; explain all this. Yet explanation!—what do I want to know?—Evelyn is my daughter—Alice's child! For God's sake, give me hope—say it is not so—say that she is Alice's child, but not *mine!* Father, father!—and they call it a holy name—it is a horrible one!"

"Compose yourself, my dear friend: recollect what you have escaped! You will recover this shock: time—travel"——

"Peace, man, peace. Now, then, I am calm! When Alice left me, she had no child. I knew not that she bore within her the pledge of our ill-omened and erring love. Verily, the sins of my youth have risen against me; and The Curse has come home to roost!"

"I cannot explain to you all details."

"But why not have told me of this? Why not have warned me?—why not have said to me, when my heart could have been satisfied by so sweet a tie—'Thou hast a daughter—thou art not desolate?' Why reserve the knowledge of the blessing until it has turned to poison? Fiend that you are!—you have waited this hour to gloat over the agony from which a word from you a year, nay, a month ago—a little month ago—might have saved me and her!" Maltravers, as he spoke, approached Vargrave, with eyes sparkling with fierce passion; his hands clenched, his form dilated, the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. It was a fearful spectacle; for the frame of Maltravers was one that, from its perfect symmetry, was endowed with extraordinary power and strength; and now the governing intellect seemed benumbed and laid asleep; and all the fierceness, and might, and wrath, of the animal man alone, were visibly aroused. Lumley, brave as he was, recoiled.

These are among the most powerful of the dramatic scenes in the new volumes. It was necessary to the success of the schemes of Lumley, that Maltravers and Alice should not meet; and he invents many plausible reasons to prevent an event fatal to his designs.

Maltravers fixed his piercing eyes on Lumley, while he thus spoke, and listened in deep attention.

"It matters not," said he, after a long pause, "whether these be your real reasons for wishing to defer or prevent a meeting between Alice and myself. The affliction that has come upon me bursts with too clear and scorching a blaze of light, for me to see any chance of escape or mitigation. Even if she were the daughter of Alice by another, she would be for ever separated from me. The mother and the child!—pah! there is a kind of incest even in that thought! But such an alleviation of my anguish is forbidden to my reason. No, poor Alice, I will not disturb the repose thou hast won at last! Thou shalt never have the grief to know that our error has brought upon thy lover so black a doom! All is over!—the world never shall find me again. Nothing is left for me but the desert and the grave!"

"Speak not so, Ernest," said Lord Vargrave, soothingly; "a little while and you will recover this blow: your control over passion has, even in youth, inspired me with admiration and surprise; and now, in calmer years, and with such incentives to self-mastery, your triumph will come sooner than you think. Evelyn, too, is so young; she has not known you long; perhaps her love, after all, is that caused by some mystic, but innocent working of nature, and she would rejoice to call you 'father.' Happy years are yet in store for you."

Maltravers did not listen to these vain and hollow consolations. With his head drooping on his bosom, his whole form unnerved, the large tears rolling unheeded down his cheeks, he seemed the very picture of the broken-hearted man, whom Fate never again could raise from despair.

Lord Vargrave's plots succeed so far that Maltravers is driven from the scene, and the young Legard, the really beloved of Evelyn, is also absent, having ceded his pretensions to the higher claims of his benefactor, Maltravers. The young heiress has at last consented to reconcile all her duties, by becoming the wife of Lumley. In the meantime, a secret impulse, the spiriting of his good genius, leads the despairing Maltravers from his retreat in Switzerland back to England, where business besides demanded his presence; and, by a romantic accident, a poor wandering woman rode over by Lumley Ferrers, whom Ernest had benevolently relieved a year before, gives him on her death-bed, and unconscious of his deep interest in her strange tale, a key to the mystery of Evelyn's birth. He forthwith hastens to the cottage of Alice, the ever true, the early beloved; and the ostensible, not the real wife of the banker. But we must borrow a snatch of explanatory retrospect, before the early lovers meet again. Before the marriage ceremony, Alice had made the banker take a strange oath.

For the first year or two, Templeton evinced some alarming disposition to escape from the oath he had imposed upon himself; but, on the slightest hint, there was a sternness in the wife, in all else so respectful, so submissive, that repressed and awed him. She even threatened—and at one time was with difficulty prevented carrying the threat into effect—to leave his roof for ever, if there were the slightest question of the sanctity of his vow. Templeton trembled; such a separation would excite gossip, curiosity, scandal, a noise in the world, public talk, possible discovery. Besides, Alice was necessary to Evelyn, necessary to his own comfort; something to scold in health, something to rely upon in illness. Gradually then, but sullenly, he reconciled himself to his lot, and, as years and infirmities grew upon him, he was contented, at least, to have secured a faithful friend and an anxious nurse. Still a marriage of this sort was not blest: Templeton's vanity was wounded; his temper, always harsh, was soured: he avenged his affront by a thousand petty tyrannies; and, without a murmur, Alice perhaps, in those years of rank and opulence, suffered more than in all her roofless wanderings, with love at her heart, and her infant in her arms.

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While her husband—if husband he might be called—lived, Alice had seemed to bury in her bosom her regret—deep, mighty, passionate, as it was—for her lost child—the child of the unforgotten lover, to whom, through such trials, and amid such new ties, she had been faithful from first to last. But, when once more free, her heart flew back to the far and lowly grave. Hence, her yearly visits to Brook Green—hence, her purchase of the cottage, hallowed by memories of the dead. There, on that lawn, had she borne forth the fragile form, to breathe the soft noontide air;—there, in that chamber, had she watched, and hoped, and prayed, and despaired; there, in that quiet burial-ground, rested the beloved dust! . . . . . .

And now the image of the lover of her youth—which, during her marriage, she had *sought*, at least, to banish—returned to her, and, at times, inspired her with the only hopes that the grave had not yet transferred to

Heaven! In relating her tale to Aubrey, or in conversing with Mrs Leslie—whose friendship she still maintained—she found that both concurred in thinking that this obscure and wandering Butler, so skilled in an art in which eminence in men is generally professional, must be of mediocre, or perhaps humble station. Ah! now that she was free and rich, if she were to meet him again, and his love was not all gone, and he would believe in *her* strange and constant truth—now, *his* infidelity could be forgiven—forgotten, in the benefits it might be hers to bestow! And how, poor Alice, in that remote village, was chance to throw him in your way? She knew not: but something often whispered to her—"Again you shall meet those eyes—again you shall hear that voice; and you shall tell him, weeping on his breast, how you loved his child!" And would he not have forgotten her?—would he not have formed new ties?—could he read the loveliness of unchangeable affection in that pale and pensive face? Alas! when we love intensely, it is difficult to make us fancy that there is no love in return!

And they met again. It was in the little parlour of the curate Aubrey, which Alice entered, fancying all the while the stranger seated in the accustomed chair, her venerable friend.

"Do not let me interrupt you," said that sweet, low voice whose music had been dumb for so many years to Maltravers—"but I have a letter from France, from a stranger—it alarms me so—it is about Evelyn"—and, as if to imply that she meditated a longer visit than ordinary, Lady Vargrave removed her bonnet, and placed it on the table. Surprised that the curate had not answered, had not come forward to welcome her, she then approached: Maltravers rose, and they stood before each other face to face. And how lovely still was Alice! lovelier he thought even than of old! And those eyes, so divinely blue, so dovelike and soft, yet with some spiritual and unfathomable mystery in their clear depth, were once more fixed upon him. Alice seemed turned to stone; she moved not—she spoke not—she scarcely breathed; she gazed spell-bound, as if her senses—as if life itself—had deserted her.

"Alice!" murmured Maltravers—"Alice, we meet at last!"

His voice restored memory, consciousness, youth, at once to her!—She uttered a loud cry of unspeakable joy, of rapture! She sprang forward—reserve, fear, time, change, all forgotten—she threw herself into his arms, she clasped him to her heart again and again!—the faithful dog that has found his master expresses not his transport more uncontrollably, more wildly. It was something fearful—the excess of her ecstasy!—she kissed his hands, his clothes; she laughed, she wept; and at last, as words came, she laid her head on his breast, and said, passionately—"I have been true to thee! I have been true to thee—or this hour would have killed me!" Then, as if alarmed by his silence, she looked up into his face, and, as his burning tears fell upon her cheek, she said again, and with a more hurried vehemence—"I *have* been faithful—do you not believe me?"

"I do—I do, noble, unequalled Alice? Why, why were you so long lost to me? Why now does your love so shame my own?"

At these words, Alice appeared to awaken from her first oblivion of all that had chanced since they met: she blushed deeply, and drew herself gently and bashfully from his embrace. "Ah!" she said, in altered and humbled accents, "you have loved another! perhaps you have no love left for me! Is it so? Is it? No, no—those eyes—you love me—you love me still!"

And again she clung to him, as if it were heaven to believe all things, and death to doubt. Then, after a pause, she drew him gently, with both her hands, towards the light, and gazed upon him fondly, proudly, as if to trace, line by line, and feature by feature, the countenance which had been to her sweet thoughts as the sunlight to the flowers:—'Changed, changed," she muttered—"but still the same—still beautiful, still divine!" She stopped: a sudden thought struck her: his garments were worn and soiled by travel, and that princely crest, fallen and dejected, no longer towered in proud defiance above the sons of men. "You are not rich," she exclaimed, eagerly—"say you are not rich! I am rich enough for both; it is all yours—all yours—I did not betray you for it; there is no shame in it—oh, we shall be so happy. Thou art come back to thy poor Alice! thou knowest how she loved thee!" There was in Alice's manner, her wild joy, something so different from her ordinary self, that none who could have seen her—quiet, pensive, subdued—could have fancied her the same being.

. . . . . .

Suddenly her colour faded; the smile passed from the dimpled lips; a sad and solemn aspect succeeded to that expression of passionate joy—"Come," she said, in a whisper, "come, follow"—and, still clasping his hand, she drew him to the door. Silent and wonderingly he followed her across the lawn, through the moss-grown gate, and into the lonely burial-ground. She moved on with a noiseless and gliding step—so pale, so hushed, so breathless, that, even in the noon-day, you might have half fancied the fair shape was not owned by earth. She paused where the yew tree cast its gloomy shadow; and the small and tombless mound, separated from the rest, was before them. She pointed to it, and, falling on her knees beside it, murmured—"Hush! it sleeps below—thy child!" She covered her face with both her hands, and her form shook convulsively.

Beside that form, and before that grave, knelt Maltravers. There, vanished the last remnant of his stoic pride; and there—Evelyn herself forgotten—there did he pray to Heaven for pardon to himself, and blessings on the heart he had betrayed. There, solemnly did he vow the remainder of his years to guard, from all future ill, the faithful and childless mother!

We have forborne to notice the De Montaignes and the poetic, half-mad Italian of the former volumes, now the inmate of a mad-house near Versailles. By his hand, retributive justice is dealt to Lumley, who is found dead in his bed, just when his villanous schemes, as they seemed fast ripening, were once more toppling upon his head. He had been suffocated by the powerful and cunning maniac, the deceived instrument of his former villany and treachery. The history and the fate of this Italian give rise to some powerful and poetical writing. The crime of the madman, who immediately commits suicide, passes undetected by the authorities; and his amiable relatives, the De Montaignes, escape the consequent disgrace.

Justice is also done upon the unhappy Caroline Merton, Lady Doltimore; and everything is satisfactorily explained to Evelyn, who is made aware of her real parentage, and in Maltravers sees Mr Butler, the early and long-lost lover of her supposed mother. Her fortune has been lost by the schemes of Lumley; gulled by a cunning rogue, whom he had tried to deceive. But it matters not—Legard loved Evelyn for herself; and her hand was, in due time, bestowed on him by Maltravers. As the carriage bore away the newly-married pair from the cottage of Alice, the spell was dissolved for ever.

There stood before the lonely man the idol of his early youth, the Alice, still perhaps as fair, and once young and passionate, as Evelyn—pale, changed, but lovelier than of old, if heavenly patience and holy thought, and the trials that purify and exalt, can shed over human features something more beautiful than bloom.

The good Curate alone was present, besides these two survivors of the error and the love that make the rapture and the misery of so many of our kind. And the old man, after contemplating them a moment, stole unper-

ceived away. . . . . "And, ah," murmured Alice softly, as she looked up from his breast—"I ask not if you have loved others since we parted—man's faith is so different from ours—I ask only if you love me now?"

"More! oh, immeasurably more, than in our youngest days," cried Maltravers, with fervent passion. "More fondly—more reverently—more trustfully, than I ever loved living being!—even her in whose youth and innocence I adored the memory of thee! Here have I found that which shames the ideal. Here have I found a virtue that, coming at once from God and Nature, has been wiser than all my false philosophy, and firmer than all my pride!"

Such is a meagre outline of the sequel to "Maltravers"—a work remarkable for beauties, and abounding in defects even as a literary composition. To the incidental discussions on literature, philosophy, or politics—the *embossed* ornaments, which, though not essential to the work, harmonize well enough with its character and structure—we have not adverted. They are worthy of the author; and, in tone and sentiment, exactly what might be expected from him. The moral of his story is as good as one who "writes to please" durst make it; but, when a man of genius shall sit down to illustrate the true philosophy of error and atonement, compensation and reward, in a fiction, he must take higher ground than this. Fifty years later in time, fifty years equal to centuries of ordinary time, Mr Bulwer, on moral vantage ground, lags thousands of leagues behind Inchbald, Godwin, and even Kotzebue.

A HYMN FOR THE STUDENTS OF GOTTINGEN.

AWAKE, Allemaine!
From your slumber awake,
And shake off your chain,
For humanity's sake!
Shall the savage unlettered
E'er pant to be free,
While slavery's bondage
Dishonours e'en thee?

Shake off, Allemaine,
Your inglorious trance;
Besotted as Spain,
And derided by France!
New despots are forging
New fetters to gall thee—
Awake, Allemaine!
Or may ages enthral thee!

Arise, Allemaine,
'Gainst your tyrants, in scorn!
Disperse them like mist
In the eye of the morn!
The shrines of your learning
They've dared to profane—
New GOTHS are your rulers!—
Arise, Allemaine!

Awake, Allemaine!
For the last of your Lords
Your young blood hath spilt
With his satellite swords;
On the threshold, fair SCIENCE!
That leads to thy Fane,
His horsemen have charged them—
Awake, Allemaine!

Arise, Allemaine!
From the storm that hath lowered,
Let the lightning of vengeance
Spring forth on the coward;
Shall thy greyheaded sages
Invoke thee in vain?
They are mourning in exile!—
Arise, Allemaine! T. M. H.

DO KINGS OR NOBLES CARE FOR US?

WHEN you behold a king enthroned,
Or toiling to a foolish feast,
Or queens in luxury enzoned,
And treated like some heavenly guest—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, when the truth is spoken, what
Do kings or nobles care for us?

When you behold, with rakish lords,
A pompous bishop take his place,
And mark his empty, measured words,
And simpering nothingness of face—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, when the truth is spoken, what
Do lords or bishops care for us?

When you behold a reckless lord,
Great by his grandfather's deserts,
Walk boldly to the council board,
And frown as if a man of parts—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
For, if the truth were spoken, what
Does any lordling care for us?

When at the hustings called to vote,
And having passed the taxman's shrift,
You stand unshaved, in thread-bare coat,
To send a *gentleman* to thrift—
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Your power is short, and think of this:
'Twere shame to cheer an empty flat,
Or help a scoundrel to a place.

When pensioned peers or dowagers,
With thousands by the month or year,
Pretend to open up their purse,
That they may in the prints appear—
Is't not as ocean should give back
A wave, while fifty thousand streams
Make barren many a beauteous track
To fill her?—whence, then, your acclaims?

The WORKING MAN should have one thought—
To be for ever free to toil;
And keep the wealth so dearly bought,
To make his own hearthstone to smile.
Some toil in this, and some in that;
But o'er the great make you no fuss:
Their toils may soon be told—and what
Does any great man care for us?

The right divine to govern wrong
Is now an old insanity;
And lordly beggars will ere long
Be—what all beggars ought to be:
To such, all such, keep on your hat;
Despise their coldness or their fuss:
Despise them—were it even that
They should affect to care for us.

PHILO-BERANGER.

MISS MARTINEAU'S RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

The citizens of the young Republic of America have already realized, for themselves, wishes ineffectually formed by two of the most powerful and benevolent of European sovereigns. Every child can read its Bible, and every working man has a pullet in the pot, if not something more substantial. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that those good wishes were expressed by *Henri Quatre* and George III., for the peasants of France and the children of Great Britain. The cause of the easy command over the comforts, and even the luxuries of life, which is enjoyed by every American citizen, of moderate industry, is the grand problem which has occupied the minds of the people of the Old World, since the democratic society of the United States took form, and began to display those splendid results, which the People of England now generally agree in resolving into the principle of self-government. "We are the happiest and the most prosperous nation on earth," say these proud Republicans, "precisely because we choose to manage our own interests ourselves, and that our system of government keeps us free of the evils under which the Old World groans; because we have no law of primogeniture, no state-church, no hereditary nobles, no standing army, no deadweight, no national debt. Our democratic institutions act on our social prosperity, both as cause and effect. We have already put in action, as far as it has yet been done upon the face of the globe, the principle adopted as the basis of all government by the great English philosopher. Our rule is the happiness of the majority; and we press onward, to the higher social condition of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and, finally, of all. If the best means to promote this noblest condition of humanity have not always been taken, there is, at all events, no obstruction offered by our institutions to its triumphant progress." It is these considerations chiefly, which, since the suffering People of Europe have been aroused to thoughtfulness, have made every book be received with eagerness, which describes the condition of that democratic Republic, which has already, in prosperity and security, celebrated its first jubilee. Accounts of the poor man's land of promise, have become as fascinating as ancient legends, or the glorious tales of the old wars of fatherland. Real suffering—the actual lack of bread, or the equally distressing want of leisure, quiet, and ease of mind—has wrought mighty changes in opinion, since it has been discovered how, by energy and endeavour, these great wants may be supplied. This is especially the case in the country, parent and kindred to America, where, casting behind the dreams of the past, perhaps too recklessly, thought and hope are projected into the future. In travelling on a railway, some time since, we chanced to overhear a conversation between two intelligent artisans, or men of a similar rank, the one Whiggish, the other a Radical. The argument ended by the former declaring, with some heat—"Well, well, the like of you should all go to America!"—"We will do better than that," returned the astute democrat, in a tone of quiet determination—"we will bring America here." Along with many secondary reasons, the hope of bringing the attendant blessings of American institutions home to the bosom of a country which has no faults in the eyes of its sons, save those of its government—the England which, with all these faults, they love—makes the report of every new traveller in the United States be perused with eager interest. Thus, every year has its new volumes, and all find readers. To gratify this appetite, Miss Martineau, in addition to her elaborate essay upon the mechanism and operation of the social order of America, has presented us with three more volumes, containing her "Random Recollections." These will probably be quite as welcome to the bulk of readers as their precursors. A good deal of the information and speculation found in the first work, might have been gained from other sources, and must have been familiar to all students of America, and to persons but moderately conversant with the history of the Republic, and the developement of its institutions; whereas, the new work contains mainly the record or results of the author's personal adventures and observation, which could be obtained nowhere else.

After Miss Fanny Kemble's dash, and Mrs Trollope's "'cuteness," one longed to see what a third lady, of equal accomplishment, but with more enlarged views, and, consequently, a better regulated temper, had to report of that great western world, which presents social phenomena of unceasing interest. Miss Martineau follows no strict rule of arrangement in her "Retrospect of Travel." After a rather minute account of her outward voyage, she selects her themes rather as they are related by character, than in the natural order of their occurrence. She seems to have borne the inconveniences and privations of the voyage with great good temper. Indeed, she acknowledges no hardship; and, on the contrary, regards a sea voyage as among the choice pastimes of life. Her remedies for unavoidable annoyances are admirable. For hard beds and seats, "patience—though, perhaps, air-cushions may be better still." Sour bread—*remedy:* to eat biscuit. Getting sunburnt—*remedy:* do not look in the glass. Scanty supply of water—*remedy:* drink cider at dinner; and, *remedy second:* if cider get low, take soda water, ale, hock, or claret. This might satisfy a cockney sworn at Highgate. One source of amusement on the outward voyage is noticed, which we feel bound to recommend to the particular attention of the post-office department of both the countries.

A regular piece of amusement on board the

Packet ships is, emptying the letter-bags out on the decks.

A fine morning is chosen for this; and to a person who sits on the rail it affords a pretty picture. The ladies draw their chairs round the immense heap of letters; the gentlemen lie at length, and scarcely an epistle escapes comment. A shout of mirth bursts forth now and then, at some singular name, or mode of address; commonly at some Irish epistle, addressed to an emigrant in some out-of-the-way place, which there is scarcely room to insert, though the direction runs from corner to corner over the whole square.

A very pretty piece of amusement certainly; nor is it wonderful that, in consequence of it, many letters which are affectionately despatched to dear Judies or Paddies, never reach their destination.

The first impressions of a new country upon an intelligent foreigner, are always worthy of notice. Miss Martineau's were, upon the whole, exceedingly favourable—for she went to be pleased. Her party landed at New York on an evening. Broadway did not appear so magnificent nor picturesque as it does in the panorama which everybody has seen; but the same thing holds, we suspect, of every street so represented. In the boarding-house where apartments had been secured for the party, General Mason and his family were residing; a fortunate accident for the traveller. Perhaps the minute observation on domestic details may, to some, appear trivial; our complaint is, however, not of the number, but rather of the scantiness of the sketches *à la* Trollope. At the boarding-house, which must have been a very respectable place of its kind, the four-posted bed had no tester—an arrangement which physicians would approve, though it might seem awkward to English ladies; and the wash-stand "was without tumbler, glass, soap, or brush-tray." We are not, however, to conclude, that such superfluities are unknown in the American toilet, although they were not seen; any more than that snuffers are not used in the States, although "the candlesticks had no snuffers." At five next morning, Miss Martineau threw up her sash, and beheld nothing that one could have seen at home, except the grass in the court-yard, and the sky.

The houses were all neatly and brightly painted, had green outside blinds to every window, and an apparatus for drying linen on the roof. A young lady in black silk, with her hair neatly dressed, was mopping the steps of one house; and a similar young lady was dusting the parlour of another. A large locust-tree grew in the middle of the court-yard of the house I was in; and under it was a truly American wood-pile. Two negroes were at the pump, and a third was carrying musk-melons.

When the breakfast-bell rang, the long and cross tables in the eating-room were filled in five minutes. The cross table, at which our hostess presided, was occupied by General Mason's family, a party of Spaniards, and ourselves. The long one was filled up with families returning southwards from the Springs; married persons without children, who preferred boarding to housekeeping; and single gentlemen, chiefly merchants. I found this mode of living rather formidable the first day; and not all the good manners that I witnessed at public tables ever reconciled me to it.

The young lady mopping the steps in a black silk gown, will be held as a mark of the wealth and luxury of the people; but this is an equivocal sign. A daughter of the house was probably doing the work which would have been performed in England by a maid-servant in a cotton wrapper—though the balance of happiness may still be in favour of American domestic arrangements.

A voyage by steam up the Hudson, is one of the first excursions usually made by strangers landing at New York, and a common recreation of the inhabitants. Those who have not been up and down the Hudson, as often as we have been, with all manner of travellers, within the last ten years, will find the description of the scenery, and of the most remarkable objects, very agreeable reading. In Kosciusko's garden, Miss Martineau made acquaintance with one of the cadets of the military Academy at West Point, who volunteered as her cicerone, and with whom she conversed freely about the institution, and his course of study. Like every other military establishment, its tendencies are aristocratic; and its principle and administration are stated to be anti-republican, and yet, she thinks, useful, as securing a uniformity of military conduct, in case of war, with greater proficiency in science, and the checking of sectional prejudice, from all the young soldiers of the Union receiving a common education. The average of health is very high at West Point, which Miss Martineau considers remarkable, as the students indulge freely in the use of tobacco. Mrs Trollope bitterly scolds the use of tobacco, whether in Germany or America, as a rude, disgusting, and barbarous practice; while Miss Martineau attacks it on the more philosophic ground of unwholesomeness. Are the ladies sure they understand the philosophy of smoking? The cadets are allowed, under certain limitations, to mix, at balls and dinners, with the company frequenting the hotel at West Point, a place of fashionable resort; and this indulgence is rightly considered of advantage to their manners. One distinguishing trait of American manners, appears to be freedom of intercourse in these public summer resorts. Introductions and chaperons seem quite unnecessary.

Hackneyed as the scenery of the Hudson, and the descriptions of its endless describers, have become, Miss Martineau has contrived to interest us by a new region. She was more moved by the views from MOUNTAIN HOUSE than by the Falls of Niagara. The subject is certainly fresher. The scene burst on her, too, with the charm of unexpectedness. This Mountain House is a hotel, built for the accommodation of travellers who desire to have a more complete view of the Valley of the Hudson than can be obtained from any other point; and Miss Martineau thinks she would rather have missed the Prairies, the Hawk's Nest, (no great miss,) the Mississippi, and Niagara itself, than this. The ascent to the Mountain House was made upon the evening of a Saturday in July. The elevation is about 1800 feet; and the road winds through flourishing farms, and up the mountain's side, through woods and glades. Miss Martineau was, probably, new to mountain travel and mountain dwellings, and the picturesque hotel burst upon her vision with the dazzling effect of novelty:—

"After another level reach of road, and another scrambling ascent, I saw something on the rocky platform above our heads, like (to compare great things with small) an illumined fairy palace perched among clouds in open scenery;—a large building, whose numerous window-lights marked out its figure from amidst the thunder-clouds and black twilight which overshadowed it. It was now half-past eight o'clock, and a stormy evening. Everything was chill, and we were glad of lights and tea in the first place." The river, revealed by the sudden flashes of lightning, and as quickly swallowed up in darkness, was the charm of the night-view. The landscape of the morning, did our space permit, we should take at large, as we consider it a characteristic as well as a favourable specimen of the author's tone of feeling and style of composition. Sunrise is one of the lions at Mountain House. The raptures of the traveller were too deep and sacred for utterance. She had seen, probably for the first time from such an elevation, the ever grand phenomena of a wide landscape emerging from the mists of a summer's dawn, and gradually unfolding and brightening, until the chaos took form and rejoiced in light; and her chagrin with those *natives* who could neither understand her feelings nor sympathize with her enthusiasm, led to the following amusing dialogue:—

A gentleman and lady in the hotel intended to have left the place on Sunday. Having overslept that morning's sunrise, and arrived too late for that on Saturday, they were persuaded to stay till Monday noon; and I was pleased, on rising at four on Monday morning, to see that they were in the piazza below, with a telescope. We met at breakfast, all faint with hunger, of course.

"Well, Miss M.," said the gentleman, discontentedly, "I suppose you were disappointed in the sunrise?"—"No, I was not."—"Why, do you think the sun was any handsomer here than at New York?"

I made no answer; for what could one say? But he drove me by questions to tell what I expected to see in the sun.

"I did not expect to see the sun green or blue."

"What did you expect then?"

I was obliged to explain that it was the effect of the sun on the landscape that I had been looking for.

"Upon the landscape! Oh, but we saw that yesterday."

The gentleman was perfectly serious—quite earnest in all this. When we were departing, a foreign tourist was heard to complain of the high charges! High charges! As if we were to be supplied for nothing on a perch, where the wonder is, if any but the young ravens get fed. When I considered what a drawback it is in visiting mountain-tops, that one is driven down again almost immediately by one's bodily wants, I was ready to thank the people devoutly for harbouring us on any terms, so that we might think out our thoughts, and compose our emotions, and take our fill of that portion of our universal and eternal inheritance.

These are philosophic consolations under high bills—of which, indeed, travellers in America rarely have reason to complain. Miss Martineau, indeed, suspects that persons whose literary reputation is spread abroad before them, are rather undercharged than otherwise.

In all the late books of travel, we do not remember to have read of a wedding. Miss Martineau was present at four, in church or private dwellings. A Quaker wedding appears the exact ceremony familiar to us at home; but "the bride was most beautifully dressed"—and there will probably be applications from lady-readers to know how. There was, too, long waiting in a crowded church for "a communication," while the poor bride sat exposed to the public gaze, and the bridegroom, most unquaker-like, seemed ready to suffocate with suppressed laughter. The traveller had been invited to attend by one of her friends, a Quaker lady, a frequent preacher, who somehow guessed, or had some dim intimation that "there might be communications." Miss Martineau, accordingly, conceived hopes which were not disappointed. Five preachers of the Hicksites held forth in succession:—

One was an old gentleman whose discourse was an entire perplexity to me. For nearly an hour, he discoursed on Jacob's ladder; but in a style so rambling, and in a chant so singularly unmusical, as to set attention and remembrance at defiance. Some parenthetical observations alone stood a chance of being retained, from their singularity;—one, for instance, which he introduced in the course of his narrative about Jacob setting a stone for a pillow;—"a very different," cried the preacher, raising his chant to the highest pitch—"a very different pillow, by the way, from any that we—are—accommodated—with." What a contrast was the brief discourse of my Quaker friend which followed! Her noble countenance was radiant as the morning; her soft voice, though low, so firm that she was heard to the furthest corner, and her little sermon as philosophical as it was devout. "Send forth thy light and thy truth," was her text. She spoke gratefully of intellectual light as a guide to spiritual truth, and anticipated and prayed for an ultimate universal diffusion of both. The certificate of the marriage was read by Dr Parrish, an elderly physician of Philadelphia, the very realization of all my imaginings of the personal appearance of William Penn; with all the dignity and bonhommie that one fancies Penn invested with in his dealings with the Indians. Dr Parrish speaks with affection of the Indians, from the experience some ancestors of his had of the hospitality of these poor people, when they were in a condition to shew hospitality. His grandfather's family were shipwrecked; and the Indians took the poor lady and her children home to an inhabited cave, and fed them for many weeks or months. The tree stump round which they used to sit at meals is still standing; and Dr Parrish says that, let it stand as long as it will, the love of his family to the Indians shall outlast it.

The Hicksites, and the orthodox societies of Quakers, hate each other intensely, according to Miss Martineau. The ceremonies of a fashionable wedding in Boston, shew the height to which the external pomps and vulgarities, as well as the refinements of luxury, have reached in the principal cities of the Republic. The want of *repose*, of English high-bred composure and quiet of manner, if not of mind, seems to have been as much felt by Miss Martineau as by Mrs Butler, though she is rarely so frankly condemnatory.

The parties were opulent, and in the first rank of society. They were married in the drawing-room of the bride's house, at half-past eight in the evening, by Dr Channing. The moment the ceremony was over, crowds of company began to arrive; and the bride, young and delicate, and her maidens, were niched in a corner of one of the drawing-rooms, to curtsey to all comers. They were so formally placed, so richly and (as it then seemed) formally dressed—for the present revived antique style of dress was then quite new—that, in the interval of their curtseys, they looked like an old picture brought from Windsor Castle. The bride's mother presided in the other

drawing-room, and the bridegroom flitted about, universally attentive, and on the watch to introduce all visiters to his lady. The transition from the solemnity of Dr Channing's service to the noisy gaieties of a rout, was not at all to my taste. I imagined that it was not to Dr Channing's either, for his talk with me was on matters very little resembling anything that we had before our eyes: and he soon went away. The noise became such as to silence all who were not inured to the gabble of an American party—the noisiest kind of assemblage, I imagine (not excepting a Jew's synagogue) on the face of the globe. I doubt whether any Pagans in their worship can raise any hubbub to equal it. I constantly found, in a large party, after trying in vain every kind of scream that I was capable of, that I must give up, and satisfy myself with nodding and shaking my head. If I was rightly understood, well and good: if not, I must let it pass. As the noise thickened, and the heat grew more oppressive, I glanced towards the poor bride in her corner, still standing, still curtseying; her pale face growing paler; her nonchalant manner (perhaps the best she could assume) more indifferent. I was afraid that, if all this went on much longer, she would faint or die upon the spot. It did not last much longer. By eleven, some of the company began to go away, and, by a quarter before twelve, all were gone but the comparatively small party (including ourselves) who were invited to stay to supper.

The chandelier and mantelpieces, I then saw, were dressed with flowers. There was a splendid supper; and, before we departed, we were carried up to a large, well-lighted apartment, where bride cake and the wedding presents were set out in bright array.

Five days afterwards, we went, in common with all her acquaintance, to pay our respects to the bride. The courtyard of her mother's house was thronged with carriages, though no one seemed to stay five minutes. The bridegroom received us at the head of the stairs, and led us to his lady, who curtseyed as before. Cake, wine, and liqueurs were handed round, the visiters all standing. A few words on common subjects were exchanged, and we were gone, to make way for others.

Rocking-chairs are among the peculiar American modes of enjoyment which Miss Martineau, rather contemptuously, denounces, probably without sufficient consideration in one generally so indulgent to harmless though novel practices, and to individual tastes in luxuries or things indifferent. In small wayside inns, *rocking* in the chair is carried to excess, and may, perhaps, be found an indemnification to ladies for the privation of tobacco; an excellent sedative, if things should go cross, or dinner be long of appearing.

In travelling by the canal to Utica—a delightful mode of slow travelling by day, but by night deserving all the vituperation that is given to it, and to those attendant annoyances which are not peculiar to America—Miss Martineau relates a grievance new to us:—

We suffered under an additional annoyance, in the presence of sixteen Presbyterian clergymen—some of the most unprepossessing of their class. If there be a duty more obvious than another on board a canal-boat, it is to walk on the bank occasionally in fair weather, or, at least, to remain outside, in order to air the cabin, (close enough at best,) and get rid of the scents of the table, before the unhappy passengers are shut up to sleep there. These sixteen gentlemen, on their way to a convention at Utica, could not wait till they got there to begin their devotional observances, but obtruded them upon the passengers in a most unjustifiable manner. They were not satisfied with saying an almost interminable grace before and after each meal, but shut up the cabin for prayers before dinner, for missionary conversation in the afternoon, and for Scripture reading and prayers quite late into the night, keeping tired travellers from their rest, and every one from his fair allowance of fresh air.

The passengers were all invited to listen to, and to question a missionary from China, who was of the party. The gentleman did not seem to have profited much by his travels, however; for he declared himself unable to answer some very simple inquiries:—"Is the religion of the Christian missionaries tolerated by the Chinese government?"—"I am not prepared to answer that question." "Are the Chinese cannibals?"—"I am not prepared to answer that question." One requested that any brother would offer a suggestion as to how Government might be awakened to the sinfulness of permitting Sunday mails; during the continuance of which practice, there was no hope of the Sabbath being duly sanctified. No one was ready with a suggestion; but one offered a story, which every head was bent to hear. The story was of two sheep-drovers, one of whom feared God, and the other did not. The profane drover set out with his sheep, for a particular destination, two hours earlier than the other, and did not rest on Sunday like his pious comrade. What was the catastrophe? The God-fearing drover, though he had stood still all Sunday, arrived at his destination two hours earlier than the other. "Ah!" "Ah!" resounded through the cabin in all conceivable tones of conviction, no one asking particulars of what had happened on the road—of how and where the profane drover had been delayed. Temperance was, of course, a great topic with these divines, and they fairly provoked ridicule upon it. One passenger told me that they were so strict that they would not drink water out of the Brandywine river; and another remarked that they partook with much relish of the strong wine sauce served with our puddings.

This is a dismal picture of so large a section of the Presbyterian Synod of Utica; and we should hope that it is not without a touch of perhaps unconscious exaggeration.

Miss Martineau sympathizes more deeply with the wronged aborigines of America than we should have anticipated from her known opinions on certain points of political economy, by which the wise in their generation, vindicate the crying injustice with which the Red race have been treated by the Whites. On viewing the Trenton Falls, of which the name, in the beautiful and sonorous language of the native tribes, is *Cayoharic*, she says, with true feeling—"How the poor banished Indians most mourn when the lights of their Cayoharic visit their senses again in the dreams of memory or of sleep! The recollection of these poor exiles was an ever-present saddening thought in the midst of all the most beautiful scenes of the New World."

By the way, Miss Martineau, in one place, describes certain squaws, whom they saw, as dressed in cloth trowsers. She must have mistaken the cloth *leggins*, worn by female Indians, when partially seen under their short full petticoat and blanket, for this part of male attire. The uncorrupted Indian women are remarkable for their sense of delicacy and propriety in dress and demeanour. A young Indian woman, of the Delaware nation, and the wife of a chief who visited this country with her husband shortly after the war of 1814, was inexpressibly shocked by the loud tones, the erected head, and, above all, the turned-out toes of the white ladies. The latter custom in particular, appeared to her the extreme of feminine indecorum—the dancing-master's first position, one of extreme impropriety.

The town of Buffalo has lately attracted con-

siderable attention in this country, from the spirit evinced by the inhabitants in behalf of the insurgents of Upper Canada. Miss Martineau reports most unfavourably of its moral condition, and the character of the society found there. She considers that Buffalo is "as undesirable as a residence as any place in the free States." It would seem to be a large Cave of Adullam:—

> It is the rendezvous of all manner of persons; the passage through which fugitives pass from the States to Canada, from Canada to the States, and from Europe and the Eastern States into the wild West. Runaway slaves come here, and their owners follow in hopes of recapturing them. Indian traders, land-speculators, and poor emigrants, come here; and the most debased Indians, the half-civilized, hang about the outskirts. No influence that the mass of respectable inhabitants can exert, can neutralize the bad effects of a floating population like this; and the place is unavoidably a very vicious one. A sufficient proof of this is, that ladies cannot walk beyond the streets without the protection of a gentleman. Some excellent English ladies opened a school in Buffalo, and, not being aware of the peculiarities of the place, followed, with their pupils, the English practice of taking country walks. They persevered for some time, hoping to obtain countenance for the wholesome practice, but were compelled, after a time, not only to give up walking, but to quit the place. It will be understood that I do not give this as any specimen of American towns. The corruption of Buffalo is owing chiefly to its frontier position, and consequent liability to a vicious, transient population.

One day, Miss Martineau crossed from Buffalo to the British side, with a female friend, a hardy pedestrian, who has a very romantic history. They were entertained by an American woman, settled on the British side, who amused them with stories of how eggs and butter were smuggled into Buffalo from her neighbourhood. The prohibition of a free trade in eggs and butter! "What a worthy subject of contention," she remarks, "between two great nations!—the one breaking the laws to provide Buffalo with butter and eggs, and the preventive force of the other exercised in opposition!" She seems to think that Canada would be better off in connexion with the United States than attached to Britain. "My eyes," she continues, "never rested on the Canada shore without my feeling how absurd it was that that poor country should belong to us; its poverty and hopeless inactivity contrasting, so much to our disgrace, with the prosperous activity of the opposite shore."

A good deal was said and done by Miss Martineau and her friends about those endless Falls of Niagara; and one day spent under them was devoted to giving a German friend, who had learned English to the last perfection in little more than two years, a practical idea of the word *dawdle*, which he could not comprehend. The travelling party *lounged* and *sauntered* about all day; but, when it was concluded, Dr F——, the German, could not, we opine, have anything like a true understanding of what it is to *dawdle*—a process impossible in the open air, and, in short, a spurious sort of lazy activity, which can only be put in operation by ladies in their apartments, when they tumble over and over the contents of drawers and cupboards, and *dawdle* away a whole morning, doing nothing; always seeming to be employed, but shewing no useful result.

A chapter is devoted to Priestley, of whom Miss Martineau is the enthusiastic admirer. Dr Channing—who, we suspect, she considers not to be named in the same day with the great modern apostle of the Unitarian faith—"speaks of him in a tone of patronage, admitting that he is under obligations to him for one or two detached sermons which breathe the true spirit." Miss Martineau, shortly after her arrival in the States, visited the persecuted philosopher's retreat on the Susquehanna, collected some traditions of his latter years, and, sentimentally, planted a rose on his grave, which grave, she anticipates, will yet be the resort of many pilgrims. We should doubt it. Imagination rules the world; and her favourite philosopher had no faculty in life, or beyond it, of stimulating imagination. Though Priestley had much to suffer in severe domestic bereavements after his exile, it is grateful to learn that his latter days were spent in serenity and competence.

Miss Martineau visited some of the prisons of America; but she adds little, we think, to the amount of information already obtained, save some original and delightful instances of the power of kindness and confidence in softening the most depraved and rugged natures. She considers the system of solitary confinement pursued at Philadelphia as the best that has been adopted in the States, and very much superior to that of the Auburn prison, which, though so highly extolled in this country, is considered faulty in the extreme. Captain Pillsbury of the Weathersfield prison has accomplished what looks like moral miracles; but, unfortunately, this gentleman can neither live for ever nor multiply himself. Still, it is something to have proved what may be done in reclaiming and ameliorating vitiated natures, by the simple means of treating men like beings made after God's image. Some of Miss Martineau's adventures, when she was locked up in the solitary cells of the criminals in the Penitentiary, required, we think, more courage than the worst perils of her journeys, or her braving the threats of Lynching as an abolitionist. She imagines that she gained the confidence of the prisoners, and, in some instances, this may have been so. Solitary imprisonment must dispose every victim to spontaneous confidence. Miss Martineau regards this mode of punishment, combined with labour, as the perfection of corrective discipline; and secrecy, or the absence of shame—of the humiliating sense of personal degradation—as essential to restoration to moral soundness. Men tried in a remote part of the country, and under feigned names—unbranded men—are always in a hopeful condition. The prisoners were accustomed to receive the visits of benevolent persons, and probably of well-meaning pious ladies, anxious to give them religious instruction. Prison-visiting has, indeed, become one of the many modes of religious excitement and dissipation, both in the Old and New World. Miss Martineau sometimes found

it necessary to say, that she did not come for prayer, but for inquiring into the causes of crime. This she did to stay the flood of "shocking cant," too often, we fear, reckoned appropriate to prison interviews between sinners and the Pharisaical righteous. The cases which Miss Martineau encountered were not all hopeful. It is not even clear that the majority were so. She says—

Some of the convicts were so stupid as not to be relied upon, more or less. Others canted so detestably, and were (always in connexion with their cant) so certain that they should never sin more, that I have every expectation that they will find themselves in prison again some day. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for having taken more lives probably than any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly virtuous henceforth. He should never touch anything stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money, and the smell of strong liquors; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. He shook his shock of red hair at me, and glared with his one ferocious eye, as he said he knew all about it, as he had been the worst of men, and Christ had had mercy on his poor soul. When I had got him away from his cant, and upon subjects on which he could talk with some simplicity, I found that even this man preferred this prison to others that he had been in. It so happened that no conviction for murder had ever been procurable against him; his imprisonments were all for theft. His account of the old Walnut Street prison was dreadful. He there daily heard stories of crimes, from four in the winter afternoons till daylight. "Poor boasting!—for the crimes they bragged of were never done." I asked him how he got into that prison. "For a couple o' larcenies, a grand and a little," said he, with the most business-like nonchalance. He was waylaid by two old burglars on his coming out, and on the spot agreed upon an enterprise for the next night. His mother died in his arms: he went and committed the burglary, was caught, and before midnight was in prison again. His accounts of his deeds were too scientific for my understanding; but I made out enough to be ready when he asked my advice what to do when he came out. I answered as if he were in earnest, advising him to leave Philadelphia and all towns, and settle in the woods, out of the way of grog-shops, bad company, and other people's property. But his keepers expect that he will end his days with them; and this is the hope of that part of society which fears his ferocity.

Under proper regulation, the practice of visiting prisons might be made one of the best means of improving the character of the prisoners; but the bold and hardy inmates, acute daring burglars, or adroit forgers and coiners, require to be brought under other influences than those sometimes employed for their amendment.—Miss Martineau had so much enjoyed her residence in New York that she was spoiled for Washington. In Philadelphia, she was an inmate in the family of a Unitarian clergyman, with whom she had made acquaintance at New York on the first Sunday after her landing; and who, with his wife, became her "American brother and sister." Of this gentleman's preaching, she speaks as the "most true, simple, and solemn" she had ever listened to.

Washington is represented as a dreary sojourn to those whose pursuits and affections are domestic. Our traveller spent five weeks there, which she accounts profitable, though by far the least agreeable of her sojourn in the United States.

She formed one of a party, which included a Senator, and a Member of the House of Representatives, with two female relations, having a drawing-room and table in common, in a boarding-house. The gentlemen were, of course, acquainted with many public characters, who were continually dropping in. The society of Washington is of an unique character, compounded of a large variety of elements. There were to be seen the foreign ambassadors;

The American government; members of Congress, from Clay and Webster down to Davy Crockett, Benton from Missouri, and Cuthbert, with the freshest Irish brogue, from Georgia; flippant young belles; "pious" wives, dutifully attending their husbands, and groaning over the frivolities of the place; grave judges, saucy travellers, pert newspaper reporters, melancholy Indian chiefs, and timid New-England ladies, trembling on the verge of the vortex: all this was wholly unlike anything that is to be seen in any other city in the world; for all these are mixed up together in daily intercourse, like the higher circle of a little village, and there is nothing else. You have this or nothing; you pass your days among these people, or you spend them alone. There the Southerners appear to the most advantage, and the New-Englanders to the least: the ease and frank courtesy of the gentry of the south, (with an occasional touch of arrogance, however,) contrasting favourably with the cautious, somewhat *gauche*, and too deferential air of the members from the north. One fancies one can tell a New-England member in the open air by his deferential walk. He seems to bear in mind perpetually that he cannot fight a duel, while other people can. The odd mortals that wander in from the western border cannot be described as a class; for no one is like anybody else. One has a neck like a crane, making an interval of inches between stock and chin. Another wears no cravat, apparently because there is no room for one. A third has his lank black hair parted accurately down the middle, and disposed in bands in front, so that he is taken for a woman when only the head is seen in a crowd. A fourth puts an arm round the neck of a neighbour on either side as he stands, seeming afraid of his tall, wire-hung frame, dropping to pieces if he tries to stand alone. A fifth makes something between a bow and a curtsey to everybody who comes near, and proses with a knowing air:—all having shrewd faces, and being probably very fit for the business they come upon.

The domestic arrangements at Washington are strongly indicative of the frugal genius of the Republic. Conceive, in London or Paris, a member of the Upper, and one of the Lower House of Parliament—together with a wife and a sister-in-law, Miss Martineau, and her party—clubbing together for a common drawing-room and mess-table. This was a refinement on the common mode of living *en masse* in the boarding-house; and we can conceive the arrangement, where there are congenial minds and pursuits, exceedingly agreeable. She frequently praises the Americans for sweetness of temper; and their being able to live together in amity in that close association which would be intolerable even to the nearest relatives in England, is a strong evidence of it, and not improbably part of its cause. The difference between the capital of the Western Republic, and the capitals of any European state, with the exception perhaps of of some petty German principality, is amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote:—

I remember that some of our party went one day to

dine at Mr Secretary Cass's, and the rest of us at Mr Secretary Woodbury's. The next morning, a lady of the Cass party asked me whether we had candied oranges at the Woodburys'. "No." "Then," said she, "they had candied oranges at the Attorney-General's." "How do you know?" "Oh, as we were on the way, I saw a dish carried; and, as we had none at the Cass's, I knew they must be either for the Woodburys or the Attorney-General." There were candied oranges at the Attorney-General's.

Miss Martineau was frequently present at sittings of the Senate. We shall employ our limited space to better advantage in noticing her historical grouping and original portraits, than in adverting to her strictures upon the political opinions and conduct of the leading characters seen at Washington.

The American Senate (she says) is a most imposing assemblage. When I first entered it, I thought I never saw a finer set of heads than the forty-six before my eyes: two only being absent, and the Union then consisting of twenty-four States. Mr Calhoun's countenance first fixed my attention: the splendid eye, the straight forehead, surmounted by a load of stiff, upright, dark hair; the stern brow; the inflexible mouth—it is one of the most remarkable heads in the country. Next him, sat his colleague, Mr Preston, in singular contrast—stout in person, with a round, ruddy, good-humoured face, large blue eyes, and a wig, orange to-day, brown yesterday, and golden to-morrow. Near them, sat Colonel Benton, a temporary people's man, remarkable chiefly for his pomposity. He sat swelling amidst his piles of papers and books, looking like a being designed by nature to be a good-humoured barber or innkeeper, but forced by fate to make himself into a mock-heroic senator. Opposite, sat the transcendent Webster, with his square forehead and cavernous eyes; and behind him the homely Clay, with the face and figure of a farmer, but something of the air of a divine, from his hair being combed straight back from his temples. . . . . Some were descended from Dutch farmers, some from French Huguenots, some from Scotch Puritans, some from English Cavaliers, some from Irish chieftains. They were brought together out of law-courts, sugar-fields, merchants' stores, mountain-farms, forests, and prairies. The stamp of originality was impressed on every one, and inspired a deep, involuntary respect. I have seen no assembly of chosen men, and no company of the high-born, invested with the antique dignities of an antique realm, half so imposing to the imagination as this collection of stout-souled, full-grown, original men, brought together, on the ground of their supposed sufficiency, to work out the will of their diverse constituencies. In this splendid chamber, thus splendidly inhabited, we spent many hours of many weeks.

Ladies attend the Senate; but their behaviour there will hardly afford Mr Grantley Berkeley either an argument or a good precedent:—

They came in with waving plumes, and glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, causing no little bustle in the place—no little annoyance to the gentlemen spectators; and rarely sat still for any length of time. I know that these ladies are no fair specimen of the women who would attend parliamentary proceedings in any other metropolis. I know that they were the wives, daughters, and sisters of legislators, women thronging to Washington for purposes of convenience or pleasure, leaving their usual employments behind them, and seeking to pass away the time. I knew this, and made allowance accordingly; but I still wished that they could understand the gravity of such an assembly, and shew so much respect to it as to repay the privilege of admission by striving to excite as little attention as possible; and, by having the patience to sit still when they happened not to be amused, till some interruption gave them opportunity to depart quietly.

Then, certain members would stalk towards these fluttering dames, as an American quaintly said, "like cranes in search of fish." It was chiefly to *see* that the traveller went to the House of Representatives; for there she could not hear. Some of Miss Martineau's political portraits are painted *en beau*; while others are traced through the black medium of anti-abolition. The first of these pictures, that of the President, Van Buren, is not favourable. She saw him first at Albany, and afterwards at Washington.

He is small in person, with light hair and blue eyes. I was often asked whether I did not think his manners gentlemanly. There is much friendliness in his manners, for he is a kindhearted man; he is also rich in information, and lets it come out on subjects in which he cannot contrive to see any danger in speaking. But his manner wants the frankness and confidence which are essential to good breeding. He questions closely without giving anything in return. Moreover, he flatters to a degree which so cautious a man should long ago have found out to be disagreeable; and his flattery is not merely praise of the person he is speaking to, but a worse kind still—a scepticism and ridicule of objects and persons supposed to be distasteful to the one he is conversing with. I fully believe that he is an amiable and indulgent domestic man, and a reasonable political master, a good scholar, and a shrewd man of business; but he has the scepticism which marks the lower orders of politicians. His public career exhibits no one exercise of that faith in men, and preference of principle to petty expediency by which a statesman shews himself to be great. The consequence is, that, with all his opportunities, no great deed has ever been put to his account, and his shrewdness has been at fault in some of the most trying crises of his career. The man who so little trusts others, and so intensely regards self as to make it the study of his life not to commit himself, is liable to a more than ordinary danger of judging wrong, when compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to act a decided part. . . . . Mr Calhoun is, I believe, Mr Van Buren's evil genius.

The great Nullifier is a more interesting moral study. The elements of which his character is compounded, seem of a less vulgar nature, and they are more subtilely combined. We do not, however, pretend to understand perfectly the character which is presented to us as that of Calhoun.

It is at first extremely interesting to hear Mr Calhoun talk; and there is a never-failing evidence of power in all he says and does, which commands intellectual reverence; but the admiration is too soon turned into regret—into absolute melancholy. It is impossible to resist the conviction that all this force can be at best but useless, and is but too likely to be very mischievous. His mind has long lost all power of communicating with any other. I know no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. He meets men and harangues them by the fire-side, as in the Senate; he is wrought like a piece of machinery, set a-going vehemently by a weight, and stops while you answer: he either passes by what you say, or twists it into a suitability with what is in his head, and begins to lecture again. Of course, a mind like this can have little influence in the Senate, except by virtue, perpetually wearing out, of what it did in its less eccentric days; but its influence at home is to be dreaded. . . . . Relaxation is no longer in the power of his will. I never saw any one who so completely gave me the idea of possession. Half an hour's conversation with him is enough to make a necessarian of anybody.

Webster, another celebrated member of the Senate, attracts notice, if not among our statesmen, yet from the lawyers of this country. In the portrait given of him, it is easier to recog-

nise the likeness of a real man than in that of Calhoun. What a number of Lowland Scotch names, by the way, are to be found in the American Senate and House of Representatives. Calhoun, Webster, and Ewing, are decided. The pure Irish names are equally abundant.

Wigs and gowns are unknown in the pleadings of American barristers. Yet they contrive to make a tolerably imposing appearance without those antiquated helps of dignity and oratory, though they are not altogether superior to some other arts, as inimical to Republican severity and simplicity, as masses of powdered horse-hair or split whalebone, and flowing vestments.

There was no knowing, when Webster sauntered in, threw himself down, and leaned back against the table, his dreamy eyes seeming to see nothing about him, whether he would by-and-by take up his hat, and go away, or whether he would rouse himself suddenly, and stand up to address the judges. For the generality, there was no knowing; and to us, who were forewarned, it was amusing to see how the Court would fill after the entrance of Webster, and empty when he had gone back to the Senate Chamber. The chief interest to me in Webster's pleading, and also in his speaking in the Senate, was from seeing one so dreamy and *nonchalant* roused into strong excitement. It seemed like having a curtain lifted up, through which it was impossible to pry; like hearing autobiographical secrets. Webster is a lover of ease and pleasure, and has an air of the most unaffected indolence and careless self-sufficiency. It is something to see him moved with anxiety and the toil of intellectual conflict; to see his lips tremble, his nostrils expand, the perspiration start upon his brow; to hear his voice vary with emotion, and to watch the expression of laborious thought, while he pauses for minutes together, to consider his notes, and decide upon the arrangement of his argument. These are the moments when it becomes clear that this pleasure-loving man works for his honours and his gains. He seems to have the desire which other remarkable men have shewn, to conceal the extent of his toils; and his wish has been favoured by some accidents—some sudden, unexpected call upon him for a display of knowledge and power which has electrified the beholders. But, on such occasions, he has been able to bring into use acquisitions and exercises intended for other occasions, on which they may or may not have been wanted. No one will suppose that this is said in disparagement of Mr Webster. It is only saying that he owes to his own industry what he must otherwise owe to miracle.

This gentleman, so good an economist of reputation, is gay and jocular in company, and a clever talker.

General Jackson seems scarcely a favourite with Miss Martineau; and she relates some circumstances which certainly do not redound much either to his sagacity or his magnanimity of character. He is a man of strong prejudices, and they are not all on the right side.

General Jackson is extremely tall and thin, with a slight stoop, betokening more weakness than naturally belongs to his years. He has a profusion of stiff grey hair, which gives to his appearance whatever there is of formidable in it. His countenance bears commonly an expression of melancholy gravity; though, when roused, the fire of passion flashes from his eyes, and his whole person looks then formidable enough. His mode of speech is slow and quiet; and his phraseology sufficiently betokens that his time has not been passed among books.

A more remarkable man than the Ex-President is his friend, and alleged secret adviser, Amos Kendall. This singular personage appears to act the part in the American government of those old Jesuit confessors who moved the hidden springs of policy in despotic courts. He is, in some sort, the Talleyrand of America. In early life, Kendall had been rescued from disease and poverty, by Mr Clay, who entrusted him with the education of his sons, and heaped benefits upon him. His benefactor had not, however, been able to gain his good-will. Kendall deserted the political party of Clay, and went over to his rival, Jackson; and for this he may have had conscientious motives; but he has since never ceased to persecute Mr Clay through the newspapers, for which the motive is not clear. Miss Martineau relates—

I was fortunate enough once to catch a glimpse of the invisible Amos Kendall, one of the most remarkable men in America. He is supposed to be the moving spring of the whole administration; the thinker, planner, and doer—but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued of an excellence which prevents their being attributed to persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country for which no one seems to be answerable; work is done, of goblin extent and with goblin speed, which makes men look about them with a superstitious wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all. President Jackson's Letters to his Cabinet are said to be Kendall's; the Report on Sunday Mails is attributed to Kendall; the letters sent from Washington to appear in remote country newspapers, whence they are collected and published in *The Globe*, as demonstrations of public opinion, are pronounced to be written by Kendall. Every mysterious paragraph in opposition newspapers relates to Kendall; and it is some relief to the timid that his having now the office of Postmaster-General affords opportunity for open attacks upon this twilight personage; who is proved, by the faults in the Post-Office administration, not to be able to do quite everything well. But he is undoubtedly a great genius. He unites, with his "great talent for silence," a splendid audacity. . . . .

It is clear that he could not do the work he does (incredible enough in amount any way) if he went into society like other men. He did, however, one evening—I think it was at the Attorney-General's. The moment I went in, intimations reached me from all quarters, amidst nods and winks, "Kendall is here:" "That is he." I saw at once that his plea for seclusion—bad health—is no false one. The extreme sallowness of his complexion, and hair of such perfect whiteness as is rarely seen in a man of middle age, testified to disease. His countenance does not help the superstitious to throw off their dread of him. He probably does not desire this superstition to melt away; for there is no calculating how much influence was given to Jackson's administration by the universal belief that there was a concealed eye and hand behind the machinery of government, by which everything could be foreseen, and the hardest deeds done.

What description of the American people can be such ninnies? We should scarcely have expected to find the Americans borrowing the same method of vamping up a spurious public opinion that is practised by our great metropolitan Tory clubs, through the columns of the newspapers they have established throughout the country.

Mr Clay and the late Chief-Justice Marshall are great favourites with Miss Martineau; and it is extremely natural that the first should be so with any right-hearted woman. Of the venerable Chief-Justice she declares, that "he maintained through life, and carried to his grave, a reverence for woman as rare in its kind as in its degree." Mr Madison, the friend of the Chief-Justice, is next in Miss Martineau's good love.

Her visit to Mr Madison is one of the most agreeable passages of the "Retrospect." It took place in early spring, immediately after leaving Washington.

Mr Madison had suffered severely from rheumatism in the preceding season, but was now rather a comfortable invalid, though—

During this winter he confined himself to one room, rising after breakfast, before nine o'clock, and sitting in his easy chair till ten at night. He appeared perfectly well during my visit, and was a wonderful man of eighty-three. He complained of one ear being deaf, and that his sight, which had never been perfect, prevented his reading much, so that his studies "lay in a nutshell:" but he could hear Mrs Madison read; and I did not perceive that he lost any part of the conversation. He was in his chair, with a pillow behind him, when I first saw him; his little person wrapped in a black silk gown; a warm grey and white cap upon his head, which his lady took care should always sit becomingly; and grey worsted gloves, his hands having been rheumatic. His voice was clear and strong, and his manner of speaking particularly lively—often playful. Except that the face was smaller, and of course older, the likeness to the common engravings of him was perfect. He seemed not to have lost any teeth, and the form of the face was therefore preserved, without any striking marks of age. It was an uncommonly pleasant countenance.

His relish for conversation could never have been keener. I was in perpetual fear of his being exhausted; and, at the end of every few hours, I left my seat by the arm of his chair, and went to the sofa by Mrs Madison, on the other side of the room: but he was sure to follow, and sit down between us.

Madison, from his locality, was of course the holder of slaves, but he was the enemy of slavery. His faint hope—for he almost despaired of a remedy—was the illusive one of colonization. It is not surprising that parties deeply interested in the question should have been deceived by a fallacy which was, for a season, eagerly adopted by many intelligent persons in this country.

The household slaves of the Ex-President were continually coming and going to their lady for her huge bunch of keys, and lounging in every apartment. No degree, station, or fortune, gives immunity to ladies in the slave States from the veriest and most degrading drudgery of domestic life—that of guarding against the dishonesty, sloth, and stupidity of their slave servants.

From a long and minute record of Miss Martineau's conversations with Mr Madison during their three days of talk, we gather his opinions on many subjects. He asked by what influence our corn-laws were kept up, though truly he must have made a shrewd guess; he declared himself in favour of free trade, but also favourable to securing of literary property all over the world—a favourite scheme with the majority, if not with all authors, including Miss Martineau; and yet a very questionable one. The Ex-President considered the provision for pastors, and for the religious instruction of the people of the States, better secured than it could be by a religious establishment of any kind. Indeed, some of the American statesmen announced the not very original discovery, that our Established Church was entirely a state machine; nor need Miss Martineau have travelled so far to gather just opinions "on the idiotcy of forcibly maintaining the Church of England in Ireland."

"I do not understand this Lord John Russell of yours," said one of the most sagacious of American statesmen. "Is he serious in supposing that he can allow a penny of the revenues, a plait of the lawn-sleeves of that Irish Church to be touched, and keep the whole from coming down, in Ireland first, and in England afterwards?" We fully agreed in the difficulty of supposing Lord John Russell serious. The comparison of various, but I believe pretty extensive American opinions about the Church of England yields rather a curious result. No one dreams of the Establishment being necessary, or being designed for the maintenance of religion: it is seen, by Chief-Justice Marshall and a host of others, to be an institution turned to political purposes. Mr Van Buren, among many others, considers that the Church has supported the State for many years. Mr Clay, and a multitude with him, anticipate the speedy fall of the Establishment. The result yielded by all this is a persuasion not very favourable (to use the American phrase) "to the permanence of our institutions."

To return to Mr Madison's "notions." He thought, with Miss Martineau, that English authors should be protected from *piracy* in the United States. Surely, it is a strong, and moreover a lax use of this ugly word *piracy*, which Miss Martineau makes both here and in her former work. It will be time enough to talk of the "piracy" of American or English publishers, when the new international law regarding literary property shall have passed. And, if Mr Madison's opinion be correct, that, in America, "the utterance of the national mind will be through *small literature*, rather than large, enduring works," we should greatly doubt the wisdom of the legislature which entertained a project so little in accordance with the liberal views of its admirers on nearly every other question important to mankind. Literature might, perhaps, become a better-paying *trade* to British authors and publishers, though we do not see clearly even thus far; but how greatly must that advantage be overbalanced by the impediments placed in the way of the present free and cheap diffusion in the States of the best books. It resolves itself, in another view, into the prohibition of English books, for the benefit of American writers; and is thus equivalent to what Miss Martineau would impugn—a ransom duty on French silks, to encourage the looms of Spittalsfield.

On some other subjects, Mr Madison entertained perfect coincidence of opinion with his guest.

He thought it of the utmost importance to the country, and to human beings everywhere, that the brain and the hands should be trained together; and that no distinction in this respect should be made between men and women. He remembered an interesting conversation on this subject with Mr Owen, from whom he learned with satisfaction, that well-educated women in his settlement turned, with ease and pleasure, from playing the harp to milking the cows.

Some of his opinions are of solemn meaning at this juncture; and, if we may not substitute Great Britain for France, there is surely nothing to forbid her association with the two movement countries and onward governments. The quarrel between the United States and France was, at that period, come to a crisis.

He said it would be an afflicting sight if the two representative governments, which are in the van of the world, should go to war; it would squint towards a confirmation of what is said of the restlessness of popular governments. If the people, who pay for war, are eager for it, it is quite a different thing from potentates being so, who are at no cost. He mentioned that George the Fourth, as Prince Regent, was a large gainer in the last war, from his share of the Droits of the Admiralty, amounting to £1,000,000 per annum—a pretty premium, Mr Madison observed, to pay a king for going to war.

Any premium ought to be made to operate the other way; and, if war be found necessary, the Civil List should be handsomely mulcted for its support. A prince cannot grudge his *quota*, when all are making sacrifices for the commonwealth.

Miss Martineau made a visit to Jefferson's University at Charlottesville, which produced nothing very remarkable. On her arrival in America, she knew nothing of the party of Abolitionists, of which she afterwards became first a disciple and then an apostle; though, like at least nine-tenths of all Englishwomen, she was opposed, on principle, to slavery. Before leaving Philadelphia, or coming into contact with existing prejudices, she was seriously warned against personal danger from the planters of the Southern States. She was not much afraid—not even when, afterwards, the newspapers said she would be *Lynched;* and so she ventured south. In Philadelphia, a lady asked her, if she would not prevent the marriage of a white person with a black. Miss Martineau's reply was reasonable and Christian—still she would make some allowance for the anti-amalgamationists:—

I replied that I would never, under any circumstances, try to separate persons who really loved, believing such to be truly those whom God hath joined; but I observed that the case she put was one not likely to happen, as I believed the blacks were no more disposed to marry the whites than the whites to marry the blacks. "You are an amalgamationist!" cried she. I told her that the party term was new to me; but that she must give what name she pleased to the principle I had declared in answer to her question. This lady is an eminent religionist, and denunciations spread rapidly from her.

At Baltimore, a clergyman's wife threw a volume of Miss Edgeworth's "Belinda" to the opposite side of the room, because *Juba*, the faithful negro, was married at last to an English farmer's daughter. The lady was hasty and unreasonable; but would Miss Edgeworth have ventured to marry the fairest-skinned baker or carpenter to the daughter of an English peer—though "they had really loved"—or yet an African prince to a high-born English lady? Our national prejudices are mainly of caste—those of the Republicans of colour; both are the growth of circumstance. And which is the most rational?—Miss Martineau was extremely nervous on the subject of seeing a slave, and she had seen one before she was aware—a tall, handsome mulatto, who handed tea. She was glad the shock was over for once. At Washington, she was again warned, in various "stealthy ways," of perils awaiting her in the South. Some of these warning friends must surely have been hoaxing the stranger. Instead of being mobbed, or *Lynched*, or anything of the sort, she met in the South with kind and courteous treatment; and it was only in enlightened Boston, that insult was offered, when she was induced to take a prominent part at an abolition meeting. We are half inclined to agree with the American malecontents, that a foreigner, and a lady, might have rested content with *publishing* against the iniquity of slavery, and with never disguising her opinions when the subject came fairly into question; but Miss Martineau states that she felt herself bound, in conscience, to act the conspicuous part which she did. Those who cannot praise her wisdom, will, at least, admire her zeal; and we may form an idea of the extreme exasperation of those feelings, which, we fear, the lectures of foreign abolitionists neither tend to enlighten nor soften, from the senseless and unmannerly storm which burst over the stranger's head, when she had delivered her public testimony. "The hubbub," she says, "was so great, and the modes of insult were so various, as to justify distant observers in concluding that the whole nation had risen against me. I soon found how few can make a great noise, while the many are careless or ignorant of what is going on about a person or a party with whom they have nothing to do, and while not a few are rendered more hearty in their regard, and more generous in their hospitality, by the disgraces of the individual who is under the oppression of public censure."

This affair accounts for the severe and depreciating style in which Miss Martineau, in her former book, allowed herself to speak of the community of Boston. It is almost needless, in this country, either to expose or argue farther about the unavoidable evils of slavery; but those who wish to learn what it is in America, should read Mr Abdy's work, Mr Stuart's travels, and Miss Martineau's volumes, for illustrations of domestic life in the slave States. It is not, however, for a female pen to depict the worst aspects of slavery. Some of them we see softened, by reflection, in such pleasing sketches as the following:—

Our stationary rural life in the south was various and pleasant enough: all shaded with the presence of slavery; but without any other drawback. There is something in the make-shift, irregular mode of life which exists where there are slaves, that is amusing when the cause is forgotten.

The waking in the morning is accomplished by two or three black women staring at you from the bed-posts. Then it is five minutes' work to get them out of the room. Perhaps, before you are half dressed, you are summoned to breakfast. You look at your watch, and listen whether it has stopped; for it seems not to be seven o'clock yet. You hasten, however, and find your hostess making the coffee. The young people drop in when the meal is half done; and then it is discovered that breakfast has been served an hour too early, because the clock has stopped, and cook has ordered affairs according to her own conjectures. Everybody laughs, and nothing ensues. After breakfast, a farmer, in home-spun—blue trowsers and an orange-brown coat—or all over grey—comes to speak with your host. A drunken white has shot one of his negroes, and he fears no punishment can be obtained, because there were no witnesses of the deed but blacks. A consultation is held whether the affair shall go into court; and, before the farmer departs, he is offered cake and liqueur.

Your hostess, meantime, has given her orders, and is now engaged in a back room, or out in the piazza behind the house, cutting out clothes for her slaves—very laborious work in warm weather. There may be a pretence of lessons among the young people; and something more than pretence, if they happen to have a tutor or governess; but the probability is that their occupations are as various as their tempers. Rosa cannot be found: she is lying on the bed in her own room, reading a novel. Clara is weeping for her canary, which has flown away while she was playing with it. Alfred is trying to ascertain how soon we may all go out to ride; and the little ones are lounging about the court, with their arms round the necks of blacks, of their own size. You sit down to the piano, or to read; and one slave or another enters every half hour, to ask what is o'clock. Your hostess comes in, at length; and you sit down to work with her: she gratifies your curiosity about her "people;" telling you how soon they burn out their shoes at the toes, and wear out their winter woollens, and tear up their summer cottons; and how impossible it is to get black women to learn to cut out clothes without waste; and how she never inquires when and where the whipping is done, as it is the overseer's business, and not hers. She has not been seated many minutes when she is called away, and returns, saying how babyish these people are, that they will not take medicine unless she gives it to them; and how careless of each other, so that she has been obliged to stand by and see Diana put clean linen upon her infant, and to compel Bet to get her sick husband some breakfast. Morning visiters next arrive. It may be the clergyman, with some new book that you want to look at; and he inquires whether your host sees any prospect of getting the requisite number of professors for the new college; or whether the present head of the institution is to continue to fill all the chairs. It may be a lank judge from some raw district, with a quid in his cheek, a sword cane in his hand, and a legal doubt in his mind, which he wants your host to resolve. It may be a sensible woman, with courtesy in her countenance, and decision in her air, who is accustomed really to rule her household, and to make the most of such human material, and such a human lot as are pressing around and upon her. . . . . Or it may be a lady of a different cast, who is delighted at the prospect of seeing you soon again. You look perplexed, and mention that you fear you shall be unable to return this way. Oh, but you will come and live here. You plead family, friends, and occupation in England—to say nothing of England being your home. Oh, but you can bring your family and friends with you. You laughingly ask why. She draws up, and replies, "for the honour and glory of living in a Republic."

Silly women, and men too, may be found in plenty in all parts of the world; but, in America, they have a peculiar mode of "utterance."

There is something inexpressibly disgusting in the sight of a slave woman in the field. I do not share in the horror of the Americans at the idea of women being employed in out-door labour. It did not particularly gratify me to see the cows always milked by men, (where there were no slaves;) and the hay and harvest fields would have looked brighter, in my eyes, if women had been there, to share the wholesome and cheerful toil. But a negro woman behind the plough, presents a very different object from the English mother with her children in the turnip field, or the Scotch lassie among the reapers. In her pre-eminently ugly costume, the long, scanty, dirty woollen garment, with the shabby large bonnet at the back of her head, the perspiration streaming down her dull face, the heavy tread of the splay foot, the slovenly air with which she guides her plough—a more hideous object cannot well be conceived; unless it be the same woman at home, in the negro quarter, as the cluster of slave dwellings are called.

Is Miss Martineau quite sure that some subtle, lurking idea of mere *colour*, does not enter into her feelings of disgust, besides the "splay-foot" which she acknowledges? Indeed, she repeatedly stumbles on the "long heel"—the form of the African, not the badge of the slave; at least, we do not suppose that slavery is the cause of splay-feet.

At Charleston, Miss Martineau had found the inhabitants still in the heat of *Nullification*, and the Nullifiers receiving back their champion, Calhoun, like a triumphant chief returning to the bosom of his clan. The annexation of Texas may give a new aspect to American politics; but, while Miss Martineau was in the States, Madison laughed at the idea of the separation of the South from the North—a subject which baffles European speculation. The description of the Nullifiers is edifying. Calhoun "stalked about like a monarch in his little domain," says the traveller; and

There was certainly an air of mysterious understanding between him and his followers; whether there was really any great secret under it or not. One lady who had contributed ample amounts of money to the Nullification funds, and a catechism to Nullification lore, amused, while she grieved me, by the strength of her political feelings. While calling on her, one morning, the conversation turned on prints, and I asked an explanation of a strange-looking one which hung opposite my eye—the portrait of a gentleman—the top of the head and the dress visible, but the face obliterated or covered over. She was only too ready to explain. It was a portrait of President Jackson, which she had hung up in days when he enjoyed her favour. Since Nullification, she had covered over the face, to shew how she hated him. A stranger hardly knows what to think of a cause whose leaders will flatter and cherish the perpetrators of a piece of petty spite like this; yet this lady is treated as if she were a main pillar of the Nullification party.

Another Charleston lady is still more amusing. She is a philosophic Liberal, it would seem. Standing looking at an auctioneer knocking down a human black lot, she turned to Miss Martineau with a cheerful air of complacency—"You know my theory, that one race must be subservient to the other. I do not care which: if the blacks should ever have the upper hand, I would not mind standing on that table, and being sold with two of my children." The contrast between the degradations of slavery and the refinements and luxury of polite society in Charleston, was painful to the traveller; though only what is to be witnessed in every city where slavery is known, and where a restless external gaiety is far from being the measure of heart-felt ease and pleasure. A fact of considerable importance at the present moment is mentioned in the travels; nor is Miss Martineau the sole authority for a statement which, as regards numbers, may seem exaggerated. "The refuge of runaway slaves is Canada; and, in the Upper Province alone, it is said there are 10,000 people of colour, chiefly fugitive slaves, who prosper in the country which they have chosen as a refuge. Scarcely an instance is known of their having received alms; and they are as respectable for their intelligence as for their morals. One peculiarity of them is the extravagance of their loyalty. They exert themselves vehemently in defence of all the acts of the executive, whatever they may be. The reason of this is obvi-

ous—they exceedingly dread the annexation of Canada to the United States."

Among the anecdotes told to the honour of slaves, is one of a relative of Chief-Justice Marshall, who had attached his negroes by the unfailing means of judicious kindness. Circumstances compelled him to leave his plantation for another residence, and he could not endure the idea of selling his people. He therefore called them together, stated the case, and inquired if they could manage the estate for themselves, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The experiment has been completely successful, and was attended with many pleasing and grateful consequences. It should, however, have been told how long this system had been in operation. The slaves themselves freely elected an overseer.

The visit to New Orleans, though agreeably related, contains little that is of general interest, after all that has been heard within these seven years of that singular city. Texas, then a topic of discussion, is now past date; and the battle of New Orleans, with "the imbecility of the British leaders"—a theme never agreeable—has become tiresome to British ears.

A friend at Mobile lent Miss Martineau and her travelling companions his residence at New Orleans; and his slaves kept house for them, during the ten days of their stay, "intelligently and well." Their master, however, had previously complained that he was unable to make good domestics of his slaves, though he had tried all ways to obtain efficient service.

Miss Martineau ascended the Mississippi in the Henry Clay, a first-rate steamer. She has given a circumstantial and sometimes picturesque account of her nine days' voyage, which puts the reader completely at home as to the modes of travelling on the great western waters. They touched at many of the settlements on the banks of the mighty river, either to accommodate passengers, or obtain provisions and fuel. The voyage gives occasion to a good many episodes; and, indeed, the filling up of the three supplementary volumes has made a cast of the spinster's craft occasionally necessary, and caused the drawing out of *yarns*, which would have been quite as suitably woven into any other tissue as into an account of America. This, however, does not apply to the sojourn in Cincinnati, which was reached by descending the Ohio, after leaving the Henry Clay. Cholera was then just breaking out, both in the south and the west, and the *agremens* on the way, and in the Ohio steamer, such as deserved to be celebrated by that public benefactress, Mrs Trollope. A very bad dinner in the boat; sour bread, dirty tumblers, and muddy water abounded; and, next morning, in the Broadway Hotel and boarding-house, things looked at first unfavourably, though they turned out well. The poor landlord, probably as much afraid of the traveller and the *press*, as if he had been a young M.P., representing for the first time a noisy Radical constituency, appeared at breakfast,

Heated and confused, and looked as if he had a bad headache. He requested us to excuse any forgetfulness that we might observe, and mentioned that he had, by mistake, taken a dangerous dose of laudanum. We begged he would leave the table, and not trouble himself about us, and hoped he had immediately taken measures to relieve himself of the dose. He replied that he had had no time to attend to himself till a few minutes ago. We found that he had actually *put off taking an emetic* till he had gone to market, and sent home all the provisions for the day. He had not got over the consequences of the mistake the next morning. The ladies at the breakfast table looked somewhat vulgar; and it is undeniable that the mustard was spilled, and that the relics of the meal were left in some disorder by the gentlemen who were most in a hurry to be off to business. But every one was obliging; and I saw at that table a better thing than I saw at any other table in the United States—a lady of colour breakfasting in the midst of us!

As Miss M. looked out at the window, she saw a *house* travelling up a wide, well-built street. In a few hours, it had gone out of sight. Dr Drake, the first physician in the town, which means in point of date, we presume, as well as eminence, is described as a complete but favourable specimen of a *Westerner*.

He entered Ohio just forty-seven years before this time, when there were not above a hundred white persons in the State, and they all French, and when the shores were one expanse of cane-brake, infested by buffalo. He had seen the foundation of the great city laid; he had watche its growth till he was now able to point out to the stranger, not only the apparatus for the exportation of 6,000,000 dollars' worth a-year of produce and manufactures, but things which he values far more—the ten or twelve edifices erected for the use of the common schools—the new church of St Paul—the two fine banking-houses—and the hundred and fifty handsome private dwellings—all the creations of the year 1835. He points to the periodicals—the respectable monthlies, and the four daily, and six weekly papers of the city. He looks with a sort of paternal complacency on the 35,000 inhabitants, scarcely one of whom is without the comforts of life, the means of education, and a bright prospect for the future. Though a true Westerner, and devoutly believing the *buckeyes* (natives of Ohio) to be superior to all others of God's creatures, he hails every accession of intelligent members to his darling society.

In a drive with the agreeable and intelligent Galen of Cincinnati, the traveller was shewn two handsome houses, with gardens, built by artisans from *Birmingham;* and he presently alighted to visit a *Welsh* patient. The scenery of the environs of the western city is romantic and fine; and, altogether, Cincinnati is a stirring, active, forward place. A museum is begun—the foundation of the collection laid in trumpery and rubbish, as in older towns; but Rome was not built in a day.

In Mrs Trollope's Bazaar, Miss Martineau attended the first public concert ever given in Cincinnati. The particulars are interesting:—

One of the best performers was an elderly man, clothed from head to foot in grey homespun. He was absorbed in his enjoyment; so intent on his violin that one might watch the changes of his pleased countenance, the whole performance through, without fear of disconcerting him. There was a young girl, in a plain white frock, with a splendid voice, a good ear, and a love of warbling which carried her through very well indeed, though her own taste had obviously been her only teacher. If I remember right, there were about five-and-twenty instrumental performers, and six or seven vocalists, besides a

long row for the closing chorus. It was a most promising beginning.

Mrs Trollope's Bazaar must be a curious piece of architecture. It is completely of the *Composite* Order: built of brick, with *Gothic* windows, *Grecian* pillars, a *Turkish* dome, and originally ornamented with *Egyptian* devices, which, however, the whitewasher has cruelly obliterated. Miss Martineau discovered here a young native artist, named Beard, for whom she predicts a European reputation. His pictures of children, and humorous infant groups, "almost worthy of Wilkie," are especially eulogized. He means to go to Italy when he can afford the undertaking. Meanwhile, in order to see a little of the world, he came to Boston, where Miss Martineau saw him "stalking along like a chief among inferiors, his broad white collar laid over his coat, his throat bare, and his hair parted in the middle of his forehead, and waving down the sides of his face. People turned to look after him. He staid only a fortnight, and went back to Ohio, expressing great contempt for cities." In his remote home, this artist had probably heard of the "fantastic tricks" of some English painters of celebrity, and so had fallen into the kindred mistake of those youngling rhymesters who at one time fancied a bare throat made a Byron. Mr Flash, who keeps a book-store in Cincinnati, gave good accounts of the improving literary taste of the town. He, together with his partner, agreed in the propriety of protecting foreign literary property as a matter of interest as well as principle. It is not easy to perceive how it can be anything else than a matter of interest, and of narrow exclusive interest. We must notice a Cincinnati party, since it reveals much of western manners, while it furnishes fresh proofs, were any needed, that men and women who can afford to dress well and give parties, are essentially the same everywhere. There were complaints of *exclusiveness*; and badges of distinction were rigidly maintained by the *Easterners*, who conceive themselves the *elite* of society, and turn up their noses at the *buckeyes*. The *buckeyes* retaliate with spirit. Here we have a party of Easterners followed by one of Westerners:—

> At one evening party, the company sat round the drawing-room, occasionally changing places, or forming groups without much formality. They were chiefly Yankees, of various accomplishments, from the learned lawyer who talked with enthusiasm about Channing, and with strong sense about everything but politics, in which his aristocratic bias drew him aside into something like nonsense—to the sentimental young widow, who instantly began talking to me of her dear Mr ——, and who would return to the subject as often as I led away from it. Every place was remarkable for her dear Mr —— having been better or worse there; and every event was measured by its having happened so long before or after her dear Mr — — was buried. The conversation of the society was most about books, and society and its leaders at home and abroad. The manners of the lady of the house were, though slightly impaired by timidity, such as would grace any society of any country. . . . .
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> At another party, there was a greater variety. An enormous buckeye bowl of lemonade, with a ladle of buckeye, stood on the hall table; and symbolical sprigs of the same adorned the walls. On entering the drawing-room, I was presented with a splendid bouquet, sent by a lady by the hands of her brother, from a garden and conservatory which are the pride of the city. My first introduction was to the Catholic bishop; my next to a lady whom I thought then and afterwards one of the cleverest women I met in the country. There was a slight touch of pedantry to be excused, and a degree of Tory prejudice against the bulk of the human race which could scarcely be exceeded even in England: but there was a charming good-humour in the midst of it all, and a power both of observation and reasoning which commanded high respect. One western gentleman sidled about in a sort of minuet step, unquestionably a gentleman as he was in all essential respects; and one young lady, who was, I fancy, taking her first peep at the world, kept her eyes earnestly fixed on the guests as they entered, bowing unconsciously in sympathy with every gentleman who bowed, and curtseying with every lady who curtseyed. She must have been well practised in salutation before the evening was over, for the party was a large one. All the rest, with the exception of a forward Scotchman, were well-bred, and the evening passed off very pleasantly, amidst brisk conversation, mirth, and excellent refreshments.

The reader must now have a lively idea of Cincinnati parties, whether polished and somewhat pedantic; or of those equally aspiring, less polished, and as pedantic.

The "infant-reciting bore," an infliction prevalent everywhere, seems a positive pest in America, where all young citizens and probable future legislators, are trained to the tricks of oratory. Miss Martineau makes some excellent observations on the influence of popular oratory, and on that useful revolution in the public taste which is exalting the power of reason and dispassionate persuasion over frothy declamation and fustian spouting. The boys whom she had heard declaim at Cincinnati, upon a day of public exhibition, shewed "no false shame," and had no modest misgivings about the effect of the vehement action they had been taught to employ. The spectatress wondered how they would hereafter speak in Congress. Not the better, we dare venture to predict, for these juvenile rehearsals. Other educational peculiarities are of more promising character, though, indeed, we have enough of *elocution* so called, at home, where it is the inveterate vice of quack schools. At the College of Amherst in Massachusetts—that State which, in spite of Miss Martineau's denunciations of Bostonian pride, assumption, and pedantry, foreigners must ever consider the Athens of America—young girls from a neighbouring school were found attending the lectures of the Professor of Natural History, along with the students. They were the daughters of the farmers and citizens of the village. The lecture at which Miss Martineau happened to be present was upon Geology. The admission of the girls was a practice of some years standing. The students sat in front, the girls ranged on each side of the lecturer. It is said, truly, "It was a gladdening sight, testifying both to the simplicity of manners and eagerness for education."

The changeableness, the rigour, and the excessive heat of the climate, in all parts of the Union, from the Bay of Massachusetts to the swamp of New Orleans, is a frequent complaint with the traveller, and indeed with all enlight-

ened natives, and shews the magnitude of an inevitable evil, which should be duly weighed by intending emigrants, and also devoutly pondered by the discontented at home. The evils of climate are, no doubt, to a certain degree relative. Temperate England proves as fatal to the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, as Java or Sierra Leone to the Englishman. Still there is much to be said for a *civilized* climate in enumerating the substantial blessings of life; and, in climate, taking the average of years, from frozen January round to dark December, "there is no place like home." The American ladies—like the ladies of every northern country, until one approaches the Pole—certainly aggravate the evils of climate by their manner of dressing, where the unavoidable suffering from cold might be thought sufficient probation, without wilful folly.

At Washington, in January, so changeable is the temperature, that Miss Martineau and her friends going abroad muffled in furs, would sometimes be compelled to return to put on light shawls; or the reverse. She was, in that city, compelled, for comfort, to stretch on a sofa drawn close up to the fire. The climate of New England, in particular, is described as "wretched," and as peculiarly fatal to children. The mortality among children is everywhere a dark feature—yet how population increases! "Never," says the traveller, "did I see so many wo-worn mothers as in America." The "lung-fever" is the complaint alike of infancy and adolescence. The English lady had no idea of what cold was until she walked out in Boston, with the thermometer seven degrees and a half below zero, with a cutting wind, and when her muff seemed to be made of ice. The following description may help to reconcile us to the prospect of another winter as severe as the past—or should we rather say the present?—

> On a December morning, [in Boston,] you are awakened by the domestic scraping at your hearth. Your anthracite fire has been in all night; and now the ashes are carried away, more coal is put on, and the blower hides the kindly red from you for a time. In half an hour the fire is intense, though, at the other end of the room, everything you touch seems to blister your fingers with cold. If you happen to turn up a corner of the carpet with your foot, it gives out a flash; and your hair crackles as you brush it. Breakfast is always hot, be the weather what it may. The coffee is scalding, and the buck-wheat cakes steam when the cover is taken off. Your host's little boy asks whether he may go coasting to-day; and his sisters tell you what day the schools will all go sleighing. . . To coast is to ride on a board down a frozen slope; [the *hurley-hacket* of Scotland in the olden times;] and this affords them more exercise than they are at all aware of taking.
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> As for the sleighing, I heard much more than I experienced of its charms. . . I do not know the author of a description of sleighing which was quoted to me, but I admire it for its fidelity. "Do you want to know what sleighing is like? You can soon try. Set your chair on a spring board out in the porch on Christmas-day; put your feet in a pail full of powdered ice; have somebody to jingle a bell in one ear, and somebody else to blow into the other with the bellows—and you will have an exact idea of sleighing."

Miss Martineau has devoted an entire chapter to *Originals*. The very motto to the chapter is from an *original*, though not an American original. She found them in all *locations*, though they are principally either remotely-settled Yankees, or natives of the back States. Well-bred Virginia and Carolina afford few originals, and Kentucky and Tennessee a rich harvest. The Americans imagine that England is the country of humorists and oddities, unconscious of the amount of native oddity. The proof of their want of original character, found in their chameleon-like habit of assuming every passing hue of circumstance, is rebutted; though the general impressibility of the New-Englanders in particular is fully admitted. New England seems to be the best soil in the world for planting any novel science. The extraordinary impressibility of the people, about any new "systems of science, philosophy, and morals, which exceeds anything ever seen or heard of in the sober old country," is assumed to prove merely, that the nation, in its large divisions, is not original in character.

Meanwhile, America must be the very Elysium of itinerant lecturers; for

> A conjuror's trip through the English counties, is very like the progress of a lecturer, or newly-imported philosopher, through the American cities. The wonder, the excitement, the unbounded credulity, are much alike in the two cases; but, in the English village, there may be old man under the elm, smiling good-naturedly at the show, without following after it; or a sage young man who could tell how the puppets are moved, as well as if he saw the wires. And so it is in the American cities. The crowd is large, but everybody is not in it—the believers are many—but there are some who foresee how soon the belief will take a new turn.
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> When Spurzheim was in America, the great mass of society became phrenologists in a day, wherever he appeared; and, ever since, itinerant lecturers have been reproducing the same sensation, in a milder way, by retailing Spurzheimism, much deteriorated, in places where the philosopher had not been. Meantime, the light is always going out behind, as fast as it blazes up round the steps of the lecturer. While the world of Richmond and Charleston is working at a multiplication of the fifteen casts (the same fifteen or so) which every lecturer carries about, and all caps and wigs are pulled off, and all fair tresses dishevelled, in the search after organization, Boston has gone completely round to the opposite philosophy, and is raving about spiritualism, to an excess which can scarcely be credited by any who have not heard the Unknown Tongues. If a phrenological lecturer from Paris, London, or Edinburgh, should go to Boston, the superficial, visible portion of the public would wheel round once more, so rapidly and with so clamorous a welcome on their tongues, that the transported lecturer would bless his stars, which had guided him over to a country whose inhabitants are so candid, so enlightened, so ravenous for truth. Before five years are out, however, the lecturer will find himself superseded by some professor of animal magnetism, some preacher of homœopathy, some teacher who will undertake to analyze children, prove to them that their spirits made their bodies, and elicit from them truths fresh from heaven.

We are inclined to think that the old country resembles the new in this respect, more than the traveller is aware. It is one decisive indication of a certain stage of popular mental advancement, and one in which our provincial towns are treading on the heels of the American cities, while following more slowly the self-same line of march. The rush to the lecture-room may not be so simultaneous—for our population are less alive to such pursuits, and have also less leisure

and fewer spare dollars. Among the originals, was "a charming pair of professors, discovered in a remote State—able men," yet most blest in their opinions of themselves.

One speaking of the other says—"A. has been examining my cranium, He says I am the most conceited man in the States—except himself."

The exception was a fair one. When I saw B., I thought that I had seen the topmost wonder of the world for self-complacency; but upon this Alp another was to arise, as I found when I knew A. The only point of inferiority in A. is, that he is not quite immoveably happy in himself. His feet are far from handsome; and no boot-maker in the West End could make them look so. This is the bitter drop in A.'s cup. This is the vulnerable point in his peace. His pupils have found it out, and have obtained a hold over him by it. They have but to fix their eyes upon his feet to throw him into disturbance: but, if they have gone too far, and desire to grow into favour again, they need only compliment his head, and all is well again. He lectures to them on Phrenology; and when on the topic of Galen's skull, declares that there is but one head known, which can compare with Galen's in its most important characteristics. The students all raise their eyes to the professor's bald crown, and the professor bows. He exhibits a cast of Burke's head, mentioning that it combines in the most perfect manner conceivable, all grand intellectual and moral characteristics; and adding that only one head has been known perfectly to resemble it. Again the students fix their gaze on the summit of the professor, and he congratulates them on their scientific discernment.

Probably, these may be "college stories," or they may be literally true. Professor Leslie, and other *savans*, as eminent, have furnished mirth with innumerable stories equally ludicrous, of the personal vanity of grotesque-looking philosophers.

Miss Martineau's specimen, after an animated eulogium on Mrs Somerville, whom he had seen in London, finally declared—"In short, I actually find that Mrs Somerville knows more than I do." His auditor mechanically replied, "I have no doubt of it." A burst of laughter from the whole party shewed her the error of taking the professor at his own estimate. His look of mortification was pitiable. She relates—"One of the professor's most serious declarations to me was, that the time had long been past when he believed he might be mistaken. He had once thought that he might be in the wrong, like other people; but experience had taught him that he never erred"—a state of beatitude not peculiar to American professors. To one of two literary ladies, sisters, and stars of the first magnitude, Miss Martineau paid a visit one morning, and took three female friends, strangers to the lady, along with her—a freedom, by the way, at which English pride, or etiquette, or shyness, would have *boggled*, and justly. One of the three—

Was an avowed authoress; a second was a deep and thoroughly exercised scholar, and happened to have published; which the pedantic lady did not know. The third was also a stranger to her, but a very clever woman. We were treated with ludicrous precision, according to our supposed merits; the third-mentioned lady being just honoured with a passing notice, and the fourth totally neglected.

She would deign to look at nothing under a blue-stocking. The other sister made Miss Martineau a visit, and—

She informed me that she lectured on mental and moral philosophy to young ladies. She talked with much admiration of Mr Brown as a metaphysician. I concluded this gentleman to be some American worthy, with whom I had to become acquainted; but it came out to be Dr Thomas Brown whom she was praising. She appeared not to know even the names of metaphysicians out of the Scotch school; and if the ghosts of the Scotch schoolmen were present, they might well question whether she understood much of them.

As we have as yet no female lecturers on "mental and moral philosophy," this lady is deservedly placed among American Originals. though, after all, her true place is with the host of half-instructed, shallow, and presumptuous persons that may be found in every country. Could Miss Martineau see but one tenth of the communications and requests made to the conductors of newspapers and magazines, and to persons of any poetical celebrity, by "ambitious girls" and "aspiring youths," she would no longer consider the "ambitious girl," who sent her verses, and laboured to attract her notice, as of a genus peculiar to the United States.

A friend had desired the traveller to bring her home something *exclusively American*; and we do believe that the western judge she longed to pack up and send per packet would have strictly fulfilled the conditions.

He was about six feet high, lank as a flail, and seeming to be held together only by the long-tailed drab great-coat into which he was put. He had a quid in his cheek whenever I saw him, and squirted tobacco-juice into the the fire-place or elsewhere, at intervals of about twenty seconds. His face was long and solemn, his voice monotonous, his manner dogmatical to a most amusing degree. He was a dogged Republican, with an uncompromising hatred of the blacks, and with an indifferent sort of pity for all foreigners. This last feeling probably induced him to instruct me on various matters. He fixed his eyes on the fire, and talked on for my edification, but without taking express notice of the presence of any one; so that his lecture had the droll appearance of being a formal soliloquy.

The matter was, we think, not quite so American as the manner. In England, there are judges, and many others of equal station, who would indulge the lower orders in exercising all wisdom and knowledge about the affairs of another world, and also to entitle themselves, by the probation of patient suffering, and toil, and privation here, to the enjoyment of Heaven hereafter.

American humour and drollery break out in puffing advertisements, in which the Republicans beat the Old World out of sight. At an optician's in Baltimore, were miniature busts of Franklin, Washington, &c. &c.; each ornamented with a pair of tiny spectacles, and looking remarkably sage. America has also its Curls and Lintots. But these are not original. Some of the best strokes in the early papers of *Blackwood's* "Noctes," turned upon the idea of the worthy publisher seeing everything that occurred, or was spoken about, only in the one aspect of its capabilities of being fabricated into "a capital magazine article." Miss Martineau is not sure that her American bookseller's originality extended farther than the frankness of his professional discourse—"but that was infinitely striking:"—

He told me that he wanted to publish for me, and would offer as good terms as anybody. I thanked him, but objected that I had nothing to publish. He was

sure I must have a book written about America. I had not, and did not know that I ever should have. His answer, given with a patronising air of suggestion, was—"Why, surely, madam, you need not be at a loss about that. You must have got incident plenty by this time; and then you can Trollopize a bit, and so make a readable book."

Sometimes we wish that the author to whom this sage advice was offered, had really *Trollopized* a little more. She is evidently often struck with a sense of incongruity, or of the ludicrous, to which she does not heartily give way; while some odd things which she does relate as odd, seem to us not peculiar to America, though perhaps new to the traveller.

The founder of the Peace Societies in America, the venerable Noah Worcester, is one of those rare Originals of which there are far too few in every country. He submitted to voluntary poverty, from the conscientious love of truth, and long struggled with distress and poverty in his endeavours to reveal and enforce it. Among men at once remarkable and original, is a gentleman named Emerson, whose claims to intellectual superiority are supported by a long quotation from an eloquent and highly moral-toned discourse, delivered at the celebration of a literary anniversary. We must not forget that Miss Martineau frequently displays an amiable partiality for her personal intimates and literary friends. This discourse, however, contains noble passages, embodying exalted feelings and high aspirations.

Father Taylor, the seamen's apostle, is, we believe, tolerably well-known in England, through the medium of the "small literature" of Boston. He is one of the busiest and most cheerful of men. The Yankees, who are very sensitive on all points of national glory, call him a second homely Jeremy Taylor. Might not a George Whitefield content them?—a more useful character. Miss Martineau makes a polite compromise in doubting whether

Jeremy Taylor himself could more absolutely sway the minds and hearts of the learned and pious of his day than the seamen's friend does those of his flock. He has a great advantage over other preachers, in being able to speak to his hearers from the ground of their common experience; in being able to appeal to his own sea-life. He can say, "You have lodged with me in the forecastle: did you ever know me profane?" "You have seen me land from a long voyage: where did I betake myself? Am not I a proof that a sea-life need not be soiled with vice on land?" All this gives him some power; but it would be little without the prodigious force which he carries in his magnificent intellect and earnest heart.

Father Taylor presides over several most useful institutions for seamen in Boston; and it looks impossible that his place in them can ever again be filled up with the same zeal and energy. He is a liberal Presbyterian.

His chapel is filled, from year's end to year's end, with sailors. He has no salary, and will not hear of one. He takes charge of all the poor connected with his chapel. To many this must look like an act of insanity. No class is more exposed to casualties than that of seamen; and, when a life is lost, an entire helpless family comes upon the charity of society. Father Taylor speaks of his ten thousand children; and all the woes and faults of a multitude are accumulated upon his hands; and yet he retains the charge of all his poor, though he has no fixed income whatever. He does it by putting his charge in the way of helping each other and themselves. He encourages sobriety and economy in all their habits, and enforces them with a power which it would be vain to attempt to give an idea of.

. . . . . .

Mr Taylor has a remarkable person. He is stoutly built, and looks more like a skipper than a preacher. His face is hard and weather-beaten, but with an expression of sensibility, as well as acuteness, which it is wonderful that features apparently so immoveable can convey. He uses a profusion of action. His wife told me that she thought his health was promoted by his taking so much exercise in the shape of action, in conversation as well as in the pulpit. He is very loud, and prodigiously rapid. His splendid thoughts come faster than he can speak them; and at times he would be totally overwhelmed by them, if, in the midst of his most rapid utterance of them, a burst of tears, of which he is wholly unconscious, did not aid in his relief. I have seen them streaming, bathing his face, when his words breathed the very spirit of joy, and every tone of his voice was full of exhilaration. His pathos, shed in thoughts and tones so fleeting as to be gone like lightning, is the most awful of his powers. I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on the hundreds of hard faces turned to the preacher; and it is no wonder to me that the widow and orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them. The tone of his petitions is importunate—even passionate; and his sailor hearers may be forgiven for their faith, that Father Taylor's prayers cannot be refused. . . .

With such petitions, urged with every beauty of expression, he mixes up whatever may have struck his fancy during the week, whether mythology, politics, housewifery, or anything else. He prayed one day, when dwelling on the moral perils of seamen, "that Bacchus and Venus might be driven to the end of the earth, and off of it." I heard him pray that Members of Congress might be preserved from buffoonery. Thence he passes to supplication, offered in a spirit of sympathy which may appear bold at another moment, but which is true to the emotion of the hour. "Father! look upon us! *We are a widow.*" "Father! the mother's heart thou knowest: the mother's bleeding heart thou pitiest. Sanctify to us the removal of this lamb!" . . .

Such preaching exerts prodigious power over an occasional hearer; and it is an exquisite pleasure to listen to it: but it does not, for a continuance, meet the religious wants of any but those to whom it is expressly addressed. The preacher shares the mental and moral characteristics, as well as the experience in life, of his nautical hearers; their imaginative cast of mind, their superstition, their strong capacity for friendship and love, their ease about the future—called recklessness in some, and faith in others. This is so unlike the common mind of landsmen, that the same expression of worship will not suit them both. So Father Taylor will continue to be the seamen's apostle; and, however admired and beloved by the landsman, not his priest.

In short, Father Taylor is a great natural orator, an Original, a truly good man, and a brave Christian sailor. He tells the seamen that "they are the seed-carriers of the world—the winged seeds, from which good or evil must spring up on the wildest shores of God's earth."

Another original and zealous apostle of humanity is William Lloyd Garrison, not many years since a printer's boy; first, a colonizationist, but latterly a martyr of abolition, into which he was persecuted. He became a lecturer for the abolition cause, after suffering a short imprisonment for a libel, published in a newspaper, exposing a nefarious slave transac-

tion. At Garrison's first lecture in Boston, he so impressed Mr May, a Unitarian clergyman, that, next Sunday, in praying for all distressed persons, he prayed for the slaves, and was asked if he was mad. This is but a recent affair.

Garrison, and his fellow-workman, both in the printing-office and the cause—his friend Knapp—set up the *Liberator*—in its first days a little sheet of shabby paper, printed with old types, and now a handsome and flourishing newspaper. These two heroes, in order to publish their paper, lived for a series of years in one room, on bread and water, "with sometimes," when the paper sold unusually well, "the luxury of a bowl of milk." In course of time, twelve men formed themselves into an abolition society at Boston, and the cause was fairly afoot. It was undergoing its worst persecutions just before I entered Boston for the winter.

Garrison came to see Miss Martineau. She says:—

His aspect put to flight in an instant what prejudices his slanderers had raised in me. I was wholly taken by surprise. It was a countenance glowing with health, and wholly expressive of purity, animation, and gentleness. I did not now wonder at the citizen who, seeing a print of Garrison at a shop window, without a name to it, went in and bought it, and framed it, as the most saint-like of countenances. The end of the story is, that, when the citizen found whose portrait he had been hanging up in his parlour, he took the print out of the frame and huddled it away.

He was agitated and abashed when he entered, and humbly thanked the lady for desiring to see one "so odious." If abashed in society, he seems bold enough with his pen. His fervent admirer cannot approve of the severe style of his censure; but she adds:—

It is only fair to mention that Garrison adopts it warily; and that I am persuaded that he is elevated above passion, and has no unrighteous anger to vent in harsh expressions. He considers his task to be the exposure of fallacy, the denunciation of hypocrisy, and the rebuke of selfish timidity. He is looked upon, by those who defend him in this particular, as holding the branding-iron: and it seems true enough that no one branded by Garrison ever recovers it.

Dr Channing, who has been partly goaded into abolitionism since Mr Abdy's visit, has been frequently subjected to this meek apostle's branding-iron; but has since shaken hands with him, and given him his affectionate respect. When asked why he could speak so severely of a man whom he esteemed, his remarkable reply was—

"The most difficult duty of an office like mine is to find fault with those whom I love and honour most. I have been obliged to do it about —— ——, who is one of my best friends. He is clearly wrong in a matter important to the cause; and I must expose it. In the same way, Dr Channing, while aiding our cause, has thought fit to say that the abolitionists are fanatical; in other words, that we set up our wayward wills in opposition to the will we profess to obey. I cannot suffer the cause to be injured by letting this pass: but I do not the less value Dr Channing for the things he has done."

We have purposely reserved the account of Dr Channing to the last, as, to say truth, Miss Martineau's utterance on this head is less intelligible and articulate than when she descants on other American magnates. In waiting, our difficulties have not cleared away. We fancy we can comprehend her idea of Father Taylor, and of Garrison, and Madison, all of whom she admired, and even of Calhoun; but that of Channing comes to us complex and perplexed, and wanting the oneness and simplicity which characterise the portraits of other remarkable men. The truth seems to be, that Miss Martineau, high though her opinion is, does not think Dr Channing quite so great a man as the majority of her English readers may have preconceived, and she is somewhat at a loss how to intimate as much. This is not, indeed, apparent in the formal eulogy of many pages contained in her last volume, though there is something even there to bear out our idea; but it breaks out incidentally through all the work, and by reflection in her references to Priestley, and to other American Unitarian clergymen, and morally heroic characters in private life, whom she met with in her travels. Channing was, besides, a tardy abolitionist, pricked on by the more fiery and zealous spirits around him; and, perhaps, unconsciously influenced by the public opinion of that distant nation, where his reputation is high; and Miss Martineau is still under the warm feelings of her Boston martyrdom. She visited Channing at a favourite country place in Rhode Island, where he spends the greater part of the year.

The stage set me down at the garden-gate at Oakland, whither my host came out to receive me. I knew it could be no other than Dr Channing; but his appearance surprised me. He looked younger and pleasanter than I had expected. The common engraving of him is undeniably very like; but it does not altogether do him justice. A bust of him was modelled by Persico, the next winter, which is an admirable likeness—favourable, but not flattering. Dr Channing is short, and very slightly made. His countenance varies more than its first aspect would lead the stranger to suppose it could. In mirth, it is perfectly changed, and very remarkable. The lower part of other faces is the most expressive of mirth: not so with Dr Channing's, whose muscles keep very composed, while his laughter pours out at his eyes. I have seen him laugh till it seemed doubtful where the matter would end. His voice is, however, the great charm. I do not mean in the pulpit: of what it is there I am not qualified to speak, for I could not hear a tone of his preaching; but in conversation his voice becomes delightful after one is familiarised with it. At first, his tones partake of the unfortunate dryness of his manner; but by use they grow, or seem to grow, more and more genial, till, at last, the ear waits and watches for them. Of the "repulsiveness" of his manners, on a first acquaintance, he is himself aware; though not, I think, of all the evil it causes, in compelling mere strangers to carry away a wrong idea of him, and in deterring even familiar acquaintances from opening their minds, and letting their speech run on as freely to him as he earnestly desires that it should. It might not be difficult to account for this manner; but this is not the place in which we have to do with any but the facts of the case. The natural, but erroneous conclusion of most strangers is, that the dryness proceeds from spiritual pride.

No man is, however, according to Miss Martineau's observation, more free from this fault, or from the dogmatism apparent in his writings. She remarks:—

I say this confidently, the tone of his writings notwithstanding: and I say it, not as a friend, but from such being the result of a very few hours' study of him. Whenever his conversation is not earnest—and it is not always earnest—it is for the sake of drawing out the person he is talking with, and getting at his views. This method of conversation is not to be defended—even on the ground of expediency—for a person's real views are not

to be got at in this way—no one liking to be managed: but Dr Channing's own part in this kind of conversation is not played in the spirit of condescension, but of inquiry. One proof of this is the use he makes of the views of the persons with whom he converses. Nothing is lost upon him. He lays up what he obtains for meditation; and it reappears, sooner or later, amplified, enriched, and made perfectly his own. I believe that he is, to a singular degree, unconscious of both processes, and unaware of his part in them—both the drawing out of information, and the subsequent assimilation; but both are very evident to the observation of even strangers.

We had fancied Mr Abdy severe, if not captious, in his reported conversation with Mr Channing; but the utility of frank though ungracious dealing was never more striking. Immediately after Mr Abdy's remonstrance and departure, Dr Channing "took measures to inform himself of the real state of the blacks, [strange that he should not have known a good deal about it before!] and within the next month published a thorough-going abolition sermon." This was followed by the publication of his book on slavery, and latterly by his Letter to Mr Clay on the Annexation of Texas; which Miss Martineau describes "as of all his works the one by which his most attached friends would have him judged and remembered." What severe condemnation does this convey of the American government! She gives Dr Channing credit for great moral courage in coming forward at last; and one can easily understand that it is far easier to be an abolitionist in England than in America or the West Indies. Channing had a high reputation to endanger, the esteem of many powerful friends to hazard or forfeit; and he is not indifferent to such considerations. It is alleged, strongly we would hope, "that he could not, after his testimony against slavery, have set foot within the boundaries of half the States, without danger to his life." But, as he and the surrounding society, at the same time, imagined Miss Martineau in a similar predicament, and as she met with undeviating kindness and civility, instead of the threatened *Lynching*, we should hope that Dr Channing would not have been in much greater peril. His habits of composition are described. They are quite compatible with those of an author whose beautiful writings are choice and ornate, but neither voluminous nor remarkably profound.

He never sits in his study for hours together, occupied with books and thoughts; but, even when most deeply engaged in composition, walks out into his garden so frequently that the wonder to persons who use different methods is how, amidst so many interruptions, he keeps up any continuity of thought, or accomplishes any amount of composition at all. He rarely has his pen in his hand for more than an hour at a time, and does not, therefore, enter into the enjoyments of writers who find the second hour twice as productive and pleasurable as the first, and the third as the second, and who grudge moving under five or six hours.

The noblest feature of character revealed to us in Channing is his "entire exemption from all professional narrowness—from all priestly prejudice," as he has been imagined more than ordinarily professional in his views, judgment, and conduct. "In this," his visiter says, "I do not agree."

No one sees more clearly than he the necessity of proving and exercising principles by hourly action in all kinds of worldly business. No one is more free from attachment to forms, or more practically convinced that rules and institutions are mere means to an end. He shewed this, in one instance out of a thousand, by proposing to his congregation, some time ago, that they should not always depend on their pastors for the guidance of their worship, but that any members who had anything to say should offer to do so. As might have been foreseen, every one shrank from being concerned in so new an administration of religion; but Dr Channing was disappointed that the effort was not made. No one, again is more free from all pride of virtue.

What is Channing's chief merit with the majority of his admirers does not recommend him to his English guest—his unretracted opinions of Priestley, and especially his attachment to the poetry of philosophy, and to mysticism in religion. His natural tendency is to an excess of caution; and in his case, as in many others, excessive caution has led to occasional rashness. But this is all over now, and Dr Channing has firmly taken his place in the vanguard of the abolitionists. We end this section as we began it, without having any definite notion of Miss Martineau's final estimate of the man, and especially of the intellectual stature of Channing; and the reason seems, that her own convctions were fluctuating; and the belief inevitable that, among the great men of the young Republic, he is not considered one of the greatest.

From the few specimens given—and we consider them among the choicest passages of the three volumes—the reader may have a clear idea of the nature of the supplementary work. It is far more entertaining than its predecessor; and, though less authoritative in tone, and in conveying information and instruction, than "Society in America," it is more original, and, what is all in all, more American. The British public would, we dare say, gladly have received a little more "Trollopizing;" but, even in this respect, the illustrative *bits* are either rich, or else dainty and piquant. There is one blemish in this lady's writing which we are bound to hint at, and which she has described in accounting for a fault, erroneously, she imagines, imputed to Channing—an appearance, not, as in him, of "spiritual pride," but of a certain complacent pride *d'esprit*, (if we may coin a phrase,) displayed in the shape of "rather formal declarations of ways of thinking *as his own*, and of accounts of his own views and states of mind, *still as his own*." For *his* read *her*, and our idea of Miss Martineau's tendency is admirably expressed. There is, too, the slightest possible taint, the faintest *soupçon*, not of sectarian prejudice, but of sectarian temper, apparent in her writings; of the bigotry of liberality, and the suppressed indignation unavoidably excited by the narrow views and petty persecutions of the orthodox. Though the traveller was fully tolerated herself, it is manifest both from the tone of the book and the facts recorded, that, in many localities, the Unitarians are still suffering, either under social proscription or from the tyranny of opinion, quite as much as in this country.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Amongst the earliest literary acquaintances I made was that with the inimitable Charles Lamb: inimitable, I say, but that word is too limited in its meaning; for, as is said of Milton in that well-known life of him attached to all common editions of the "Paradise Lost," (Fenton's, I think,) "in both senses he was above imitation." Yes; it was as impossible to the moral nature of Charles Lamb that he should imitate another, as, in an intellectual sense, it was impossible that any other should successfully imitate him. To write with patience even, not to say genially, for Charles Lamb it was a very necessity of his constitution that he should write from his own wayward nature; and that nature was so peculiar that no other man, the ablest at mimicry, could counterfeit its voice. But, let me not anticipate; for these were opinions about Lamb which I had not when I first knew him, nor could have had by any reasonable title. "Elia," be it observed, the exquisite "Elia," was then unborn; Lamb had as yet published nothing to the world which proclaimed him in his proper character of a most original man of genius;* at best, he could have been thought no more than a man of talent—and of talent moving in a narrow path, with a power rather of mimicking the quaint and the fantastic, than any large grasp over catholic beauty. And, therefore, it need not offend the most doting admirer of Lamb as he is *now* known to us, a brilliant star for ever fixed in the firmament of English literature, that I acknowledge myself to have sought his acquaintance rather under the reflex honour he had enjoyed of being known as Coleridge's friend, than for any which he yet held directly and separately in his own person. My earliest advances towards this acquaintance had an inauspicious aspect; and it may be worth while reporting the circumstances, for they were characteristic of Charles Lamb; and the immediate result was—that we parted, not perhaps (as Lamb says of his philosophical friend R. and the Parisians) "with mutual contempt," but at least with coolness; and on my part, with something that might have even turned to disgust—founded, however, entirely on my utter misapprehension of Lamb's character and his manners—had it not been for the winning goodness of Miss Lamb, before which all resentment must have melted in a moment.

It was either late in 1804 or early in 1805, according to my present computations, that I had obtained from a literary friend a letter of introduction to Mr Lamb. All that I knew of his works was his play of "John Woodvil," which I had bought in Oxford, and perhaps I only had bought throughout that great University, at the time of my matriculation there, about the Christmas of 1803. Another book fell into my hands on that same morning, I recollect—the "Gebir" of Mr Walter Savage Landor—which astonished me by the splendour of its descriptions (for I had opened accidentally upon the sea-nymph's marriage with Tamor, the youthful brother of Gebir)—and I bought this also. Afterwards, when placing these two most unpopular of books on the same shelf with the other far holier idols of my heart, the joint poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge as then associated in the "Lyrical Ballads"—poems not equally unknown, perhaps a *little* better known, but only with the result of being more openly scorned rejected—I could not but smile internally at the fair prospect I had of congregating a library which no man had read but myself. "John Woodvil" I had almost studied, and Miss Lamb's pretty "High-Born Helen," and the ingenious imitations of Burton; these I had read, and, to a certain degree, must have admired, for some parts of them had settled without effort in my memory; I had read also the *Edinburgh* notice of them; and with what contempt may be supposed from the fact, that my veneration for Wordsworth transcended all that I felt for any created being, past or present; insomuch that, in the summer, or spring rather, of that same year, and full eight months before I first went to Oxford, I had ventured to address a letter to him, through his publishers, the Messrs Longman, (which letter, Miss Wordsworth in after years assured me they believed to be the production of some person much older than I represented myself,) and that in due time I had been honoured by a long answer from Wordsworth; an honour which, I well remember, kept me awake, from mere excess of pleasure, through a long night in June 1803. It was not to be supposed that the very feeblest of admirations could be shaken by mere scorn and contumely, unsupported by any shadow of a reason: Wordsworth, therefore, could not have suffered in any man's opinion, from the puny efforts of this new autocrat amongst reviews; but what was said of Lamb, though not containing one iota of criticism,

* "*Man of genius*"—"*man of talent.*" I have, in a former number of this journal, laid down what I conceive to be the true ground of distinction between *genius* and *talent*; which lies mainly in this—that genius is intellectual power impregnated with the *moral* nature, and expresses a synthesis of the active in man with his original organic capacity of pleasure and pain. Hence the very word *genius*, because the *genial* nature in its whole organization is expressed and involved in it. Hence, also, arises the reason that genius is always peculiar and individual; one man's genius never exactly repeats another man's. But talent is the same in all men; and that which is effected by talent, can never serve to identify or indicate its author. Hence, too, that, although talent is the object of respect, it never conciliates love; you love a man of talent perhaps *in concreto*, but not talent; whereas genius, even for itself, is idolized. I am the more proud of this distinction, since I have seen the utter failure of Mr Coleridge, judging from his attempt in his "Table-Talk.

either good or bad, had certainly more point and cleverness. The supposition that "John Woodvil" might be a lost drama, recovered from the age of Thespis, and entitled to the hircus, &c., must, I should think, have won a smile from Lamb himself; or why say "Lamb himself," which means "*even* Lamb," when he would have been the *very* first to laugh, (as he was afterwards among the first to hoot at his own farce,) provided only he could detach his mind from the ill-nature and hard contempt which accompanied the wit. This wit had certainly not dazzled my eyes in the slightest degree. So far as I was left at leisure, by a more potent order of poetry, to think of the "John Woodvil" at all, I had felt and acknowledged a delicacy and tenderness in the situations as well as the sentiments, but disfigured, as I thought, by quaint, grotesque, and *mimetic* phraseology. The main defect, however, of which I complained, was defect of power. I thought Lamb had no right to take his station amongst the inspired writers who had just then arisen, to throw new blood into our literature, and to breathe a breath of life through the worn-out, or, at least, torpid organization of the national mind. He belonged, I thought, to the old literature; and, as a poet, he certainly does. There were in his verses minute scintillations of genius—now and then, even a subtle sense of beauty; and there were shy graces, lurking half-unseen, like violets in the shade. But there was no power on a colossal scale; no breadth; no choice of great subjects; no wrestling with difficulty; no creative energy. So I thought then; and so I should think now, if Lamb were viewed chiefly as a poet. Since those days, he has established his right to a seat in any company. But why? and in what character? As "Elia:"—the essays of "Elia" are as exquisite a gem amongst the jewellery of literature, as any nation can shew. They do not, indeed, suggest to the typifying imagination, a Last Supper of Da Vinci, or a Group from the Sistine Chapel; but they suggest some exquisite cabinet painting; such, for instance, as that Carlo Dolce known to all who have visited Lord Exeter's place of Burleigh; (by the way, I bar the allusion to *Charles* Lamb, which a shameless punster suggests in the name *Carlo Dolce*;) and in this also resembling that famous picture—that many critics (Hazlitt amongst others) can see little or nothing in it. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!* Those, therefore, err, in my opinion, who present Lamb to our notice amongst the poets. Very pretty, very elegant, very tender, very beautiful verses he has written; nay, twice he has written verses of extraordinary force, almost demoniac force—viz., "The Three Graves," and "The Gipsy's Malison." But, speaking generally, he writes verses as one to whom that function was a secondary and occasional function; not his original and natural vocation; not an ἔργον, but a παέργον.

For the reasons, therefore, I have given, never thinking of Charles Lamb as a poet, and, at that time, having no means for judging of him in any other character, I had requested the letter of introduction to him, rather with a view to some further knowledge of Coleridge, (who was then absent from England,) than from any special interest about Lamb himself. However, I felt the extreme discourtesy of approaching a man, and asking for his time and civility under such an avowal: and the letter, therefore, as I believe, or as I requested, represented me in the light of an admirer. I hope it did; for that character might have some excuse for what followed, and heal the unpleasant impression likely to be left by a sort of *fracas* which occurred at my first meeting with Lamb. This was so characteristic of Lamb, that I have often laughed at it since I came to know what *was* characteristic of Lamb. But first let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. I had been told that he was never to be found at home except in the evenings; and to have called then would have been, in a manner, forcing myself upon his hospitalities, and at a moment when he might have confidential friends about him; besides that, he was sometimes tempted away to the theatres. I went, therefore, to the India House; made inquiries amongst the servants; and, after some trouble, (for *that* was early in his Leadenhall Street career, and, possibly, he was not much known,) I was shewn into a small room, or else a small section of a large one, (thirty-four years affect one's remembrance of some circumstances,) in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerkly rulers of the room. Within the railing, sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen; not gentlemen whose duty or profession it was merely to drive the quill, but who were then driving it—*gens de plume*, such *in esse*, as well as *in posse*—in act as well as habit; for, as if they supposed me a spy, sent by some superior power to report upon the situation of affairs as surprised by me, they were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. Consequently, I was reduced to a necessity of announcing myself and my errand. I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood closely by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculations to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentleman (pointing to the address) were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very, very* little incident—one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to ex-

press the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manners. The seat upon which he sat, was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire, by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent. Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. Somewhere there is an anecdote, meant to illustrate the ultra-obsequiousness of the man: either I have heard of it in connexion with some actual man known to myself, or it is told in a book of some historical coxcomb—that, being on horseback, and meeting some person or other whom it seemed advisable to flatter, he actually dismounted, in order to pay his court by a more ceremonious bow. In Russia, as we all know, this was, at one time, upon meeting any of the Imperial family, an act of legal necessity: and there, accordingly, but there only, it would have worn no ludicrous aspect. Now, in this situation of Lamb's, the act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those on horseback—of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, &c. —was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ludicrous. On the other hand, to have sate still and stately upon this aerial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been—not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person, and supported by a very superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen: but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose: between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution, which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first *round* of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily—saying, at the same time, something to this effect, that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood. When he had reached the basis of terra firma on which I was standing, naturally, as a mode of thanking him for his courtesy, I presented my hand; which, in a general case, I should certainly not have done; for I cherished, in an ultra-English degree, the English custom (a wise custom) of bowing in frigid silence on a first introduction to a stranger; but, to a man of literary talent, and one who had just practised so much kindness in my favour at so probable a hazard to himself of being laughed at for his pains—I could not maintain that frosty reserve. Lamb took my hand; did not absolutely reject it; but rather repelled my advance by his manner. This, however, long afterwards I found, was only a habit derived from his too great sensitiveness to the variety of people's feelings, which run through a gamut so infinite of degrees and modes as to make it unsafe for any man who respects himself, to be too hasty in his allowances of familiarity. Lamb had, as he was entitled to have, a high self-respect; and me he probably suspected (as a young Oxonian) of some aristocratic tendencies. The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. Lamb was not one of those who catch at the chance of escaping from a bore by fixing some distant day, when accidents (in duplicate proportion, perhaps, to the number of intervening days) may have carried you away from the place: he sought to benefit by no luck of that kind; for he was, with his limited income—and I say it deliberately—positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world. That night, the same night, I was to come and spend the evening with him. I had gone to the India House with the express purpose of accepting whatever invitation he should give me; and, therefore, I accepted this, took my leave, and left Lamb in the act of resuming his aerial position.

I was to come so early as to drink tea with Lamb; and the hour was seven. He lived in the Temple; and I, who was not then, as afterwards I became, a student and member of "the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple," did not know much of the localities. However, I found out his abode, not greatly beyond my time: nobody had been asked to meet me, which a little surprised me, but I was glad of it; for, besides Lamb, there was present, his sister, Miss Lamb, of whom, and whose talents and sweetness of disposition, I had heard. I turned the conversation, upon the first opening which offered, to the subject of Coleridge; and many of my questions were answered satisfactorily, because seriously, by Miss Lamb. But Lamb took a pleasure in baffling me, or in throwing ridicule upon the subject. Out of this grew the matter of our affray. We were speaking of "The Ancient Mariner." Now, to explain what followed, and a little to excuse myself, I must beg the reader to understand that I was under twenty years of age, and that my admiration for Coleridge (as in, perhaps, a still greater degree, for Wordsworth) was literally in no respect short of a religious feeling: it had, indeed, all the sanctity of religion, and all the tenderness of a human veneration. Then, also, to imagine the strength which it would derive from circumstances that do not exist now, but did then, let the reader further suppose a case—not such as he may have

known since that era about Sir Walter Scotts and Lord Byrons, where every man you could possibly fall foul of, early or late, night or day, summer or winter, was in perfect readiness to feel and express his sympathy with the admirer—but when no man, beyond one or two in each ten thousand, had so much as heard of either Coleridge or Wordsworth; and that one, or those two, knew them only to scorn them—trample on them—spit upon them: men so abject in public estimation, I maintain, as that Coleridge and that Wordsworth, had not existed before—have not existed since—will not exist again. We have heard, in old times, of donkeys insulting effete or dying lions, by kicking them; but, in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth, it was effete donkeys that kicked living lions. They, Coleridge and Wordsworth, were the Pariahs of literature in those days: as much scorned wherever they were known; but escaping that scorn only because they were as little known as Pariahs, and even more obscure.

Well, after this bravura, by way of conveying my sense of the real position then occupied by these two authors—a position which thirty and odd years have altered, by a revolution more astonishing and total than ever before happened in literature or in life—let the reader figure to himself the sensitive horror with which a young person, carrying his devotion about with him, of necessity, as the profoundest of secrets, like a primitive Christian amongst a nation of Pagans, or a Roman Catholic convert amongst the bloody idolaters of Japan—in Oxford, above all places, hoping for no sympathy, and feeling a daily grief, almost a shame, in harbouring this devotion to that which, nevertheless, had done more for the expansion and sustenance of his own inner mind than all literature besides—let the reader figure, I say, to himself, the shock with which such a person must recoil from hearing the very friend and associate of these authors utter what seemed at that time a burning ridicule of all which belonged to them—their books, their thoughts, their places, their persons. This had gone on for some time, before we came upon the ground of "The Ancient Mariner:" I had been grieved, perplexed, astonished; and how else could I have felt reasonably, knowing nothing of Lamb's propensity to mystify a stranger; he, on the other hand, knowing nothing of the depth of my feelings on these subjects, and that they were not so much mere literary preferences as something that went deeper than life or household affections? At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire value of the poem, I said, perspiring, (I dare say,) in this detestable crisis—"But, Mr Lamb, good heavens! how is it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What instance could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" "Instances!" said Lamb: "oh, I'll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, indeed! Pray, what do you say to this—

'The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie?'

So beautiful indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself—what do you call him?—the bright-eyed fellow?" What more might follow, I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of horror, I raised my hands—both hands—to both ears; and, without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavoured to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities, by shutting out all further knowledge of Lamb's impieties. At length he seemed to have finished; so I, on my part, thought I might venture to take off the embargo: and, in fact, he *had* ceased; but no sooner did he find me restored to my hearing than he said, with a most sarcastic smile—which he could assume upon occasion—"If you please, sir, we'll say grace before we begin." I know not whether Lamb were really piqued or not at the mode by which I had expressed my disturbance: Miss Lamb certainly was not; her goodness led her to pardon me, and to treat me—in whatever light she might really view my almost involuntary rudeness—as the party who had suffered wrong; and, for the rest of the evening, she was so pointedly kind and conciliatory in her manner, that I felt greatly ashamed of my boyish failure in self-command. Yet, after all, Lamb necessarily appeared so much worse, in my eyes, as a traitor is worse than an open enemy.

Lamb, after this one visit—not knowing at that time any particular reason for continuing to seek his acquaintance—I did not trouble with my calls for some years. At length, however, about the year 1808, and for the six or seven following years, in my evening visits to Coleridge, I used to meet him again; not often, but sufficiently to correct altogether the very false impression I had received of his character and manners. I have elsewhere described him as a "Diogenes with the heart of a St John"—where, by the way, the reader must not, by laying the accent falsely on St John, convert it into the name of Lord Bolingbroke: I meant St John the evangelist. And by ascribing to Lamb any sort of resemblance to Diogenes, I had a view only to his plain speaking in the first place—his unequalled freedom from every mode of hypocrisy or affectation; and, secondly, to his talent for saying keen, pointed things, sudden flashes, or revelations of hidden truths, in a short condensed form of words. In fact, the very foundation of Lamb's peculiar character was laid in his absolute abhorrence of all affectation. This shewed itself in self-disparagement of every kind; never the mock disparagement, which is self-praise in an indirect form, as when people accuse themselves of all the virtues, by professing an inability to pay proper attention to prudence or economy—or uncontrollable disposition to be rash and inconsiderate on behalf of a weaker party when suffering apparent wrong. But Lamb's confessions of error, of infirmity, were never at any time acts

of mock humility, meant to involve oblique compliment in the rebound. Thus, he honestly and frankly confessed his blank insensibility to music.

> "King David's harp, that made the madness flee
> From Saul, had been but a Jew's harp to me,"

is his plain, unvarnished admission, in verses admirable for their wit and their elegance: nor did he attempt to break the force of this unfortunate truth, by claiming, which, perhaps, he might have claimed, a compensatory superiority in the endowments of his eye. It happened to him, as I believe it has often done to others—to Pope, perhaps, but certainly to Wordsworth—that the imperfect structure or imperfect developement of the ear, denying any profound sensibility to the highest modes of impassioned music, has been balanced by a more than usual sensibility to some modes of visual beauty. With respect to Wordsworth, it has been doubted, by some of his friends, upon very good grounds, whether, as a connoisseur in painting, he has a very learned eye, or one that can be relied upon. I hold it to be very doubtful, also, whether Wordsworth's judgment in the human face—its features and its expression—be altogether sound, and in conformity to the highest standards of art. But it is undeniable—and must be most familiar to all who have associated upon intimate terms with Wordsworth and his sister—that they both derive a pleasure, originally and organically more profound than is often witnessed, both from the forms and the colouring of rural nature. The very same tests by which I recognise my own sensibility to music, as rising above the common standard—viz., by the indispensableness of it to my daily comfort; the readiness with which I make any sacrifices to obtain a "grand debauch" of this nature, &c. &c.—these, when applied to Wordsworth, manifest him to have an analogous craving, in a degree much transcending the general ratio for the luxuries of the eye. These luxuries Wordsworth seeks in their great original exemplar—in Nature as exhibiting herself amongst the bold forms and the rich but harmonious colouring of mountainous scenery; there especially where the hand of injudicious art, or of mercenary craft, has not much interfered, with monotonous repetition of unmeaning forms, with offensive outlines, or, still more, with harsh and glaring contrasts of colour. The offence which strikes upon Wordsworth's eye from such disfigurations of nature is, really and without affectation, as keen, as intense, and as inevitable as to other men the pain to the mere physical eye-sight from the glare of snow or the irritations of flying dust. Lamb, on the other hand, sought his pleasures of this class—not, as by this time all the world knows, in external nature, for which it was his pleasure to profess, not merely an indifference, but even a horror which it delighted him to exaggerate with a kind of playful malice to those whom he was hoaxing—but in the works of the great painters: and for these I have good reason to think that both he and his sister had a peculiarly deep sensibility. and, after long practice, a fine and matured taste. Here, then, was both a gift and an attainment which Lamb might have fairly pleaded in the way of a set-off to his acknowledged defects of ear. But Lamb was too really and sincerely humble ever to think of nursing and tending his own character in any man's estimation, or of attempting to blunt the effect of his own honest avowals of imperfection, by dexterously playing off before your eyes some counterbalancing accomplishment. He was, in fact, as I have said before, the most humble and unpretending of human beings, the most thoroughly sincere, the most impatient of either simulation or dissimulation, and the one who threw himself the most unreservedly for your good opinion upon the plain natural expression of his real qualities, as nature had formed them, without artifice, or design, or disguise, more than you find in the most child-like of children.

There was a notion prevalent about Lamb, which I can affirm to have been a most erroneous one: it was—that any flagrant act of wickedness formed a recommendation to his favour. "Ah!" said one man to me, when asking a letter of introduction from him—"ah! that I could but recommend you as a man that had robbed the mail, or the King's exchequer—which would be better. In that case, I need not add a word; you would take rank instantly amongst the privileged friends of Lamb, without a word from me." Now, as to "*the King's Exchequer,*" I cannot say. A man who should have placed himself in relation with Falstaff, by obeying his commands* at a distance of four centuries, (like the traveller, who demanded of the turnpike-man—"How do you like your eggs dressed?" and, ten years after, on passing the same gate, received the monosyllabic reply—*poached*)—that man might have presented irresistible claims to Lamb's affection. Shakspeare, or anything connected with Shakspeare, might have proved too much for his Roman virtue. But, putting aside any case so impossible as this, I can affirm that—so far from this being the truth, or approaching the truth—a rule the very opposite governed Lamb's conduct: so far from welcoming wicked, profligate, or dissolute people by preference, if they happened to be clever—he bore with numerous dull people, stupid people, asinine people, for no other reason upon earth than because he knew them, or believed them to have been ill-used or oppressed by some clever but dissolute man. That was enough. Sufficient it was that they had been the objects of injustice, calumny, persecution, or wrong in any shape—and, without further question, they had "their place allowed" at Lamb's fireside. I knew some eminent instances of what I am now saying. And I used to think to myself, Were this feature of Lamb's character made known, and the natural results followed, what would he do? Refuse anybody, reject anybody, tell him to begone, he could not, no more than he could have danced

* "Rob me thy father's exchequer."—*Falstaff, in Henry IV., Part 1st.*

upon his mother's grave. He would have received all who presented themselves with any rational pretensions; and would finally have gone to prison rather than reject anybody. I do not say this rhetorically. I knew Lamb; and I know certain cases in which he was concerned—cases which it is difficult to publish with any regard to the feelings of persons now living, but which (if published in all their circumstances) would shew him to be the very noblest of human beings. He was a man, in a sense more eminent than would be conceivable by many people, *princely*—nothing short of that in his beneficence. Many liberal people I have known in this world—many who were charitable in the widest sense—many munificent people; but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb. Considered as a man of genius, he was not in the very first rank, simply because his range was a contracted one: within that range, he was perfect; of the peculiar powers which he possessed, he has left to the world as exquisite a specimen as this planet is likely to exhibit. But, as a *moral* being, in the total compass of his relations to this world's duties, in the largeness and diffusiveness of his charity, in the graciousness of his condescension to inferior intellects, I am disposed, after a deliberate review of my own entire experience, to pronounce him the best man, the nearest in his approaches to an ideal standard of excellence, that I have known or read of. In the mingled purity—a child-like purity—and the benignity of his nature, I again express my own deep feeling of the truth, when I say that he recalled to my mind the image and character of St John the Evangelist—of him who was at once the beloved apostle, and also, more peculiarly, the apostle of love. Well and truly, therefore, did the poet say, in his beautiful lines upon this man's grave and memory—

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"*

Perhaps the foundation for the false notion I have mentioned about Lamb's predilections, was to be found in his carelessness for those social proscriptions which have sometimes occurred in our stormy times with respect to writers, male and female, who set the dominant notions, or the prevailing feelings of men—(feelings with regard to sexual proprieties, to social distinctions, to the sanctity of property, to the sanctity of religious formulæ, &c. &c.)—at open defiance. Take, for example, Thelwall, at one time, Holcroft, Godwin, Mrs Wolstonecraft, Dr Priestley, Hazlitt, all of whom were, more or less, in a backward or inverse sense, *tabooed*—that is, consecrated to public hatred and scorn:—with respect to all these persons, feeling that the public alienation had gone too far, or had begun originally upon false grounds, Lamb threw his heart and his doors wide open. Politics—what cared he for politics? Religion—in the sense of theological dogmas—what cared he for religion? For religion in its moral aspects, and its relations to the heart of man, no human being ever cared more. With respect to politics, some of his friends could have wished him to hate men when they grew *anti-national*, and in that case only; but he would not. He persisted in liking men who made an idol of Napoleon, who sighed over the dread name of Waterloo, and frowned upon Trafalgar. *There* I thought him wrong; but, in that, as one of my guardians used to say of me, he "followed his own devil;" though, after all, I believe he took a secret silent pleasure in the grandeur of his country, and would have suffered in her suffering—would have been humiliated in her humiliation—more than he altogether acknowledged to himself; in fact, his carelessness grew out of the depth of his security. He could well afford to be free of anxiety in a case like this; for the solicitudes of jealous affection, the tremulous and apprehensive love, as "of a mother or a child," (which painful mood of love Wordsworth professes for his country, but only in a wayward fit of passion,) could scarcely be thought applicable, even in the worst days of Napoleon, to a national gran-

* One feature there was in Lamb's charity, which is but too frequently found wanting amongst the most liberal and large-hearted of the charitable, and especially where the national temper is melancholy or desponding; one, moreover, which, beyond any other aspect of charity, wears a winning grace—one finally which is indistinctly pointed out as a *duty* in our scriptural code of ethics—the habit of *hoping* cheerfully and kindly on behalf of those who were otherwise objects of moral blame. Lamb, if anybody, plagued as he was by a constitutional taint of morbid melancholy, might have been privileged to fail in this duty: but he did not. His goodness, making it too painful to him to cherish as *final* conclusions any opinions with regard to any individual which seemed to shut him out from the sympathy or the brotherly feeling of the just and good, overpowered the acuteness of his discernment; and, where it was quite impossible to find matter of approbation in the past or the present conduct, he would turn to the future for encouraging views of amendment, and would insist upon regarding what was past, as the accidental irregularity, the anomaly, the exception, warranting no inferences with regard to what remained; and (whenever that was possible) would charge it all upon unfortunate circumstances. Everybody must have felt the profound pathos of that passage in scripture—"*Let him that stole, steal no more;*" a pathos which rests evidently upon the sudden substitution for a judicial sentence proportioned to the offence, (such as an ordinary lawgiver would have uttered, and such as the listener anticipates,) of a heavenly light opened upon the guilty heart, shewing to it a hope and an escape, and whispering that for itself also there may be final peace in reversion, where otherwise all had seemed blank despair and the darkness of coming vengeance. The poor benighted Pariah of social life—who durst not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, and, by the angry tone of human laws, as well as of society in general, finds but too much that disposes him to despond, and perhaps makes no effort, merely because all efforts seem likely to be unavailing—will often, in the simple utterance of a cheerful hope on his behalf, see as it were a window opening in heaven, and faces radiant with promise looking out upon him. These words I mean to apply as the distinguishing description of Christian ethics, as contrasted with all other ethical theories. For it is a just inquiry with respect to any system of morals—not merely, What are your substantial doctrines, what is the *corpus* of your laws?—but also, What is your preparatory discipline?—what are the means at your disposal for winning over the reluctant disciple, the bold recusant, or the

deur and power which seem as little liable to chance or change, as essentially unapproachable by any serious impeachment, as the principle of gravitation or the composition of the air. Why, therefore, should *he* trouble himself more about the nice momentary oscillations of the national fortunes in war or council, more than about adjusting his balance, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the earth?

There was another trait of character about Charles Lamb which might have countenanced the common notion that he looked indulgently upon dissolute men, or men notorious for some criminal escapade. This was his thorough hatred of all hypocrisy, and his *practical* display of that hatred on all possible occasions. Even in a point so foreign, as it might seem, from this subject as his style, though chiefly founded upon his intellectual differences and his peculiar taste, the prevailing tone of it was in part influenced (or at least sustained) by his disgust for all which transcended the naked simplicity of truth. This is a deep subject, with as many faces, or *facets*, (to speak the language of jewellers,) as a rose-cut diamond; and far be it from me to say one word in praise of those—people of how narrow a sensibility!—who imagine that a simple (that is, according to many tastes, an unelevated and *unrythmical*) style—take, for instance, an Addisonian or a Swiftian style—is *unconditionally* good. Not so: all depends upon the subject; and there is a style, transcending these and all other modes of simplicity, by infinite degrees, and, in the same proportion, impossible to most men—the rhythmical—the continuous—what, in French, is called the *soutenu*, which, to humbler styles, stands in the relation of an organ to a shepherd's pipe. This also finds its justification in its subject; and the subject which *can* justify it must be of a corresponding quality—loftier—and, therefore, rare.

If, then, in style—so indirect an expression as *that* must be considered of his nature and moral feelings—how much more, in their direct and conscious expressions, was Lamb impatient of hypocrisy! Hypocrisy may be considered as the "heroic" form of affectation. Now, the very basis of Lamb's character was laid in downright horror of affectation. If he found himself by accident using a rather fine word, notwithstanding it might be the most forcible in that place, (the word *arrest*, suppose, in certain situations, for the word *catch*,) he would, if it were allowed to stand, make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and, in after moments, he would continually ridicule that class of words, by others carried to an extreme of pedantry—the word "*arride*," for instance, used in the sense of *pleasing*, or *winning the approbation*—just as Charles Fox, another patron of simplicity, or, at least, of humility in style, was accustomed to use the word "*vilipend*," as a standing way of sarcastically recalling to the reader's mind the Latinizing writers of English. Hence—that is, from this intense sincerity and truth of character—Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company—shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked with the sense of what was revolting, as by a Swiftian laying bare of naked shivering human nature. Such exposures of masquerading vanity—such surgical probings and vexings of the secret feelings—I have seen almost truculently pursued by Lamb. He seemed angry and fierce in such cases only; but the anger was for the affectation and insincerity, which he could not endure, unless where they covered some shame or timidity, never where they were masks for attacking an individual. The case of insincerity, above all others, which moved his bile, was where, out of some pretended homage to public decorum, an individual was run down on account of any moral infirmities, such as we all have, or have had, or at least so easily and naturally may have had that nobody knows whether we have them or not. In such a case, and in this only almost, Lamb could be savage in his manner. I remember one instance, where many of the leading authors of our age were assembled—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Lamb was amongst them; and, when —— was denounced as a man careless in the education of his children, and generally reputed to lead a licentious life—"Pretty fellows *we* are," said Lamb, "to abuse him on that last score, when every one of us, I suppose, on going out this night into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees." Some laughed—some looked grim—some looked grand—but

timid doubter? And it is worthy of remark that, in this case of hoping on behalf of those who seem no just objects of hope—the very same absence of all compromise with human infirmity is found, which a distinguished German infidel described as the great distinction of Christianity, and one which raised it *prima facie* above all other codes of morality. There is indeed a descent—a condescension to humanity and its weakness; but no shadow of a compromise—a capitulation—or what in Roman law is called a "transaction" with it. For, said Immanuel Kant, here lies the point:—the Stoic maintains the moral principle in its ideal purity; he sacrifices nothing at all to human weakness; and so far he deserves praise. But then, for that same reason, he is useless: his standard is exalted beyond all human approach. On the other hand, the Epicurean relaxes so far as to make *his* method of "holiness" attainable. But how? It is by debasing and lowering the standard. Each, therefore, in a different sense, and for different reasons, is useless to human nature as it is. Now comes Christianity, and effects a synthesis of all which is good in each, whilst she purifies herself from all taint of what is evil. She presents a standard of holiness, a "maximum perfectionis," (as the scholastic phrase is,) no less exalted, no less jealous of all earthly taint or soil, than Stoicism. This, however, she makes accessible to man: not by any compromise or adaptation of its demands to a lower nature; but by means peculiarly her own—by promise of supernatural aid. Thus she is celestial like the one, and terrestrial like the other, but by such a reconciliation as celestial means only could effect. This Kant allowed to constitute a philosophic character for Christianity, which offered itself at the very vestibule. And in this function of hope, as one which is foremost amongst the functions of charity, there is the very same harmony of rigour in the judge, and loyalty to the standard erected, with human condescension and consideration for the criminal.

Wordsworth, smiling, and yet with solemnity, said —"I hope, I trust, Mr Lamb, you are mistaken, or, at least, you do not include us all in this sweeping judgment?" "Oh, as to that," said Lamb, "who knows? There's no telling: sad Josephs are some of us in this very room." Upon which everybody laughed, and Lamb amongst them; but he had been indignant and sincere in this rebuke of the hypocritical sacrifice to decorum. He manifested a fervor of feeling in such cases; not of anger primarily to the assailant—*that* was but a reaction—his fervor was a movement of intense and conscientious justice towards the person assailed, as in one who felt that he himself, if not by the very same trespasses, had erred and was liable to err; that he also was a brother in human infirmity, and a debtor to the frailty of all flesh, though not possibly by the same overt acts or habits.

In reviewing the life of Lamb, it is almost inevitable that, to a reader not specially acquainted with its events beyond what Serjeant Talfourd has judged it proper to communicate, many things will appear strange and unexplained. In a copy of the Serjeant's work, now lying before me, which had been borrowed for my use from a distinguished literary lady, I find a pencil mark of interrogation attached to the word "*chequered*," by which, at p. 334, Vol. II., Lamb's life is characterised. This is a natural expression of surprise, under the suppressions which have been here practised; suppressions dictated alike by delicacy for what is too closely personal, and by reverential pity for what is too afflicting. Still it will be asked by those who read attentively, In what sense was Lamb's life *chequered?* As Wordsworth has scattered repeated allusions to this subject in his fine memorial verses on Lamb, allusions which must, for the present, be almost unintelligible to the great majority of readers; and, as he has done this, notwithstanding he was perfectly aware at the time of the Serjeant's reserve, and aware also that this reserve was not accidental, professing himself, moreover, to be

> "Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity,
> Which words less free

(viz., the prose narrative of Lamb's biographer, which wanted of necessity, the impassioned tenderness of a poetic memorial,)

> "Presumed not even to touch;"—

Under these circumstances it may be right, whilst still persisting in not raising that veil which has been dropped over this subject by Serjeant Talfourd, out of profound feelings for the surviving lady of the family, that sister of Charles Lamb who presented so much of his own genius and his own disposition, through a softened or lunar reflexion, and who was the great consoler of his affliction—that sister,

> "The meek,
> The self-restraining, and the ever kind,
> In whom *his* reason and intelligent heart
> Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
> All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,
> Whether withheld or for her sake unsought—
> More than sufficient recompense:"—

still persisting, I say, out of veneration for this admirable lady, in refusing to raise the veil, it may yet be lawful so far to assist the reader in penetrating its folds as that he may apprehend the main features of the case, in a degree sufficient for the application of Wordsworth's else partly unintelligible verses; and the more so, for these two reasons:—1st, That several passages in these verses are calculated, at any rate, to pique the curiosity, although they do not satisfy it; 2dly, (which must especially be remembered,) A *mere* interest of curiosity, curiosity vulgar and disrespectful, cannot be imagined in this case. A curiosity which put the question suggested by the word *chequered*, and absolutely challenged by Wordsworth's verses, must be already one that has been hallowed and refined by a tender interest in the subject; since no interest short of that, could have attracted a reader to a life so poor in anecdote, or any other vulgar allurements, or, at least, no other could have detained him sufficiently upon its circumstantial parts, to allow of his raising the question.

To approach this question, therefore, in the most proper way, perhaps the very same verses of Wordsworth, which are amongst the parts of the Serjeant's book most fitted to suggest the question, are most fitted to suggest the answer. Being read carefully, without which they will do neither the one nor the other, they indicate their own commentary. One of the most beautiful passages, and, at the same time, of the most significant, is this:—

> "Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
> Did they together testify of time
> And season's difference—a double tree,
> With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
> Such were they—such through life they *might* have been,
> In union, in partition only such:
> Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High."

They might have exhibited the image of a double tree, in union, throughout their joint lives.* *Diis aliter visum est.* And then the poet goes on to shadow forth their real course through this world, and to hint at the sad cause which occasionally separated them, under the image of two ships launched jointly, and for the same voyage of discovery—viewing each other, therefore, as partners pursuing common objects, under common hazards and difficulties—often divided by stress of weather, often rejoining each other at the fixed places of rendezvous, again to be separated, and again to be reunited:—

> "Yet, through all visitation and all trials,
> Still they were faithful—like two vessels launch'd
> From the same beach, one ocean to explore,
> With mutual help, and sailing to their league

* There is, however, an obscurity in the expression at this point of the verses; it lies partly in the word *such*. The only construction of the verses, in harmony with the words, seems the following: They might have appeared as a double tree, &c., whether viewed in those circumstances which united them—viz., in the features of resemblance—or viewed in those of difference, as sex and its moral results, which made the partition between them. Such they *might* have seemed; but calamity wrought a more perfect division between them, under which they seemed no longer one, but two distinct trees.

True, as inexorable winds, or bars
(Floating or fix'd) of Polar ice, allow."

But there is another passage still more distinctly pointing the reader's attention to the same *recurring* cause of separation :—

"Ye were taught
That the remembrance of foregone distress
And the worse fear of future ill, (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother,) may be both alike
Disarm'd of power to unsettle present good."

This mysterious affliction, therefore, of Lamb's life, making that a "chequered" one, which else had been of character too absolutely tranquil and monotonous—or ruffled, at least, only by *internal* irritations—was (as we learn from Wordsworth) of a nature to revolve upon him at intervals. One other passage—and this also from a poem of Wordsworth, but one written, at the very least, thirty-two years ago, and having no reference at all to the Lambs—may furnish all the additional light which can be needed. It is one of the poems published in 1807, and many of them suggested by personal or local recollections, from a tour then recently performed through Scotland. The poet is speaking of a woman on the Borders, whose appearance and peculiar situation, in relation to a disabled husband, had caught his attention ; and the expression of her eye is thus noticed :—

"I look'd and scann'd her o'er and o'er—
The more I looked, I wonder'd more ;
When suddenly I seem'd to espy
A trouble in her strong black eye—
A remnant of *uneasy light*—
A flash of something *over-bright*."

Now, if the reader will ask himself what cause, apt to recur, in some cases, would be likely to leave these morbid appearances in the eye, this *uneasy light*, and these flashes that were *over-bright*—he will then apprehend, in silence and reverential sympathy, what was that huge and steadfast affliction that besieged, through life, the heart of Charles Lamb.

If the reader will further understand that this affliction was not, as the heaviest afflictions oftentimes become, a mere remembrance echoing from past times—possibly "a long since cancelled wo ;" but that it was a two-headed snake, looking behind and before, and gnawing at his heart by the double pangs of memory, and of anxiety, gloomy and fearful, watching for the future ; and, finally, that the object of this anxiety, who might at any moment be torn from his fireside, to return, after an interval of mutual suffering, (not to be measured, or even guessed at, but in the councils of God,) was that Madonna-like lady, who to him renewed the case described with such pathetic tenderness, by the Homeric Andromache—being, in fact, his "all-the-world ;" fulfilling at once all offices of tenderness and duty ; and making up to him, in her single character of sister, all that he had lost of maternal kindness—all that for *her* sake he had forborne to seek of affections, conjugal or filial :—weighing these accumulated circumstances of calamity, the feeling reader will be ready to admit that Lamb's cup of earthly sorrow was full enough, to excuse many more than he could be taxed with, of those half-crazy eccentricities in which a constant load of secret affliction (such, I mean, as must not be explained to the world) is apt to discharge itself. Hence, it might be, in part—but some have supposed from a similar, though weaker taint of the same constitutional malady—that Lamb himself discovered symptoms of irregular feeling or thinking, not such as could have been alarming in a general or neutral case, but in a subject known to be affected by these hereditary predispositions, *were* alarming, both to his friends, (those of them, at least, who had known the circumstances,) and, with far heavier reason, to himself. This also is therefore to be added to his afflictions—not merely the fear, constantly impending, that his fireside (as I said before) might be rendered desolate, and *that* by a sudden blow, as well as for an indefinite duration ; but also the fear (not equally strong, but equally impending for ever) that he himself, and all his splendid faculties, might, as by a flash of lightning, be swallowed up "in darkness infinite."*

Such was the condition of Charles Lamb, and such the temper that in part grew out of it—angelically benign, but also, in a morbid degree, melancholy—when I renewed my acquaintance with him in 1808–14 ; a period during which I learned to appreciate him better. Somewhere in this period it was, by the way, that I had an opportunity of introducing to his knowledge my brother, "poor Pink." Lamb liked him ; and the more so, from an accident which occurred at the very second interview that he and Pink ever had. It was in Bond Street, at an exhibition of two large and splendid pictures, by Salvator Rosa—one representing a forest scene, and a forest recluse, (of what character, in Salvator's intention, may be doubted ; but, in the little printed account of the paintings, he was described as Diogenes.) These pictures were, I should think, twelve feet high, at the least—consequently upon a large scale ; and the tone of colouring was peculiarly sombre, or rather cold ; and it tended even to the monotonous : one almost uniform cheerless tint of yellowish green, with some little perhaps of a warmish umber, overspread the distances ; and the foreground shewed little else than a heavy, dull-toned black. Pink, who knew as little of painting as the *bow'sons* of his various ships, had, however, a profound sensibility to some of its effects ; and, if he ever ran up hastily and fearfully to London from Portsmouth, it was sure to be at the time when the annual exhibition of the Academy was open. No exhibition was ever missed by him, whether of a public or comparatively private nature. In particular, he had attended, with infinite delight, the exhibition (in Newman Street, I think) of Mr West's pictures. *Death and his Pale Horse* prodigiously attracted

* "The angel ended his mysterious rite ;
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite."

him; and others, from the freshness and gorgeousness of their colouring, had absolutely fascinated his eye. It may be imagined, therefore, with what disgust he viewed two subjects, from which the vast names of the painter had led him to expect so much, but which from the low style of the colouring yielded him so little. There might be forty people in the room at the time my brother and I were there. We had stood for ten or fourteen minutes, examining the pictures, when at length I noticed Charles Lamb, and, at a little distance, his sister. If a creditor had wished to seize upon either, no surer place in London (no, not Drury Lane, or Covent Garden) for finding them than an exhibition from the works of the old masters. And, moreover, as amongst certain classes of birds, if you have one you are sure of the other, so with respect to the Lambs, (unless in those dreary seasons when the "*dual* unity"—as it is most affectingly termed by Wordsworth—had been for a time sundered into a widowed desolation, by the periodic affliction,) seeing or hearing the brother, you knew that the sister could not be far off. If she *were*, you sighed, knew what that meant, and asked no questions. Lamb, upon seeing us, advanced to shake hands; but he paused one moment to await the critical dogma which he perceived to be at that time issuing from Pink's lips. That it was vituperation in a high degree, anybody near us might hear; and some actually turned round in fright upon catching these profane words:—"D—— the fellow! I could do better myself." Wherewith, perhaps unconsciously, but perhaps also by way of enforcing his thought, Pink (who had brought home from his long sea life a detestable practice of chewing tobacco,) ejaculated a quid of some coarse quality, that lighted upon the frame of the great master's picture, and, for aught I know, may be sticking there yet. Lamb could not have approved such a judgment—nor perhaps the immeasurable presumption that might seem to have accompanied such a judgment from most men, or from an artist; but he knew that Pink was a mere sailor, knowing nothing historically of art, nor much of the pretensions of the mighty artists. Or, had it been otherwise—at all events, he admired and loved, beyond all other qualities whatsoever, a hearty, cordial sincerity: honest homely obstinacy not to be enslaved by a great name—though that, again, may, by possibility, become in process of time itself an affectation—Lamb almost reverenced; and therefore it need not surprise anybody, that, in the midst of his loud, unrepressed laughter, he came up to my brother, and offered his hand, with an air of friendliness that flattered Pink, and a little misled him; for, that evening, on dining with Pink, he said to me—"That Lamb's a sensible fellow. You see how evidently he approved of what I remarked about that old humbugging rascal, Salvator Rosa." Lamb, in this point, had a feature of character in common with Sir Walter Scott, (at least I suppose it to have been a feature of Sir Walter's mind, upon the information of Professor Wilson,) that, if a man had, or, if he supposed him to have, a strongly marked combination or tendency of feelings, of opinions, of likings, or of dislikings—what, in fact, we call a *character*—no matter whether it were built upon prejudices the most extravagant, or ignorance the most profound, provided only it were sincere, and not mere lawless audacity, but were self-consistent, and had *unity* as respected itself—in that extent, he was sure to manifest liking and respect for the man. And hence it was, that Lamb liked Pink much more for this Gothic and outrageous sentence upon Salvator Rosa, than he would have liked him for the very best, profoundest, or most comprehensive critique upon that artist that could have been delivered. Pink, on the other hand, liked Lamb greatly; and used, in all his letters, to request that I would present his best regards to that Charles Lamb "who wouldn't be humbugged by the old rascal in Bond Street."

Thus I had gradually unlearned my false opinions, or outworn my false impressions, about Lamb, by the year 1814. Indeed, by that time, I may say that I had learned to appreciate Lamb almost at his full value. And reason there was that I should. For, in that year, 1814, occurred a trial of Lamb's hold upon his friends' regard, which was a test case—a test for each side—since not every man could have mastered this offence; and far less could every man have merited that a man *should* master it. This was the year which closed the great war of wars, by its first frail close—the capture of Paris by the Allies. And of these Allies, all who had any personal weight or interest (the Austrian Emperor, who was, however, expected at one time, is no exception—for *his* weight was not personal but political)—all, I say, visited London and Oxford. I was at London during that glad tumultuous season. I witnessed the fervent joy—the triumph, too noble, too religious, to be boastful—the rapture of that great era. Coleridge, in the first edition of the "Friend," has described the tempestuous joy of a people, habitually cold in relation to public events, upon occasion of a visit from their Sovereign's wife—the ill-fated Queen of Prussia; and this he does by way of illustrating the proposition which then occupies him—viz., the natural tendency of men to go beyond the demands of any event, whether personal or national, their inevitable tendency to transcend it by the quality and the amount of their enthusiasm. Now, the scenes then acting in London were, in two weighty respects, different. In the first place, the people—the audience and spectators—concerned, were a people as widely opposed to the Prussians in sensibility of a profound nature as it is possible to imagine; the Prussians being *really* phlegmatic; and the British—as was many hundreds of times affirmed and (as far as the case admitted of proof) proved by the celebrated Walking Stewart, the profoundest of judges in this point—the British being, under the mask of a cold and reserved demeanour, the most impassioned of all nations: in fact, it requires but little philosophy to see, that, always, where the internal heat and power is greatest, there will the outside surface

be the coldest; and the mere *primâ facie* phenomenon of heat, spread over the external manner, (as in the French or Italian character, and somewhat in the Irish,) is at once an evidence that there is little concentration of it at the heart. The spectators, then, the audience, were different: and the spectacle—oh, Heavens!—how far it must have differed from any that *can* have been witnessed for many centuries! Victors, victories, mere martial talents—were these the subjects of interest? No man, not Lamb himself, could rate at a lower price such national vanities as these, fitted only, as I think, to win a schoolboy's sympathy. In fact, I have always entertained and avowed a theory upon the question of mere military talent, which goes far lower than anybody has yet gone, so far as I am aware; for I have gone so far as to maintain this doctrine—that, if we could detach from the contemplation of a battle the awful interests oftentimes depending upon its issue—if, in fact, we could liberate our minds from the Hartleian law of association, and insulate the mere talent there operating—we should hold the art of fighting a battle to be as far below the art of fighting a game at chess, as the skill applicable to the former case is less sure of its effect and less perfect than the skill applicable to the latter. It is true there are other functions of a commander-in-chief, involving large knowledge of human nature, great energy in action, great decision of character, supreme moral courage, and, above all, that rarest species, which faces, without shrinking, civil responsibility. These qualities, in any eminent degree, are rare. But, confining one's view to the mere art of fighting a battle, I hold and insist upon it, that the military art is (intellectually speaking) a vulgar art, a mechanic art, a very limitary art; neither liberal in its nature, nor elevated (as some mechanic arts are) by the extensive range of its details. With such opinions, I am not a person to be confounded with mere John-Bull exulters in national prowess. Not as victories won by English bayonets or artillery, but as victories in a sublime strife of the good principle with the bad, I entered with all my heart into the fulness of the popular feeling: I rejoiced with the universal nation then rejoicing. There was the "nation of London" (as I have before called it) to begin with; there was also another nation almost, collected within the walls of London at that time. I rejoiced, as I have said: Lamb did not. Then I was vexed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LONDON PERIPATETIC; OR, SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

NO. III.—CHAMBERS.

(ADDRESSED TO BACHELORS.)

Brethren all—from you who have just donned the toga, and whom a stiffened beard entitles to write *man*, to you among whose locks the grey has slightly mingled, and whom crows' feet warn that time is not standing still—suffer me a while to engage your attention on a subject most important to your comfort.

Where do you live?

If you are located to your heart's content—if your den suits your idiosyncrasy—remain there by all means; I do not want to disturb you. But are you unsettled? Have you just come to London, with a view to a permanent, or at least a long residence there? Have you come up to eat your terms, or study at Bartholomew's? Or, are you a staid middle-aged gentleman, with a snug independency? In fine, are you at this time speculating where to pitch your tent in the Modern Babylon?

If this be your predicament, let me warn you against being persuaded to cross the threshold of any of the lodging-houses for "single gentlemen," which swarm about town; and, still more, against being cajoled into any of those special mansions of discomfort, those whited sepulchres, yclept boarding-houses, unless you can afford those of first-rate order. If, indeed, you are philosophically indifferent as to all items of personal comfort—if you revel in smoky chimneys, or are enamoured of the little brown insects which Lord Brougham has immortalized by a certain simile—if you are reckless as to your boots being cleaned with wet soot and a hayband instead of blacking—if you are impervious to ill smells, and deaf to impudence—if your constitution is proof against draughts from cracked panes and crazy doors—if your stomach does not rebel at the sight of a slatternly, slip-shod servant girl, with a face Gorgon-like by nature, and rendered still more hideous by a never-removed coating of grime—if you don't know chopped birch broom from souchong, nor ground beans from Mocha—if your health does not suffer from damp sheets, nor your ears from scolding and other discords:—why, then, you are precisely the man who may venture with impunity into the dens of those old harridans who "take in single gentlemen, and do for them." Of course, it requires no profound sagacity to perceive that it is to the interest of those dreadful ogresses, to get large premises at a low rent, so that they may accommodate (!) as many victims as possible. To accomplish this, some advantage must be sacrificed, which is generally situation; so that you will frequently find these abodes pleasantly located between a tallow melter and a coppersmith, with the front windows looking upon a coach-stand, and those at the back into a slaughter-house.

Among the lures held out by advertisements

to entrap the unwary, you will frequently see the privilege offered of "joining the family circle!" Privilege, quotha! Now, what are the chances? In all probability, you will find yourself among a set of the slowest-going, oldest-fashioned, know-nothingest, fattest-brained Bœotians that ever drove a poor devil into the vapours. The head of the family is a small attorney, perchance, or a steady thirty-year-clerk in a public office; one who is learned in parish politics, and whose literature consists in a bit of the "Whole Duty of Man" on Sundays, and the most stupid of all published papers in the week-day evenings. He is a very respectable person, can produce undeniable references, and yet was never trusted with the management of a second idea in his life. The mistress is a notable; an adept in all the economy of the household, and in no one thing else; a martinet over her servant, a capital judge of meat, and an unexceptionable chronicler of small beer. Then there are two daughters, bread-and-butter girls, who occasionally giggle, but very seldom, because mamma says that levity does not become young people. They are eighteen and nineteen, neither ugly enough to hate or to caricature, nor handsome enough to be looked complacently upon, even for a moment. One of them is rather dark and the other rather fair, yet they are very much alike; they always sit close together at work, and whisper, and dress precisely in the same style. They are quite characterless; they seem mere respiratory machines, incapable of love, or hate, or anger, or admiration—destitute almost of curiosity. They are *yes-and-no* girls; have never an opinion on any the most simple subject, but ask mamma. They have no notion of the superlative, but exclaim, "Dear me, how pretty!" at a picture of Rembrandt or Fuseli, an effect of Handel, a passage of Milton, a statue by Michael Angelo, or a *chef d'œuvre* of Wren. If you ask them if they are fond of reading, they tell you, yes; but you seldom see a book in their hands. Their mornings are passed in needle-work, or going to see Miss Fubbs or Mrs Tibbs, and their evenings in manufacturing odd things out of millboard, or hammering discord out of a wiry-toned piano; except, about once a fortnight, when they go out with "ma" to tea. They think the evening lecturer at their church a very good preacher, and have an idea that murder is very shocking. They never laugh at genuine humour; but, at some miserable commonplace, they will titter, and say, "Lud, how funny!" They go with "pa" once every season to each of the great theatres, and have been three times to Madame Vestris'; and they think Mr Harley very droll, and Mr Macready rather dull. They have been through the usual routine of a school-girl's education: they draw a little, sing a little, play a little, have learned French a little, have read the histories of Rome, Greece, and England a little, and know—nothing. Nothing is essentially the single characteristic of these young ladies, whose very presence is soporific, and whose life is one long yawn. Yet the mamma has actually the audacity to say to you, when these nonentities are out of hearing, "Ah! I hope the poor dear girls will be happy. Heigho! God bless them! I hope they will marry steady, respectable characters." MARRY! Why, the artist who made the chess-playing automaton would construct a better wife for a man at three weeks' notice. In a domestic circle such as this, I need not point out how enchantingly your time will be passed. Lucky fellow if you don't come out a monomaniac, or an incurable hypochondriac!

But, perhaps, you may get into "a lively family," where the master is a twinkling-eyed, chuckling old fellow, who adores a bottle of good port, tells you where the choicest is to be procured, and helps you to drink it; where the wife is "a dear good-natured soul," but who, nevertheless, wants to get off her daughters; and where the said daughters are dotingly fond of fun and romps, with parentheses of sentiment, watery eyes, Lord Byron, and new novels. They are a little blue; and, after much unaffected struggling and screaming, will permit you to read aloud to the company a sonnet to the moon, by the youngest of them, which has been left on the table, quite inadvertently of course, while the fair authoress sits blushing in a corner, and is very careful not to interrupt you while reading; but, when you have done, and the auditors have duly expressed their ecstasies, exclaims, poutingly, that it is quite a shame to expose her so. She believes your "speech is sooth," when you declare she ought to publish; and, two hours afterwards, you are confidentially informed by mamma that darling little Mary is really and truly the incognita "Sophonisba" of *The Penny Lady's Magazine*, who has caused such a commotion in the literary world—some people declaring that the Fair Great Unknown extinguishes Mrs Hemans and L. E. L. altogether. "And consider," continues the elderly lady, appealingly, "she is only seventeen." Of course, both young ladies are musical, and disturb the ghosts of Mozart and Weber by extracting certain sounds from the piano, which, if you look at the notes placed before them, you discover to be intended for the music in "Don Giovanni," or "Der Frieschutz."

Now, O ye bachelors, especially you of limited incomes, need I point out the various ills to which you will be heirs if you join such a family as this? Unthinking men, know ye not that such ladies like boating to Richmond, or a barouche for the day to Epping, and pic-nic in the Forest? (The three ladies and yourself just fill the inside, and the brother mounts the box. As for the old gentleman, he cannot leave business.) Do ye not surmise, rash individuals, that such ladies go to concerts, to masquerades, and plays, and have no objection to the Opera? And do ye not know that you will infallibly be expected to be their esquire in all these gay expeditions, and bear a very considerable portion of the very considerable expense attendant thereupon; or, failing so to do, you will have the eminent satisfaction of knowing that you are set down for a poor-spirited bore, and a very shabby fellow. Then you must, of

course, lend the ladies your books; which, equally of course, share the orthodox fate of all lent volumes—seven to one against the return of them at all; but, if they should find their way back, it will be with loosened bindings and *smudged* leaves.

And do ye not likewise consider, reckless man, that the little attentions politeness obliges you to offer to the young ladies, and which you endeavour to divide with perfect impartiality between the two, will be tortured into a particular devotion to one. After a while, the old lady begins to look grave, and exhibits expectations of proposals; and, as you, being perfectly guiltless of the design to make any, remain stupidly silent, she takes a favourable opportunity of requesting an "express avowal of your intentions towards Angelina." (She has kindly selected the eldest and most ungettable-off for you.) You stare in utter astonishment, stammer out your sorrow that such a misunderstanding should have—— You are not suffered to proceed, but are loaded with invectives; told that you are an unfeeling individual; that you have gained the affections of the sweetest, most confiding creature; that you are a perfect monster, and will be the death of Angelina, &c. &c. Finding how the land lies, you go to your room, pack up your worldly goods, walk out of the house, sleep at an inn, and send for your trunks next day. Very soon afterwards, you are waited upon by an attorney, who talks about actions, damages, breach of promise, &c. You know it is all a dead swindle; but, as you do not want to be shewn up by Serjeant Wilde in a public court, as a disgrace to manhood, a destroyer of domestic peace, a vampire of virgins, with the sundry other agreeable epithets of which gentlemen of the long robe have a vocabulary ready-cut and dried for cases of this description—in fact, as you want to keep quiet, and neither be sent to Coventry by your relations, nor disinherited by a furiously-rigid aunt, who you know will not hear reason, and couldn't comprehend it if she did—you compound the affair for the amount of a quarter's income, and judiciously subside into Wales, to live economically for the three months, and evaporate your mortification. In a week or two, you read in the *Morning Herald* an adververtisement, the precise copy of that which drew you into the snare. You groan in spirit, and, like a good Christian, wish you could put victims on their guard.

In avoiding the Scylla of lodging-houses, take care you tumble not into the Charybdis, more fatal still, of boarding-houses, where, if you be not fortified against the inroads of ennui, by a triple allowance of stupidity, and, if your habits have not been drilled into a monotonous uniformity of dulness, you will inevitably be fretted into a consumption within three months from the date of your entrance. Dismal dens! where yawning is the only excitement, three-penny long-whist the evening's amusement, and a vapid fourth-rate gentility the tone of manners—I hate ye, and may my malediction cleave to ye for ever! The hours observed at such places are unendurable, unless in first-rate establishments, of which, as I before said, I do not speak; but of those professing to be for "genteel people of small income." For example:—there is one dinner about two or three o'clock, another at five or six. You must per force submit to be fed at these times, or eschew aliment altogether. Then the cookery! I am not good-hater enough to wish my direst enemy doomed to undergo a course of the culinary slow poison of boarding-houses, in which frightful black pepper is termed high seasoning, and ponderous pie-crust dignified with the appellation of pastry. What a loss would be sustained by the world, were the great Louis Ustache Ude, by any extraordinary accident, to be brought within the precincts of a boarding-house *cuisine*, at a time when the diabolic incantations of the empirical hags, misnamed cooks, were in full work! Horror, at the desecration of his science, would infallibly throw that distinguished professor into convulsions, from which the chances of his recovery would be extremely slight; and, at the best, even if he escaped with life, it is certain that, in the fulness of his disgust, he would retire into seclusion, and never be persuaded to enunciate another direction or divulge another recipe. In a word, people in boarding-houses don't dine—they only eat victuals.

A country friend of mine, who had a tolerable income, came up, some time ago, to pass a few months in the great metropolis, and requested me, on his arrival, to accompany him in his search after a respectable boarding-house. I remonstrated, I warned, I advised him against the desperate resource; but he was deaf to my representations, and met all my arguments with this position:—"If I pay a fixed sum for board and lodging, I know my expense at once, and can calculate precisely what I may afford to spend in other ways." Well, it being useless to reason with a predetermined man, I resigned my friend to his martyrdom. The first house we entered was in——but I will not invidiously name the locality—where, to my intense amazement, my companion was satisfied with the aspect of the place, pleased with the people he saw, and closed with the terms at once. There is no accounting for tastes—you know the proverb. The mistress was a lady of immense height, who wore a huge edifice called a turban, garnished with ribbons of the reddest of all red hues, over a face of emulative colour; and, as to her size! I never saw it equalled: the eye could scarcely take in the stupendous circumference, nor the imagination conceive the possibility of a mass so vast being locomotive, except by steam. I afterwards heard that the proportions of this lady rendered her obnoxious to sundry inconveniences: omnibus cads turned a deaf ear to her hailings; no matter how drenching the rain, they looked fixedly another way; and her agonized shouting, and the frantic waving of the mainsail she called a pocket-handkerchief, had only the effect of causing the alarmed driver to increase his speed.

If she walked near a coach-stand, every horse upon it laid back his ears and eyed her askance; whilst the jarvies either slunk dismayed into the neighbouring public-house, or, mounting their boxes, drove off furiously from the threatened infliction; there was no need of the whip, for fear lent wings to the feet of the nags. If she descended the steps of a bridge towards the river—presto! a dozen watermen who, the instant before, had been bawling themselves hoarse for hire, disappeared as if by enchantment, and not a boat was to be had at any price. The captains of steam-vessels would only receive the lady on the strict condition that she should keep immovable, in the exact centre of the vessel, during the passage; and no underwriter would have insured a ship for a long voyage, knowing her to be a passenger, unless on the express agreement that, in the event of a storm rendering it necessary for the vessel to be lightened, she should be thrown overboard with the heavy weights. She once went to see the sights at St Paul's; but the authorities having charge of the safety of the cathedral, positively refused allowing her to ascend.

After my friend, who, I should tell you, was a profound connoisseur in wines, especially claret, had been located some weeks, he came to me, one morning, with an awfully-long phiz, and entered upon a recapitulation which proved to me he had at length awakened to a sense of the misery of his situation—then irremediable, as he had entered into an agreement for the whole term of his stay in London. One, and not the least of his complaints, was as follows:—Disliking the unsocial appearance of each man keeping by his side his own particular bottle, he had asked the hostess, and others of the company, to drink wine with him, conceiving that the reciprocation of the courtesy would render the matter about equal to all parties in the end, as to expense, while sociality would be increased, and the interchange of sentiment and kindly feeling facilitated by the mingling of the decanters. But my poor friend was miserably mistaken: the company were quite ready to imbibe his wine, and to offer theirs occasionally in return, but the quality of the latter was such as to render it impossible that it should pass the ordeal of a veteran palate. But the custom which he had so imprudently begun, my good-natured indecisive friend felt it difficult to break; for he was precisely the sort of man that cannot endure to do anything, however proper, that is marked. "Really," said he, "the matter is a little serious; for I am now obliged to draw two, and sometimes three bottles every day, before I can get my usual six or seven glasses, and, I do assure you, the lady of the house herself discusses no inconsiderable share."

My advice was very concise. "Get," said I, "a bottle or two of the sourest and cheapest caricature on claret that London affords—you won't have any difficulty—dispense it most liberally; forcing yourself to swallow a glass or two for the sake of appearance. The people will drink your health with a civil grin, on the first, and perhaps the second day; but they will eschew your bottle for the future. When you find the bait has taken, resume your old beverage, and you will have the chuckle all to yourself. They will laugh in their sleeves at the idea of your drinking vinegar for wine; but, *n'importe*, say you, let those laugh that win." The sufferer followed my counsel, and the scheme succeeded *a merveille;* but it was only a single evil removed from the many he endured. For instance, he had the misfortune to break the leg from a confounded rheumatic old chair, that might reasonably be supposed to have been purchased at the sale of Noah's effects, and had to pay somewhere about the price of a whole set for "damage."

Some of the tabbies who take in single gentlemen, exult in the characters of "good sort of women," which, you know, is a synonymous expression with "dead bores;" and, positively, if your beard be not as stiff as a blacking brush, or your visage as deeply lined as if fifty winters had skaited over it, they will sometimes have the audacity to evince a matronly interest in your welfare, and, if you happen to have any inclination towards playing at fives, pistol-shooting, romping with young ladies, racing, driving, steeple-chasing, cricket-matches, bachelors' suppers, *et hoc genus omne* of a good fellow's life, they will read you a homily about "bad goings on," and croak out an interminable story about some weasel-faced nephew, or son, or brother, who was carried off the hooks by a consumption, caused by his erratic propensities. Often, when this is the case, you may observe that the old one is proprietress of a scraggy daughter, waning past hope; and then the policy of the "matronly interest" is conspicuous enough to the dullest perception. Indeed, you may take it as a general rule throughout life, to be always suspicious of old ladies having virgin daughters, when they dose you with good advice, and offer to make gruel and flannel waistcoats for you when you are hoarse.

But enough of these "regions of sorrow, doleful shades." Suffer me to introduce you to a species of abode, deemed by many as peculiarly appropriated to gentlemen of the law, but offering advantages which I see no plausible reason against bachelors in general, availing themselves of. I mean chambers—yes, chambers. Ever while you live, my good fellow—if you have any regard for personal comfort, if you have any favourite hobby, which you would ride undisturbed—live in chambers. I cannot pretend to enumerate half the benefits to be derived by a residence in a tenement of this description, to individuals of almost every shade of character and habit; but some of them I cannot resist trying to lay before you. Let it, however, be kept in view, that I am addressing myself to bachelors solely, and to those bachelors particularly whom inclination or necessity obliges to dwell at a distance, or at least apart from their families, or who have no families to reside with. I have nothing to say to married men, nor to those

bachelors who are knit to the paternal hearth by the ties of domestic affection, whom a fond mother blesses, a venerable father leans upon in his decline, and smiling sisters welcome. In such a home you are happy. There lies the scene of part of your social duties; and few men, I apprehend, would voluntarily quit a spot endeared by domestic happiness, for the solitude of chambers. But, alas! all homes are not happy. There is also another genus of persons to whom my hints will not be of the slightest benefit—I mean those mother-bred and nurse-comforted, those physic-taking, slop-drinking, querulous, shivering, precise, valetudinarian codles, who cannot stir a step or live through a few hours without feminine offices. Therefore, gentle reader, if you are such an one, you may turn over these leaves, and pass on to the next article.

Choose your own locality, of course; but give me the Temples, with their fine associations, both modern and antique; the almost solemn stillness of their courts; the pleasant fountain; the broad terrace, where your brow, haply aching with study, or with vexation at ill-requited and uncongenial toil, is fanned by the refreshing water-breeze, sweeping across the neat, well-kept garden, and bringing with it a flowery incense that makes you forget, for the instant, that you are in the heart of populous, smoky London. By the way, that same garden is a very delightful lounge—*id est*, if you have the privilege of entrée at hours when the public is excluded.

The Temples form, in themselves, a complete little town; they have their especial privileges and immunities; and, as it is well known, are under the oligarchical government of certain wise and awful elderly gentlemen, who eat good things every day during term in their halls, and are called benchers. By the by, did you ever read Charles Lamb's reminiscences of the old benchers? If not, get the book and enjoy it; as you ought to do by everything he ever wrote. Talking of Charles Lamb, reminds me that he had chambers in Mitre Court, Inner Temple. From there were dated some of the emanations of his fine mind; and there he held those Wednesday night parties, so well known to many literary men, where congregated some of the choicest spirits of the age, to whose society it was, indeed, an exalted privilege to be admitted; amongst them, Godwin, Coleridge, Hazlitt, by whose deaths, alas! the world has been darkened.

The benchers are a body for whom I entertain a profound respect, on account of the admirable regulations by which all the regions under their jurisdiction are maintained in a state so conducive to the personal comfort of the inhabitants. Not the least excellent and important of the laws are those by which quiet is preserved sacred. No woman may clank across the pavements of the Temple in pattens: however flooded the pathways, however thin the slipper, however pretty and *petite* the foot, the grim-visaged Cerberus at the gate would relentlessly compel her to doff the iron appendages, ere he would grant the fair wearer ingress within the sacred portals. No "London cries," no ballad-singers, no cracked fiddles, no organs, no dustman's bells, no beggars, are permitted within the hallowed boundaries of the Temple. If an unfortunate Moses from Holywell Street were to raise but the faintest whisper of his designs upon cast-off toggery, the noble army of porters would, to a man, pounce upon the audacious culprit, and eject him summarily; and most fortunate might he deem himself if not pumped upon into the bargain. The almost perfect stillness of the Temples is delightful; yet you have but a few yards to go, and you are, as if by magic, in the heart of Fleet Street, close by St Dunstan's Church—where, alas! the interesting savages sojourn no longer—and in the midst of the din that so enraptured Johnson. The situation, too, is capital for its convenience—midway between the east and west ends of town, and between the northern suburbs and those disagreeable localities over the bridges.

But, wherever you fix your choice—whether your exchequer will afford a luxurious suite of rooms in Paper Buildings, or in the Albany, or you are forced to be contented to take a second floor in Clement's Inn—let your domicile be—chambers. There you are so completely independent—so entirely master of your actions—so untied to hours—so unshackled by family regulations, that you must be an exceedingly discontented animal indeed if you find anything to grumble at in your situation. You can commit all sorts of quiet enormities against conventional decorum—mind, I don't mean against morality, but mere conventionalisms. For instance, if you feel disposed to take a stroll in the soft moonlight, some time about 12 P.M., which all sensible people know is the luxurious time for walking in sultry weather, there is nobody to exclaim, in a tone of as much dismay as if you were going to perpetrate murder or suicide—"What! going out at this time of night! Well, I'm sure you must be mad." Or you can undress on a bitter winter's night by your study fire, run into the next room, and pop into bed in a pistol flash. In chambers you are free from those annoyances and practical jokes which the feminine members of a man's family often think it very witty to play off upon him. There is nobody to disturb your papers, derange your books, and put your room in uproar, under pretence of cleaning and dusting it. What a capital article that is of Franklin's about whitewashing! There is nobody to burn your snuff-box, hide your cigars, or plug up the tube of your meerschaum. You are the absolute, the despotic monarch of your own dominions.

Then you can be, if you choose, so completely secluded. Sport your oak—shut your thick, black, outward door—and it is a barrier far more impenetrable, and somewhat less expensive, than a brace of the most impudent footmen the west end could furnish. Safe from all unwelcome intrusion, you read, you write, you cogitate, or take

your *siesta*, until it shall suit the vein of your humour to signify you are "at home" by again throwing open your exterior portal, and giving your visiters access to the knocker of your inner one. And here let me throw out a hint which you may find useful. Get a small bell hung, with the handle cunningly concealed in some part of the framework of the door, where nobody would ever suspect its existence. With the secret of this, you can enlighten one or two very particular cronies, whom you might be inclined occasionally to admit at seasons when you would exclude the *'οι πολλοι* of your acquaintance. *Verb. sap.*

Are you poor? I don't mean miserably poor—because, then, you can't live anywhere—you can only hide your head in a hole; but moderately poor, genteelly poor, so that you find it expedient to have your boots soled, and a new collar to a three months' coat—to think before you incur bills, and look over the items before you pay them? If such be your predicament, chambers will be the description of residence precisely suited to your finances. There you have nobody to speculate impertinently on your ways and means, or sneer at your little economies. Friends and enemies are alike in happy ignorance, whether you dine upon mulligatawny and venison, or solace yourself with a mutton-chop and a glass of stout. I knew a very good fellow, not overburdened with the goods of this life, who used to keep a gridiron, saucepan, &c. in his chambers; and, when he did not feel disposed to dine at a public table, he bought his own prog, and prided himself not a little upon the dexterity with which he performed the office of cook. A man who lives in chambers is not expected to give parties—though there is nothing in the world to prevent him from having as many delightful choice symposiums of good fellows as may be consonant with his means and inclination.

Are you a misanthrope, a disappointed man, a professed grumbler, an uncomfortable sort of person, enamoured of nothing but self, solitude, and sulkiness, hating to be bored with company, except when it suits you to emerge from your den in search of somebody to snarl at, snarl with, or snarl to? Why, there is no idiosyncrasy in human nature to which a residence in chambers is better adapted. You will not find it by any means difficult to get hold of a suite with the front windows looking into a paved court, through which there is no thoroughfare, and the view at the back bounded by a brick wall rising within six feet. There is a lair in which you may shut yourself up, and growl away through day and night to your heart's content, read Rochefoucault, and indite savage articles *à la* Jeffrey, or satires *à la* Gifford.

In fact, with the exception of the codles before alluded to, it is difficult to imagine any genus of bachelor to which a residence in chambers doth not offer advantages. To an author, a hard-reading or scientific man, it would be almost impertinent to point out its peculiar fitness. Some, indeed, are nervous, and say they do not like to sleep locked up alone, for fear of an attack of illness, when they could neither get out to obtain assistance, nor anybody gain access to them except by breaking open the door. Pooh! stuff! But, if you really do live in perspiratory expectation of a nocturnal visit from cholera or apoplexy, you can easily have a bed put up in your waste room, where your scrub, or factotum, or the old woman who sweeps your rooms—anybody you employ to attend upon you—may sleep, and so be within call in case of any such unpleasant emergency.

I have done my duty—I have recommended you to the habitation in which I conscientiously believe you will enjoy the most comfort; and now, supposing you to be snugly located, lock the door of your chambers, put the key in your pocket, and let us pedestrianize about town, to see what is to be seen.

THE DAY STORM OF THUNDER.

THE black clouds hover:
Mass on mass, they crowd
Before the sullen wind;
Darkness spreads around;
A flash doth sever
That impending shroud,
And light gleams forth behind
The loud, long, thunder sound
Rolls o'er the world, with crash and dread rebound.

Now, where yon clouds are blending,
Like rolling mists descending,
The winds awake;
The rain in torrents poureth,
The frozen hail down show'reth,
The lightnings break;
The pine which waved to heaven,
Is smitten down and riven;
The firm earth shakes—
Whilst, darkening and bright'ning,
Now roaring, and now light'ning,
The thunder speaks.

What saith that shout of thunder,
In words of awe and wonder?
It saith, "I come!
From God's eternal throne,
Who doth the kingdoms own
Of earth and heaven ample,
I come, I come!
His chariots are unbound—
Ten thousand thousand trample
The starry dome
Of creation around.
The wind and rain,
The fire and snow,
Move in Jehovah's train,
And with his armies go."

BARDOLPH.

A LETTER FROM EBENEZER ELLIOTT TO MR TAIT, ON THE FOURTH ACT OF THE TRAGEDY.*

DEAR SIR,—The coalition of the two landed factions, their fierceness, insolence, and desperation, especially in the colonies, and the declaration of Lord John Russell, that landlord's law is to be law still—all plainly indicate, that the catastrophe or the drama of the food-tax, is rapidly approaching. They have dowered their wives, and fortuned their daughters, as if it could last for ever, without asking themselves how they are to live, even if they could succeed in destroying the trade of this country, and yet avoid being devoured by their victims. Do they expect that the Almighty will create a hundred Canadas, to be converted into beggar-posts for their sons and nephews, and where the authorities may rebel, that martial law may be proclaimed, for the benefit of palaced paupers? That is their affair. To get rid of their injustice is ours. We shall accomplish that object in the fifth act of the play; and the moment the masses open their eyes, that act will commence. Let us then make the best use we can of our eye-salve.

The average price of wheat at Sheffield, during the last twelve months, was 59s. 2d., and at Hamburgh, during the same period, 28s. 4d. per quarter; while that of beef at Sheffield was 7½d., and of shipping beef at Hamburgh, 2½d. per lb.† The corn-laws, then, offer to foreigners, for the destruction of our trade, a premium of sixpence in the shilling, in the price of our bread, and of eightpence in that of our beef. But, if we suppose that this premium for ruin is only sixpence in the shilling, and that the Quarterly Reviewers are correct in their estimate, that the annual value of the whole agricultural produce of Great Britain is equal to that of one million quarters of wheat, or about three hundred millions sterling, it follows that the direct yearly cost of these laws to the productive classes of this country, is one hundred and fifty millions! Yet our palaced paupers, the authors of those laws, (whom God dooms he infatuates!) have enacted another law, the new Poor-Bill, by which they deprive their most helpless victims, the honest paupers, of the privilege of out-door relief. These poor victims—who, if they were not robbed of half their earnings by one law, and, at the same time, deprived of employment, would need no relief at all—feel the horrible cruelty of this law, but perceive not its still more horrible inconsistency, or the food-tax would not exist another week. Some of the more energetic of them, however, the Hampdens of the loom, whom famine can kill, but not unsoul, are beginning to question the integrity or the wisdom of their oppressors or deluders. One of these down-trampled men, Edward Sunderland, stuff-weaver, of No. 38, Weaver's Square, Leeds, has addressed to two celebrated "Friends of the Poor," a letter, which ought to reach the souls of our cormorancy, even in their bellies. Here it is.

To J. Fielden, M.P., and R. Oastler, Steward at Fixby Hall.

SIRS,—It appears that we are to have the Assistant Commissioners at Leeds very soon, to inquire into the condition of the hand-loom weavers; and, as I am one, I intend to see them, if possible, and give them such information as I am possessed of. But, before I do so, I beg to ask two of our greatest friends a few questions, lest I should err, and thereby bring upon myself and country the greatest calamities. These two gentlemen seem to pay a marked attention to our circumstances, and seem very anxious for our welfare. I therefore can rely on them for prompt answers to the questions I ask, if you will only furnish me with the means to make my desires known. Then, to come to the point:—I am a hand-loom weaver, with a wife and three children; we are wanting some of the first necessaries of life, especially bread, and two persons are anxious to furnish me with the same: there is no difference in the article as to quality or quantity, but one wants *fifty-two shillings* for what the other will furnish me for *twenty-six shillings*. To buy of the former, it will take all the money I have

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* We have often thought that a *Bureau*, for the collection of public opinion, as indicated by popular movements of all kinds and degrees, as they may now be found recorded, with tolerable fairness, in the newspapers, from the *John o' Groat's Journal* to the *Falmouth Packet*, from the *Belfast* to the *Kerry* newspapers, would be a most useful department of government; so deplorably ignorant of the progress of opinion, are the men who conduct the public business, generally found, when a great crisis evolves. Such an institution, turned to profit, might have averted the horrors of the first revolution in France, and the necessity of the second. Next in importance to what may be gathered from the public press, we consider the opinions of those men who are entitled, by the force of their intellect, and their contemporary influence with the mass of the people, to lead or indicate the way in all onward movements. Such a man is EBENEZER ELLIOTT. Cordially agreeing with him in reprobation of the Corn-Laws, and, generally, in all his ultimate views, if not always in his immediate policy, we differ from him in much that is advanced in this letter. The greater wrong of the landed aristocratic combination, can never excuse the lesser mischief which Mr O'Connell has been manfully combating, as much, we think, for the sake of the deluded instigators themselves, as for the peace and the security of society. One of Mr O'Connell's conclusions, every Reformer must adopt to the utmost extent. How true is it that had one-half, yea, one-tenth of the talent, the pains, the money, and the time, consumed in pernicious and senseless combinations, conducted upon a false and most despotic principle, been devoted to the more legitimate and tangible object of associations—to procuring that good government which comprehends the true interests of all classes, of the workman as well as the master, the consumer and the producer alike—the result might already have been very different. When will the masses learn the essential, though simple lesson, of beginning at the beginning, by forcing a full, free, and equal representation of the people; and planting that important step securely, before they attempt to make a second?—*E. T. M.*

† Shipping beef at Hamburgh is untaxed; but the meat which is consumed in the town itself, I am told, pays a tax to the municipality, of about a halfpenny a-pound, which raises the price to threepence.

for that article, and for the other necessaries of life we may need. If I buy of the other, he has no objection to take the produce of our looms in exchange for the article, and let me have it too at one half the price the other gentleman asks for the same. Now, if I buy of the latter, I shall have half of my money to furnish other comforts or necessaries for my family. I could send my children to school, or, if need be, I could assist my aged parents, and prevent them becoming a burden to the parish in their old age. But, if I buy of the latter, there will meet me in my road home a person to demand what I have got. If I tell him it is a quarter of wheat that I have bought for the use of my family, and that I consider I have a right to buy where I can buy cheapest—"You are mistaken," he will say, "and, by the authority of the *Corn Law*, I demand of you *thirty-four shillings and eightpence* for leave to eat that quarter of wheat before I let it pass!!!" Now, the question I ask Mr Oastler of Fixby, is—"Shall I ask for a *Ten Hours' Bill*, or a *Repeal of the Corn Laws?*" My present conviction is, I shall ask for the latter.

The other great friend of the hand-loom weavers is Mr Fielden, M.P., a great power-loom proprietor. He is very desirous to get a bill passed to relieve the hand-loom weavers, by fixing a minimum of wages, below which no master shall go. This might do, if he could insure the hand-loom weavers plenty of work. The wages we receive for weaving stuff goods at Leeds is about twenty per cent on the value of the piece; but they are woven by power-looms for half that price, or about ten per cent. on the value of the goods. Now, Mr Fielden, you know that there are 120,000 power-looms in this kingdom; and that labour, like water, will find its own level; that it will go where it can be done the cheapest; that any law you can get for fixing a minimum for wages would only accelerate its passage from the hand-loom to the power-loom; and that you, the power-loom proprietors, would get all the work, and the hand-loom weavers would starve. Now, I shall tell those Commissioners of Inquiry, that, if they wish to give effectual relief to the hand-loom weavers, they must repeal the corn laws

This is the evidence I shall give, unless you, *my greatest friends in or out of Parliament*, shall convince me by your answers that I am in error. The question I ask is, Shall I state these things to the Commissioners, or shall I not?

Gentlemen, your prompt answers to these questions will oblige my neighbours, who are anxious to see them, and very much oblige your most humble servant,

EDWARD SUNDERLAND.

Stuff Weaver, 38, Weaver's Square, Bank, Leeds.

—*Leeds Mercury.*

It is something to have lived to read a letter like this, written by a hand-loom weaver. But, alas! it will never reach one in a thousand of the writer's fellow-sufferers. They cannot buy newspapers; and, if they could, cannot read them. Will Mr Bell, or any other advocate of the food-tax and its victims, reprint this poor man's letter, which, full of argument based on eternal principles, is therefore unanswerable? I fear he will not. Will the editor of *The Manchester and Salford Advertiser* give it currency? Will O'Connor announce it to the workmen of Leeds as a good omen? I hope he will. Will the landowners bid Mr Oastler read it to their victims, the plundered poor of Huddersfield? No, no. Will O'Connell send it as an angel of salvation, on wings of living thunder, from one extremity of the nation to another? No, no, no. Our "man of men" is far otherwise employed. What is he doing? Ask the *Dublin Evening Post*. He is straining at gnats, after swallowing a camel; upholding the authors of mischief, and denouncing the effects of which they are the causes;—yes, he is exhibiting himself to the Dublin Trades' Union, in the awful character of blindness contending with the blind! But *his* ignorance is inexcusable, while that of his auditors is the deplorable crime of their oppressors. He is wasting time and temper. Come what may of the contest, it will be useless; for while the Corn Laws and our present bad monetary system exist, combinations are defensible if they benefit the combinators, and inevitable whether they do so or not—as I will now shew.

About three years ago, those Tories called Whigs, whom O'Connell delights to honour—our baby ministers of giant mischief—gave to the Bank of England a new monopoly of the measure of value! Government owed to that corporation about fifteen million; and, as they could wring from white slaves here twenty millions, and give that sum to the owners of black slaves in the West Indies, under pretence of liberating the slaves, but really to place them in worse thraldom—it is plain that they could have paid the debt if they would. But they chose to be bullied by their creditors, who dictated to them the terms of the new charter. It is remarkable that, after almost ruining the nation in 1825, the bank did little further mischief until it had obtained its new charter; that is to say, while it was on its good behaviour, it could conduct itself well during eight years. But, having obtained a new monopoly of the measure of value—the most profligate concession, in all the circumstances, ever made by any administration—what followed? The nation was forthwith deluged with paper money, which—and the payment of the twenty millions to the slave-owners in the West Indies—caused a great and sudden demand for goods. Workmen, then, universally struck for an advance of wages, and partially obtained it; but, scarcely had they done so, when the prices of all the necessaries consumed by them rose in the same proportion. In about thirty months the demand for goods suddenly and almost totally ceased, as every thoughtful man knew it would; and then, those manufacturers who still continued to employ any of their workmen, gave them half work, at great risk and loss to themselves. Now, I ask O'Connell, whether the men who have been starving twelve months because our bad monetary system had destroyed the demand for their labour, were not justified in combining for an advance of wages two years before, when the same bad system had caused an unnatural demand for that labour? I wait not for his answer, but proceed to tell him that, in striking for an advance of wages, they obeyed a law of nature, eternal as that which wheels the planets in their courses. When six pounds of butter are in the market, and twelve are wanted there, the lady of the basket strikes for an advanced price, and obtains it. Why? Because time is an essential ingredient in the production of butter and oak trees. Yet, O'Connell talks of putting combinations down! He will soon have an opportunity of trying. There are more grand strikes, and grand crashes, in

the term of the renewed Bank charter; and we are now within six months of another run of prosperity, which will terminate in another sudden and dead stand! But does he think, because he is virtuous, that, during the run, there shall be no cakes and ale?

These opinions are no new madness of mine. I addressed them, during our file-strike, more than two years ago, to the master manufacturers; and, previously, to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute, in the presence of one of O'Connell's Whig favourites, John Parker, M.P. But, if those Tories whom O'Connell calls Whigs, are worthy of his support, why did they renew the Charter of the Bank of England?—why do they support the Corn Laws?—why have they declared that our landed paupers are still to reign paramount?—why, in short, have they defeated the intention of the Reform Bill? If I had not believed that it was intended to establish perfect freedom of trade in money, food, and all things, I would not, to obtain it, have crossed the threshold of my door. And, if O'Connell really is the wisest man in that assembly of barbarians who legislate for the greatest commercial nation on earth, in the name of mercy, honesty, and common sense, let us seek for legislators among the yet surviving Cherokees or Iroquois.

In the disputations of O'Connell with the trades-unionists of Dublin, I am sorry to say, I can find none of the wisdom of Edward Sunderland. But discussion teaches; and this is certain, that one, at least, of the disputants has something to learn. In the presumptuous hope, then, that he may condescend to learn even from a political economist, I beg leave to quote from *The Dublin Evening Post* a few of his wise sayings:—

"Though the operatives are willing to work," says he, "there is not nearly so much employment in Ireland as there should be." Why is there not? O'Connell, I fear, knows too well that the corn-laws increase the competition for land in Ireland as well as in England, and that, if these laws were repealed, there would be more landlords competing for tenants than tenants for farms. He knows, too, I doubt not, that the more the landlords gain under the corn-laws, the more the public lose; and, as Ireland is brought down to the lowest food that will support life—and as, whenever that is the case, neither life nor property can be safe—he need not wonder, I think, that capitalists are in no haste to seek employment for their capital in that country.

"If we are to have poor-laws for Ireland," he says, "let the rates be paid out of rent." Yes, no man knows better than O'Connell that propositions to tax rent may be safely made in the House of Commons; but he does not seem to know that, while the corn-laws exist, an effectual law to tax the rent of *land* is an impossibility.

"You may work or not work, just as you please," said he to the unionists; who had not the sense to reply—"Yes, indeed, we may, if under our corn-laws and bad monetary system, we can get any work."

"Labour," says he, "is property." Yet he blames men who are robbed, by one law, of half that property, for trying to defend it, which, I contend, they have a perfect right to do, in the circumstances, by any means which are consistent with their personal safety—"for the labour of the poor is his life." But, like O'Connell himself, they quarrel with the effect, instead of removing the cause. The interest of what they have spent in trades' unions would have won the ballot and universal suffrage, and quelled for ever the monopolists, of whom they are at once victims and imitators. But, when the example of combination is set by the rich, are the poor to be hanged if they follow it? Is O'Connell aware that all strikes, in their origin, have been defensive? Such was the strike of the Roman workmen—*alias*, slaves—under Spartacus; and such was the first English strike, that of the free-masons, hundreds of years ago. The strikes now complained of have, at least, prevented the wages of mechanics from being brought down, at once, to potatoes; and, by so doing, have given a respite to the aristocracy, who may be assured that potato-wages and potato-profits cannot pay for bayonets, and that the competition of Irish victims with English labourers is intense enough without adding the mechanics of Dublin to their number. Does not O'Connell know that the food of this country is restricted by act of Parliament, while its population is constantly increasing? Cannot he count ten on his fingers? Is he aware that wages are ultimately measured by profits? and that capital will not stay here for potatoes, if elsewhere it can get plum-pudding?

"I know a gentleman," says he, "who is about to give up business, because he will not submit to the dictation of his workmen." But he does not seem to know that, if the corn-laws continue, all the productive capital of the nation will depart to other shores; and that it would long since have departed, had not its departure been prevented or retarded by the folly of the continental governments, who, instead of offering it a safe asylum, imitate our restrictive system, imagining that we have thriven by it, whereas we have thriven in spite of it. Under the corn-laws, then, our continued existence, as a commercial state, is an accident!

The great danger of combinations here is this—that they precipitate our improvements in machinery; which improvements, made by us at immense cost, our rivals will get for nothing, when the governments of Germany and France, opening their eyes to the light of common sense, make trade free. Our opponents will then have nothing to do but to copy perfection. All British capital, not previously destroyed by our monopolists, will go abroad; the people will devour each other, as some of them are already doing; and, if the remnant of them return to prosperity, they must do so by seizing the land for themselves, or by fighting up from the lowest food that will support life. But, with freedom of trade, the reverse of danger would result from improvements in our machinery.

"Will your priests," says O'Connell to the unionists, "administer the sacrament to those who interfere with the rights of another man's child?" He forgets that the Corn-Laws interfere with the rights of every man's child. The Corn-Laws alone prevent masters from taking apprentices; and, if continued, will destroy both masters and workmen, and the landowners themselves. Why, then, does this "greatest of criminal lawyers" strain at effects, and swallow the causes of them? "In a free country," says he, "you cannot dictate to any man what he shall do with his own." But in what country does he say this?

"Your combinations," says he, to the unionists, "are already stained with blood. Three murders have been committed in the streets of Dublin in open day, and only one of them has been *avenged* by the law." *Avenged!* barbarian! and by the law? The law is the murderer, for the bread-tax is law. Man! man! art thou a man? "There are now," says he, "five or six men confined in Edinburgh, for a murder at Paisley." Avenge that murder, then, by committing five or six legal murders, if it must be so; but, when the Corn-Laws shall have covered the nation with murders from sea to sea, who will avenge *them?* Conscientious jurymen already feel unwilling to visit on the victims of the food-tax the vengeance of its authors. That tax may, and I believe will, dissolve the social compact; but "vengeance is mine!" saith the Lord.

"If every day adds to the dominion and dictation of the workmen," why does not O'Connell denounce the cause of that dictation, the Corn-Laws? If, with our present legislation, the leisure necessary for the education of the people is impossible; if, without national education, anarchy and ruin are certain; and if "combinations benefit the combinators only for a time, but in the end injure them"—why does he not, as a friend to the landowners, haste to destroy *their* combination, the source and example of almost all others now existing, and itself the most cruel, horrible, and cold-blooded on record? Is he, too, deluding both workmen and masters, and laughing at both? Is he one of the Tory-Radicals? No; he is a good man, and ought to be a great one. But his ignorance is astounding!—and therefore, his opinions on Trades Unions, Poor-Laws, or Corn-Laws, are (in themselves, and apart from his position) of very little importance. But not so are those of Edward Sunderland, hand-loom weaver. Founded on eternal principles, they are irrefutable. He is an individual of plundered millions, instructing those millions; and, when they think as he thinks, the plunderers will be made to live on their own.* If justice is not a mockery, an empty name, the landowners, by their Corn-Laws, have struck a blow at the foundations of property. It is possible that they may yet be made to pay a duty on home-grown corn, to those who have so long been forced, for *their* benefit, to pay double prices for bread. And, when these landowners shall have to come into court as plaintiffs, and request O'Connell to say, as a lawyer, if they will not come into it *without a case*, can there be any doubt what his answer must be?

In conclusion, I wish him joy of the junction of his pretended friends with his sworn foes, and beg leave to assure him that the two united factions will very soon repudiate and discharge from office his true friends, Mulgrave and Morpeth, as much too honest for their places.—I am, dear Tait, yours very truly,

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SHEFFIELD, 14*th January* 1838.

* Sunderland should propose, instead of a tax on power-looms, maintenance till the hand-loom weavers have learned a new trade, and till one has been provided for them.

PAST HOURS.

"YOUNG thoughts have music in them, love,
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.

And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of flowers."

Canst thou remember those early hours
When "life and hope" were young,
And every dream of our beating hearts
A radiance round them flung?—

When we wreathed wild flowers like coronets,
To fling them on the stream,
And little reck'd of the passing hours,
Or the bliss of that early dream?

We dream'd not then of each future year;
For that fairy world of ours
Was bright as the passing sunny gleam
That awakens the young spring flowers.

Oh, little we knew of sorrow then,
Or the hopes of distant years!
The future, to *us*, was an unknown path,
Too soon to be traced in tears.

We parted, to meet in other scenes,
When youth's sweet hopes had fled.
Oh, many a heart which loved us *then*,
Is slumbering with the dead.

And yet how these visions will haunt me still
With these dreams of my childhood's days—
Of my early home, its deserted hearth,
And each tone of love and praise!

Oh, faintly the future has shadowed forth
The dreams which then filled my heart—
Those bodiless visions of future fame
Which were then of my being a part.

Ah, youth and hope, how ye vainly trust
In the dimness of future years!
It is vanity all—this passing earth,
With its dreams, its hopes, its fears.

L. C. P.

HANNAH LAWRANCE'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

So much were we interested and gratified by the perusal of this picturesque and manners-painting volume, when it appeared some three months back, that we placed it honourably among a few other good works, reserved until we should have an opportunity of introducing them to our readers with the attention we considered due to their merits. But life is short, and this year, at least, the publishing season is long ; and we must redeem time, by attempting to give prompt if not adequate notice of the existence of literary excellence of no vulgar kind, to which we have not the means of rendering the more ample measure of justice which we had meditated. Hannah Lawrance, spinster or matron we cannot tell, has chosen a walk not common to literary ladies. Those historical memoirs, and biographies of historical persons, which we have been accustomed to receive from female pens, are generally compilations from sources neither recondite nor difficult of access. She has gone to the fountain-head, and dug deeper in the tumulus of antiquity, than many accredited excavators of the other sex. As a black-letter student, a porer over musty records, and a British-Museum haunter, she equals, if she does not, with her woman's patience and industry, surpass, in diligence and pains of research into small obscurities, the most indefatigable of our historical antiquaries. What she has been able to rescue from oblivion, regarding the wives and mothers of the Plantagenets, is, however, of less value than that variety of rich and curious information, gained in searching through those MSS., and rare and voluminous works, from which she has selected with equal taste and judgment. The authoress has thus contrived to give interest to a work which, more than any we have lately read, illustrates the domestic manners of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while it faithfully traces the progress of the arts, the literature, the commerce, and civilization of the kingdom. To early literature in particular, which was liberally patronized by several of the early English Queens, great attention has been paid ; and, after the labours of Warton, Ellis, and others, we still owe a debt of gratitude to this new, tasteful, and careful gleaner, in the same wide field. An introductory chapter takes a rapid and able retrospect of the period of the Conquest, of the reign of William the Conqueror, and the Red King. The authoress is an enthusiastic admirer of William, for whom she makes out a good case ; and she considers the Norman invasion, as the greatest blessing of England—a subject quite open to debate. We know what is, but not what might have been. The memoirs open properly with the Life of the "Good Queen Maude," the *Saxon Princess* espoused by Henry Beauclerk, mainly as an act of grace and conciliation to his Saxon subjects, who were still restive under the Norman yoke. Maude was the daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and of that Queen Margaret—Queen and Saint !—whose memory is still fragrant in Scotland. The work before us is devoted to English Queens. May we not be allowed to advert very briefly to the most illustrious of our Scottish Queens, if virtue, and talent, and usefulness, of which the effects are still discernible, are the qualities which give the greatest lustre to thrones ? The memory of the mother of "Good Queen Maude," is cherished to this day in the locality which she blessed and adorned. From her were named the Queen's Ferry, and Margaret's Hope, a sheltered bay well known to distressed seamen, driven up the Frith of Forth. A stone by the wayside, about two miles from the shore, which is dinted with something resembling a gigantic foot-step, is still pointed out as "Queen Margaret's Stone," and from it the adjoining farm takes its name. The tide, more courteous to the gentle Margaret than to the royal Canute, upon her arrival in Scotland, flowed on, bearing along her barge, until she stepped ashore, two miles above high-water mark, on her way to Dunfermline, and upon the remarkable stone. Her ashes were secretly conveyed abroad by some Catholic devotees, long after the Reformation. We recollect of an old gentleman, an inhabitant of Dunfermline, probably touched with Papistical, and certainly imbued with Jacobite prejudices, pointing out the broad slab which had covered her grave, and to which the tradition attached was, that, when lifted from the earth, it had accidentally fallen, and cracked into the form of the irregular Cross which the transverse fracture certainly resembled. A principal street in Dunfermline, is still called the *Maygate*, or *Maiden's* Street or Walk, from the processions of those young girls who were the objects of Queen Margaret's peculiar care—her instruments in spreading civilization throughout the barbarous dominions of her husband. We have been led to say so much from casually turning to Mercer's Poems, mentioned at the end of the Magazine, in which there are some appropriate lines to this truly princely woman. Since we have digressed so far, we may as well allow the "Saxon Chronicle," hoary with the moss of centuries, to prelude the modern verses. "This summer, the child Edgar [Edgar, the Saxon Prince, usually named the Noble Childe] departed with his mother Agatha and his two sisters, Margaret and Christina, for Scotland, and many good men with them, and came to Scotland, under the protection of Malcolm, who entertained them all. Then began Malcolm to yearn after the Child's sister, Margaret, to wife ; but he and all his men long refused, and she also herself was averse, and said, she would neither have him, nor any one else, if the Supreme Power would grant that she in her maidenhood might please the mighty

* London : Moxon.

Lord in pure continence. The king, however, earnestly urged her brother, till he answered 'Yea.' And, indeed, he durst not otherwise, for they were come into his kingdom. So that then it was fulfilled what God had long foreshewn; and else it could not be, as he himself saith in his Gospel, 'Not even a sparrow on the ground may fall without his foreshowing.' The prescient Creator wist long before what he of her would have done, for that she should increase the glory of God in this land, lead the king aright from the path of error, bend him and his people to a better way, and suppress the bad customs which the nation formerly followed, all of which she afterwards did." Though Margaret was only a Scottish Queen, the authoress has ventured to overstep her bounds to celebrate the virtues of the mother of Maude. Great and important benefits did the Saxon Princess confer alike on her husband and her kingdom. "She afforded a secure asylum to those of her countrymen who fled the rigour of the Norman yoke; she welcomed with magnificent presents learned men from all parts of the Continent; she introduced the Saxon tongue into her dominions, and, both by precept and example, promoted the spread of religion; nor did she consider the civilization of the people as below her care, for she encouraged a taste for pomp and splendour; patronised the importation of gold and silver plate, of rich precious foreign stuffs; increased the number of the king's personal attendants, and adopted an unusual magnificence of apparel. With affectionate admiration, did the rude warrior king behold the splendour and refinements which the taste and intelligence of his beloved Margaret had placed around him; and, fascinated by her many talents—talents which, in the eyes of the unlettered monarch seemed little short of angelic—he unquestioningly listened to her counsels, and devoutly imitated her religious duties. Her confessor relates with what devotion he used to kiss her prayer-books and missal, and how gorgeously he had them bound, although to him sealed volumes—for the far-feared Malcolm Canmore was unable to read a syllable. When the Queen undertook to correct some alleged abuses in the Church, Malcolm stood interpreter between her and such of the clergy as did not understand English, which he loved, because it was the native tongue of Margaret. After Malcolm and his eldest son were killed together at the siege of Alnwick, his deeply-attached wife, disgusted with life, earnestly entreated of God to die—a boon soon conceded." And now, eight hundred years after her decease, the poet of Dunfermline thus embalms her memory and celebrates her virtues:—

"In arts accomplished, pious, mild, serene,
A graceful woman and a gracious queen,
Placed 'mongst a people rude, as sometimes grows,'
'Mid bristly thistles, on the wild a rose;
She deemed it unbecoming to despise,
But gave her mind to teach and civilize.
. . . . . .
The fragrance of her memory so blest,
Hath breathed on future ages; and will last
So long as men in veneration hold
The brightest virtues—gifts of rarest mould."

But this digression to the earthly immortality of virtue, is culpable desertion of our duty to the attractive work before us, in which learning and antiquity are seen attired by the Graces.

The marriage of Beauclerk, like many other royal marriages, was one of policy. The Saxon princess, "the good Queen Maude," never possessed the affections of her Norman lord: but she was treated with respect and royal munificence, and amply supplied with the means of gratifying her taste in patronising minstrels and bards, and in endowing religious establishments.

The second queen of Beauclerk, the young and beautiful *Adelais of Louvain*, whom he married after his children and nephews had perished in the disastrous wreck of the "white ship," forms the subject of the second memoir. Adelais was even more distinguished for her munificent patronage of scholars and minstrels than "Good Queen Maude"—tastes which her indulgent husband, "the Scholar-King," approved and encouraged. Among the other royal ladies celebrated, are Maude of Boulogne, the partner of Stephen; Maude the Empress of Germany, the daughter of "Good Queen Maude," and afterwards the wife of the first Plantagenet; the illustrious Elinor of Aquitaine; Elinor of Provence, the wife of Henry III.; and others. The authoress proposes to continue these memoirs down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, if her first volume receive the approbation of the public. Of that we should hope its intrinsic merits give assurance—although the auspicious period of the commencement of a female reign, promising to be long and happy, did not present the most favourable opportunity for the appearance of such a work. Nearly every page of the volume presents entertaining extracts; the picture of London, as it was when "the Good Queen Maude" entered the capital, to proceed to Westminster, where her marriage united the Saxon and Norman dynasties, possesses, to modern readers, the interest of contrast.

Little of splendid pageantry met the eye of Maude, as she took her way through London to the sumptuous palace of Westminster. No gilded conduits pouring streams of wine; no tapestry-decked streets; no city-watch with its glittering armour; no city companies, with their quaint but costly pageants; no Lord Mayor, in his robe of scarlet, welcomed her who came to bind Norman and Saxon together in bonds of firm and enduring brotherhood. Those gorgeous observances, and those picturesque processions, which duly graced the entrance of subsequent queens into the capital of their kingdom, were as yet unknown; for chivalry had but just received a name and a law; and romance, the mother and nurse of every splendid pageant, had scarcely awakened to life; nor had commerce, as yet, poured into the quays of London that profusion of wealth that, ere long, rendered her merchants the rivals of nobles and of princes.

Nor did London herself present much to attract or delight the eye. The conventual establishments were few, the churches scanty, as compared with later times; nor did the tall spire, the traceried window, or the richly-carved door-way, contrast, in picturesque variety, with the rude low houses around. The materials of the churches were mean and perishable: timber, or rubble, formed the walls; glass windows were but scantily seen;

and but one parochial church boasted the unusual splendour of *stone arches*. This was in St Mary's in West Cheap, called, from that circumstance, "de arcubus," a name retained to the present day, in its Norman designation, "Le Bow." The metropolitan cathedral—that venerable structure, which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, stood proudly the most splendid cathedral in the land, without tower or spire, built principally of timber, and yet bearing marks of that fatal and very extensive fire, which in 1082 almost levelled it with the ground—rose, unwalled, in the midst of a desolate area, looking mournfully on the ruined remains of the palace of her Saxon kings, which occupied the site beyond its southward boundary.

Little is known of the architecture of the private dwellings, but they were probably low-built, thatched, and with windows of wicker-work. The Thames was then spanned but by one frail wooden bridge. The streets were straggling and unpaved; and for the forest of masts now seen on the river—

Beside the Tower, at the Vintry, and at Edred's-hithe, a few small vessels might be anchored; and from time to time some tall Norman galley, or some light osier-bound shallop, might glide by; but the broad and spacious quays, with the palace-dwellings of their merchants, the stirring life, the busy crowds, the sounds of never-ceasing activity, as yet were not. At either end of the city, and close to the water's edge, arose those equally impregnable fortresses, the Tower and Castle Baynard; on the other side of the river, the rude collection of huts marked the site of that general receptacle of thieves and outlaws, the Borough; close beside them rose the house of nuns and lowly church, dedicated to the Virgin, by the grateful maiden of the ferry, Marie; and, far beyond, rising conspicuous from among the green marshes, were the towers of the palace of Lambeth.

But a fairer spectacle would meet the eye of the Saxon princess, as she proceeded along the rude and irregular road which led to the palace of Westminster. There the hand of improvement had lavished countless cost, both on church and hall; and the numerous buildings—"framed," as the admiring chronicler relates, "with courses of stone, so correctly laid, that the joint deceives the eye, and leads it to imagine it is all one block,"*—undimmed with age, and uninjured by long exposure to the weather, must have, indeed, appeared dwellings worthy the ruler of all England and Normandy.

The most flourishing towns of that period were Winchester, Reading, Northampton, Lincoln, Boston, Stamford, Grindley, and Huntingdon, all now dwindled into third-rate places.

Guilds, for purposes of trade, were by this time established, and improvement must have been rapid. The history of the common people, however, remains, as in the early annals of all countries, in great obscurity. By the time of Henry Plantagenet and his Queen, Elinor of Aquitaine, London had greatly increased and prospered. It was surrounded by a wall, pierced by seven gates, and defended at either end by a strong castle—the Tower, namely, and Castle Baynard—and on the north side by turrets.

Withinside, the several tradesmen resided in the streets appropriated to their respective callings, a plan which continued many centuries after. Three principal schools, St Paul's cathedral school, the convent school of St Martin's le Grand, and that of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate, besides others held "upon good-will and sufferance," were devoted to the instruction of its youthful inhabitants; while thirteen great conventual churches, and *one hundred and twenty-six* parochial, supplied religious services to the citizens, and the dwellers in the suburbs. From the same account [Fitzstephen's] we learn, that the suburbs were, even at this early day, very populous, especially toward the west. "On the west," says he, "is the king's palace—an incomparable building, having a wall before it, and bulwarks. It is two miles from the city, and continued with a suburb full of people." "On the north side are fields for pasture, and open meadows, very pleasant, among which river-waters flow, and turn the wheels of the mills. Very near lies a large forest, in the coverts of which lurk bucks, does, wild boars, and bulls." Nearer the city, he tells us, there are "three fountains, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth from among the glittering stones," (the worthy monk's style is tolerably ornate;) "these are Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St Clements well, where the youth of the city take the air on summer evenings." . . . . London, even at this early day, seems well to have deserved her long appropriated title of "*pays de cocaigne*;" since from the same authority we learn, that good eating and drinking abounded in this favoured city; and that, for the accommodation of those who had not means or opportunity of cooking various delicacies at home, a range of shops extended by the river side, where every kind of food, dressed in the most approved style, might be obtained. At these, he tells us, "you may call for fish, small or great, ordinary flesh for the poorer sorts, and more dainty, such as venison and fowl, for others;" and he enlarges, in a very housekeeperlike way, on the great convenience of these shops; for "if a citizen have friends come in, let the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomachs, and, in the meantime, run to the water side," where they would find everything necessary to furnish a complete and even sumptuous entertainment.

The authoress has taken pains to rescue the memory of Elinor of Aquitaine from the stigma affixed to it by tradition and popular poetry. Her summing up of the character of this illustrious and unfortunate woman, may be taken as a fair specimen of the historical style of the work.

Few illustrious women have been more unfortunate in their after-fame, than this fair heiress of Aquitaine, who successively wore the crown of France and of England, and who numbered among her progeny, three crowned kings of England, and two consorts of continental monarchs. Yet her beauty, her unquestioned talents, and her misfortunes, have all been forgotten; and she is handed down by popular tradition, only as the vindictive fury who tracked to her closely-concealed retreat that beautiful rival to whom she proffered the murderous alternative of the poison cup or dagger. This idle story is now rejected by all who have any claim to historical knowledge; still the three other apparently better founded charges, remain to cast a dark shadow on the memory of Elinor. The first—that of her improper conduct in the Holy Land—has been proved, in the foregoing pages, to rest upon the most apocryphal authority, and, consequently, to be unworthy of credit. The second—her inciting her sons to rebellion against their father—must be viewed in connexion with all the preceding circumstances; and then, harsh will be the verdict that condemns the injured and insulted wife, for quitting a husband from whom she had received injuries instead of protection; or a mother for taking part with her sons, against the tyranny and injustice of their father. If it be true that Elinor of Aquitaine neither possessed the uncomplaining meekness of the first Maude, nor the strong conjugal attachment of the second; still, be it remembered, that Beauclerc paid every respect to his excellent, though unloved queen; while Stephen's strong attachment to Maude of Boulogne, is evident in every page of their history. But Plantagenet repaid Elinor's unbounded confidence, that yielded up without stipulation her princely dower, with neglect and infidelity; and, ere age had impressed a wrinkle on her brow, the fair daughter of Aquitaine learned the bitter truth, that her wealth alone had won him. What right had the haughty, and over-

* Malmsbury.

bearing, and selfish Plantagenet, to expect domestic happiness? In the third charge—that of supporting the claims of her son King John, against those of her grandson Arthur—we must remember that, in so doing, she believed herself fulfilling the last wish of her beloved son Richard. That she took any active part, no chronicle informs us; and that, if besieged by a grandson, she should send to her son for aid, is certainly only natural. With the subsequent fate of Arthur, she could have no concern, since she retired to Fontevraud. In viewing the character of Elinor, it would be unjust, as unphilosophical, to overlook the many difficulties and irritating circumstances by which she was surrounded. The absence of temptation often affords a claim to high moral worth; and freedom from causes of irritation, as frequently gives a title to forbearance and self-denial. . .

As the patroness of literature, the name of Elinor of Aquitaine deserves a high station; in her court, the poets of the langue d'oc, and of the langue d'oil, sang in friendly rivalship together; and, beneath the sunshine of her smile, chivalric romance burst forth. Nor should the philosopher refuse his praise to that important act of her English regency, which, reversing the sanguinary provisions of the Forest-laws, summoned every outlaw, from the Trent to the Severn, to repossess his forfeited rights, on the easy terms of taking the oath of allegiance to the new king.

One beautiful chapter is entitled, "The Poet-Fathers of England," in which the authoress has given metrical specimens of translations from the "Voyage of St Brandan," which shew both learning and accomplishment. The poem, of which only one copy (in the Cotton Library) is supposed to exist, is of rare invention, and possesses an elegance of imagination, for which the reader must be unprepared, in an age so rude. The author is supposed to be an Englishman and an ecclesiastic; but his name is unknown to fame. "The Voyage of St Brandan" is made to the terrestrial Paradise. A metrical history of the kings of England, by a *trouvère*, named Geoffroi Gaimar, is another of the ancient poems with which we are for the first time made acquainted. One of the most remarkable of those early metrical pieces, bears the title of "*Le Sermun du Guichart de Beaulieu.*" It is considered to be the production of some zealous way-side preacher. Our authoress says, in a note—

This phrase may appear strange to some readers, who are not aware how extensively the practice of itinerant preaching prevailed during the middle ages. Indeed, by a singular but most beneficial anomaly, the Latin church, whilst she insisted on the consecration of every place where the *service* was to be performed, allowed her preachers to go forth as unfettered in their great work as the Puritan; and thus, in the market-place, on the seashore, or by the wayside, hundreds of earnest and warm-hearted men preached, free from all superstitious adjuncts, the great truths of the Gospel; while, in the scorn with which they were viewed by the higher orders of the clergy, we have testimony to the purity of their doctrine.

It is conjectured that *Guichart de Beaulieu* now become a zealous preacher, may have been a lawless man in his younger days—perhaps the leader of one of those bands of plunderers that abounded in the broken times of Stephen, who might afterwards have become an inmate of Beaulieu, a cell attached to the Abbey of St Albans. Whoever Beaulieu might be, he enjoyed no royal patronage; and he was the stern and uncompromising denouncer of error, and promulgator of truth. It is melancholy to reflect that, in the lapse of seven centuries, the world is so very little better than when the preacher Beaulieu denounced its vices, and pointed out the straight path. "*Le Sermun*" is, in spirit and tendency, nearly the same as "Mammon"—the most modern discourse in a similar vein.

Hannah Lawrance infers a better state of society at large, in the thirteenth century, than is generally believed; and she reasons acutely and plausibly, if not convincingly, her data being the lately-published rolls of the period. This part of the work is exceedingly curious and interesting. After enumerating many particulars, establishing her position respecting the legal security and the comparative wealth of the common people, and endeavouring to prove that the *villeins* were not slaves of the soil—she continues:—

Where might we find an instance of the Russian serf, or the American negro slave, engaged in a legal contest with his master? Another instance that the villein was capable of exercising the rights of a freeman, may be found in the case of Ralph Cloer, in which it is adjudged, that he cannot hold the land claimed, "because he is a villein, and that he be amerced for making the claim." Here the first law-officer of the land, Geoffry Fitz-Peter, imposes a pecuniary fine on a member of that class, which we have been told, and by no mean authority, had no legal rights to the possession of money. The bondsman, therefore, with his iron collar, which forms so interesting an object in so many a picture of the middle ages, must, in England at least, be placed among those many picturesque embellishments which may "adorn a tale," but which certainly cannot be permitted to "point a moral."

She considers that, if the yeomen of Essex and Hertford had legal justice placed within their reach, "Cedric the Saxon needed not to fear the injuries Front de Bœuf could do, either to house or land." Some of these *villeins*, whose actual condition has occasioned so much controversy, held themselves a considerable quantity of land. By "the Boulden Book," it appears that the *villeins* of Boldenare held each thirty acres of land; and their payments were partly in service, partly in kind, and partly in *money*.

In Southbydyk the villeins held their *ville* in farm, and find "eight score men to reap in autumn; thirty-six waggons to carry the corn; and they beside pay £5." Many of the entries in this ancient document are very curious; at harvest time it is determined that the whole household shall turn out to work, "*exceptâ husewifâ*," and this respectful attention to the mistress of the house, is repeated in every entry.

This is much more than the indulgence, cherishing the habits of civilization and the sentiments of humanity, which philanthropists now claim for the *housewives* of negro cabins; they would even take their services in the field during the pressure of the sugar crop. Our authoress rests her assumption of the superior condition of the lower classes of the middle age upon another foundation. In these early times—

The political economist had not put forth his brutal axiom, that "mere food and clothing are all that the poor have a right to demand;" but a better and wiser, because a Christian feeling, pervaded the higher classes. The great hero of chivalry, Arthur, was pointed out, by the courtly poet himself, as "meek and piteous to the poor." The knight kneeling at the altar's pale, in the same vow that pledged him to be true and loyal to his mon-

rch and his lady-love, pledged himself also, "always to maintain the right to destroy all those who would injure widows, poor maidens, and the fatherless; to love poor folk to the utmost of his power, and with all this to love the holy church." Thus the duty of protecting and aiding the poor, was placed side by side with the duties of religion; and while many a romance told how the charity of the knight was returned to him a thousand-fold, the homily and the legend echoed the same lesson of mercy, and enforced it by the the resistless argument, "for our Lord himself was a poor man."

That these lessons produced their due effect, numerous regulations of the middle ages prove: in those days, at times of high festival, none of that morbid horror of the mingling of the higher and lower classes seems to have prevailed. "Cloth of gold" shunned not contact with "cloth of frieze;" but the peasant as well as his lord hastened to the tournament, the civic procession, the gorgeous festival at the king's palace—secure not only of a place, but of refreshment; for the dole of "white bread" was provided for such, and garments were often given; while, in order that the poor might, on festive occasions, participate in the very luxuries of the higher orders, the conduits poured forth *wine*. Indeed, looking back even on this early period, and contemplating the kindly feeling which was cherished toward the poor and destitute—the abundant convent dole, which supplied them in times of scarcity, and the noble hospitals, in which age and helplessness found repose; the poor man in the present day, crushed down by "the greedy avarice of civilization," might turn a sorrowful look on the days gone by.

We should adopt the lady's benevolent opinions, if we did not indulge the hope that the present evil condition of society, in a state of painful transition, points to the period when the independent working-man's own labour may suffice without the charitable *dole;* and the well-secured fruits of his early industry sustain his old age.

The state of the Jews forms a curious feature of these times. Before the reign of Beauclerk, little is known of Oxford, save that the *Jews* received their education at that place, which is assumed to establish the fact, that the sciences were taught there from a very early period; and this is not all.

To refer the introduction of all science that deserved the name, to the settlement of the Jews in England, would appear to the reader, who is acquainted with that singular people only in their present state, most strange and improbable. Yet such was the fact; and the first schools which taught experimental philosophy in England, were those of the Jews at Oxford. Whatever may be the character of the Jew in the present day, in those earlier ages, ere a Lanfranc had aroused the intellectual powers of two nations, and ere one Christian university had raised her head—in the Moorish schools of Cordoba and Toledo, "the highest chairs of philosophy were filled by Jewish Rabbins; and a succession of Hebrew scholars shed lustre on the literary history of Spain." Oriental in their tastes as in their origin, the Jews, like the Saracens, especially pursued those studies to which the eastern nations had, from earliest times, been attached, and to watching "the stars in their course," to inquiries into all the hidden mysteries of nature, their attention was almost exclusively directed. Of the precise character of their instruction, when, in the reign of Beauclerc, they occupied three hostels in Oxford, called after the respective names of their owners, Lombard-hall, Moses-hall, and Jacob-hall, we possess no information. That Christian students should resort to these halls in great numbers, merely to attain, according to Antony à Wood, a knowledge of Hebrew, is most improbable:—surely it was rather to learn the wonders of astrology, the singular powers of that newly-discovered Arabian science of numbers, the profound mysteries of the Cabala, that Christian youth flocked to these Hebrew schools, and meekly sat down at the feet of their Jewish professors. From other sources, we learn that astronomy—combined with those wild but beautiful dreams of planetary influence which have been the belief of successive ages, ever since the Chaldean fed his flocks on the plains of Shinar, and the crowned Magian ascended the topmost tower of gorgeous Babylon, to watch the mystic dance of the planets—was a favourite study of the cloister. Prior Walcher's rhyming epitaph, among other eulogies, expressly records that he was "bonus astrologus;" and the remark of the chronicler, that the priest, whose testimony he quotes to avouch some marvellous *fact*, was "learned in the stars," seems to be considered sufficient to render *his* testimony equivalent to that of a whole jury of unlearned men. The exact sciences were, however, also cultivated; and in geometry, and the higher branches of mathematics, many denizens of the cloister attained celebrity. It was very questionable whether, at this early period, the witching dreams of alchemy (that unquestionable parent of modern chemistry) were believed by the learned of the day, or even by their Jewish instructors.

By the middle of the eighth century, Jews were settled in England, and, probably, long before that period. Strange that none should have appeared in Scotland until the end of the eighteenth! They were taken under the protection of the Conqueror, for which they paid according to the usual terms of the covenants made between helpless wealth and rapacity invested with power.

The Conqueror enacted, "that they should be under the king's protection; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave; that they, and all theirs, should belong to the king; and that if any should detain any of their goods, *he* might challenge them as his own." And on this miserable pretence of protection, were this singular people willing to dwell in England, even until the period of their compulsory exile. During the reign of Rufus, they seemed to have enjoyed both quiet and security. . . . In the tenth of Stephen, we find first mention made of the charge, afterwards so frequently brought against them, that of crucifying a child. This was said to have taken place at Norwich; but it was probably a fiction of their enemies, since Dr Tovey truly observes, "they are never said to have practised it, but at such times as the kings were manifestly in great want of money."

In the reign of Plantagenet, the Jews first obtained a piece of ground in London, for a cemetery. Previously, there was but one in all England in which the persecuted race were permitted the rites of sepulture. Their original burying-ground in London was in the place now called *Jewin Street*. Their "money" made them the prey of the kings and nobility, while, to the people, they were hateful for their "usances." In massacres and plunderings of Jews, the people might imagine that they were only, by "wild justice" taking back their own. The prodigal and pious Henry III. was as severe in mulcting the Jews as his father, who, being aware that money cannot be obtained save where it is, had extorted nearly as much from the few Jews in the country as from all the rest of his subjects together. Plantagenet had made their property be registered for his better convenience in at any time obtaining "forced loans." Henry III., at one sweep, extorted from them a sum equal to £200,000 of modern money.

On two occasions, during his reign, the malignant charge of crucifying a child was brought against them; and, on the one occasion, many of the richest Jews fled

away, and the king seized all their property; while, on the other, eighty of the wealthiest Jews of Lincoln were hanged, and sixty-three conveyed to the Tower, to undergo a similar fate. Besides these general persecutions, some of their number seem to have been marked out for most extensive spoliation. Aaron of York, declared to Matthew Paris, that no less a sum than 30,000 marks (£300,000,) besides 200 gold marks for the queen, had been extorted from him in seven years; and others were heavily mulcted.

Next to the Jews, the merchants of London were the greatest "ready-money men" in the nation; and "those churlish Londoners" did not escape heavy mulcts. Improvement was, nevertheless, rapid and steady during this long reign, especially in the police of the towns and in domestic security. Watch and ward was established in most of the towns and boroughs. Foreign trade extended rapidly, and the markets began to be steadily supplied with cheap and abundant provisions. London was then first supplied with water brought from Tyburn, in leaden pipes, to the conduit of Westcheap. That contrivance for domestic convenience, which an intelligent though savage New Zealander lately admired above everything he saw in England, was nearly perfected in the middle of the thirteenth century. The philosophy of our authoress does not always inspire us with so great admiration as her skill in picturesque narrative; but here is one emphatic observation, shewing, besides, the best possible use that can be made of an acknowledged grievance:—

For these, and many other instances of improvement, the character of Henry has received higher praise than strict justice will allow; and that advancing civilization, which really was the result of national spirit and enterprise, has been too hastily attributed to the enlightened encouragement of the monarch. But, looking more clearly into the records of these times, we shall find that every one of these improvements originated with the people; and that the beneficial influence of the monarch, was rather the result of his contrary conduct—of the capricious exactions which stimulated the industry, and the weak efforts of tyranny, which aroused the spirit of the nation to bold and independent exertion.

The arts in the thirteenth century, form the theme of a charming chapter. The era of improvement in trade and in domestic affairs, was eminently that of the advance or resurrection of the higher arts.

Then first the graceful saint smiled from her foliaged canopy on the gazing crowd; then first the suppliant effigy adorned the altar-tomb; then first the gorgeous window, with its "glass of thousand colourings," shed its flood of rainbow light upon the kneeling worshipper; and then first did Gothic architecture display all her surpassing beauty, and rear those splendid fabrics which, even to the present day, challenge the admiration of every beholder.

The dignified clergy of the age were the liberal patrons of the arts; and to ecclesiastical architecture they often voluntarily devoted a large part of their incomes. The clergy were, at the same time, not indifferent to the splendour of their private residences. "Noble stone houses" began to be built on the road to Westminster.

Among these, the town residences of the bishops of Worcester and Chester were conspicuous; most of the *mitred* abbots, too, had houses (inns they were mostly called) in the suburbs. From a short description given of that purchased by Abbot William of St Albans, and stated to be in London, we gain some notion of the character of these mansions. It stood back from the street, and was entered by a court-yard; it was "like a palace for size," and, besides the usual apartments, had a chapel, a kitchen, stables, and "great apartments;" it was also provided with garden, orchard, and well. Nor were the citizens contented to dwell in mean and inferior houses, while the nobles and prelates occupied their tall stone mansions. The wealthy mercers of Westcheap, the enterprising drapers of Candelwyck, and the princely merchants of the Vintry, erected houses that vied in size and splendour with those of the neighbouring nobles, and exacted an unwilling tribute of admiration from the envious king and his rapacious kinsmen. Even the Jews—hated and persecuted, on all occasions, by the citizens, and so unmercifully mulcted by the king—obtained permission to construct a noble synagogue in the district assigned to them, the Old Jewry; and build houses that rivalled those of their haughty persecutors and oppressors.

These dwellings, but especially the churches, were richly decorated by the painter, as well by the carver, gilder, and enameller. Minute "precepts" issued in the reign of Henry III., for the embellishment of churches, shrines, and royal chambers, which are still extant, shew the style of decoration to have been rich, whatever it might lack in refinement. One of the "precepts" affords decided evidence that oil-painting existed in this age, a subject often contested. At least, the King's treasurer is directed to pay "to Odo and Edward, 117s. 10d., for *oil, varnish,* and colours, bought by them;" not surely save for use. The beautiful art of painting on glass, was now coming into favour, both in the dwellings of the rich, and in ecclesiastical buildings. This, too, was the age of effigies, refined sculpture having been introduced by the Crusaders into northern and western Europe. It is said—

A peculiarly classical character, indeed, pervades the effigies of this period: the noble effigy of Elinor, with her lofty regal brow, and the full folds of her mantle, so gracefully gathered up beneath the girdle, and from thence flowing to her feet, might be placed in a collection of Grecian sculpture, nor excite surprise. The effigy of Isabell, too, though a woman of a far inferior style of beauty, is yet distinguished by much grace and elegance; and the drapery, which is very full and light, is chiselled with great freedom and delicacy. Nor is it only to the effigies at Fontevraud that we must turn; the effigy of Edith Astley, the graceful female figure in Bedale church; that of Edmund Crouchback, and that beautiful, though so greatly mutilated effigy of his first wife, Aviline de Fortibus, both in Westminster, are proud monuments of the skill of the artist, at a rather later period. The classical character, just before alluded to, is singularly heightened, by the graceful female dress of this period. The robe, flowing in ample folds to the feet, the mantle, sometimes fastened by rich ornaments on the shoulders, and sometimes flung loosely across the figure, and the plainly-banded hair, just seen beneath the delicate wimple, give these effigies a close resemblance to the remains of classical antiquity; while the knight, in his sleeveless surcoat, open at the side, and its ample folds confined by the sword-belt, wears the very counterpart of the Grecian tunic. . . . . .

During the middle period, and especially towards the close of this century, Gothic architecture continued to advance in grandeur and beauty; and, while it began to display a greater degree of ornament, the ornaments had not, as yet, encumbered the general design. In all their accessories, the Gothic architects seem to have been guided by the most delicate perception of beauty. No strange and startling combinations of bird and beast, of the human figure with animals or foliage, meet us in the pure Gothic; the human figure when introduced either gracefully and naturally occupies the niche, or fills up the

spandril; or the head alone, wimpled, crowned, or with flowing hair, forms the bracket of the arch. But in foliage, the taste of the Gothic architect absolutely revelled: every leaf—rose, thistle, strawberry, ivy—every one, from the simple trefoil to the elaborate acanthus, from the light and graceful convolvulus to the richest oak—find a place:—and almost every flower, too—lilies, marigolds, delicately drooping bell-flowers, and rich clusters, which resemble the hydrangea, and roses of every kind, from the formal heraldic rose, to the simplest hedgerow, or the many-leaved rose of Provins—all, delicate and natural, as though by sudden magic, they had been frozen to marble, clasp the graceful shaft, adorn the moulding, or enrich the ponderous key-stone.

The close of this century was distinguished, too, by the erection of those numerous chapter-houses of unrivalled beauty; and by those additions to our cathedrals, which many judges have considered to be the most exquisite parts of the whole. This, too, was the era of the graceful market-cross, and of those unrivalled sepulchral crosses which, amid their mouldering desolation, still exhibit so much grace and beauty.

The authoress traces the progress and refinement of art, in humbler departments—in the finely-carved seals, in the beautifully illuminated manuscripts, and the works of the London goldsmiths, famed, before the Conquest, for the elegance and taste of the gold and silver crosses, figures, and altar plate which they wrought.

We take leave of this interesting and graceful fragment of early history, with respect for the taste, talents, and industry of the authoress, and cordial recommendation of her work, to those who, though appalled by the dry or repulsive facts of general history, delight in pictures of early manners, and in tracing the developement of civilization, from the bursting germ to the unfolding of the bright consummate flower.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Mrs Jameson's Memoirs of King Charles's Beauties, with their portraits, after Lely, Wissing, Kneller, &c.

THIS is a new issue of an elegant and expensive work, in Monthly Parts, equally elegant as the original edition, and at a much cheaper rate. Part I. contains portraits of Queen Catherine of Braganza, engraved for the first time, for this work, from the picture at Windsor. The termagant Castlemain—the most abandoned, imperious, and prominent of the ladies of the Royal harem—forms the second portrait. She is habited as an Amazon. We look in vain for that dazzling beauty in Barbara Villiers, which enchanted honest Mr Pepys nearly as much as the lustre of those rich-laced petticoats which "it did him good to look upon." The "voluptuous vixen," who is certainly the most impudent, as well as the most rapacious royal harlot upon record, was probably somewhat indebted for the brightening of her charms to court flatterers. If Dryden could compare her to Cato, why might not other courtiers magnify her into a Juno? It is not surprising that Fox, with the history of England before him, should call a Restoration "the worst of Revolutions." This harpy was but one of its blessed consequences. "These were the times, Mrs Rigmarole." Lady Castlemain alone had £20,000 a-year out of the customs, and £5,300 a-year from the post-office revenue; besides all that she could squeeze out of Ireland, and pillage from her royal lover, in the shape of gifts and presents, in jewels, plate, houses, &c. The retributive moral of the tale of that "hell-upon-earth" life which this woman—to whom a common trull is a respectable character—led the King, brings a sort of consolation. As soon as she knew her ground with Charles, she never attempted to carry any point by insinuation or cajolery. She raged, stormed, and burst into fits of incontrollable fury—and was dreaded and obeyed, however unreasonable, capricious, or exhorbitant her demands for money or power might be. "Wearied by the din of her vituperative tongue," the King was glad to relieve his ears and eyes by conceding all that she desired. This "enormously-ravenous" favourite, as Burnet calls her, was as extravagant as rapacious; and, indeed, rapacity and extravagance are ever twin-vices. She was accustomed to stake a thousand pounds on a game; and, in one night, lost £25,000 at Basset. After the "good-humoured, easy-tempered, polite" Charles—all of which *gentil* epithets Mrs Jameson is pleased to apply to the King—had shamelessly and tyrannically forced this fury into his wife's household, by which she obtained apartments at Whitehall immediately above those of the King, her dominion over him became absolute. "In her chamber," it is stated, "and among the profligate crew who surrounded her, was prepared the plot against Lord Chancellor Clarendon, which ended in the disgrace and banishment of that great nobleman." When he returned to Whitehall after resigning the seals, she jumped out of bed in her night-clothes, to look down upon him as he passed, and stood in her balcony, abusing him loudly, and in the coarsest terms her vulgar malice could suggest. When she quarrelled with the great Duke of Ormond, who had offended her in many ways—but especially by resisting her enormous drains upon the Irish treasury—she reviled him, swore at him, and finally told him she "hoped to see him hanged." To which the Duke replied, with the grave humour becoming his character, "that, far from wishing to see her Ladyship's days shortened in return, his greatest desire was to see her grow old." Such is the kind of entertainment to be found in Mrs Jameson's lively sketches, illustrating the series of engravings of King Charles' Beauties, the pride of Windsor Castle. Had the court lady, afterwards made Duchess of Cleveland, been a fish-woman in Billingsgate Market, or the concubine of a sailor at Wapping, instead of being the King's favourite mistress, she could not have escaped the ducking-stool. The advantages of monarchy would require to be signal to counterbalance such pretty accidents as this one royal mistress.

La Belle Hamilton, afterwards Countess de Grammont, a malicious practical joker, who, with all her imputed elegance, we have always considered indebted to her husband for much of her wit and wisdom, looks here a handsome woman, of rather luxurious proportions. But the Countess of Ossory, a charming portrait from a painting by WISSING, is the gem of this Part I. in every higher attribute of beautiful womanhood. After the many ideal charmers with whom one's eyes have been sated since last October, it is refreshing to turn to the homeliest of these ladies; real women, and looking real. We anticipate great success to this publication, and no less pleasure in the forthcoming numbers than the present, when we remember the long train of charmers that remain—the buxom "Mistress Nelly"—"poor Nell!"—the lovely Jennings, and Hydes, and Churchills, and fifty others, who will live and flourish once more in true portraiture, and in the lively memoirs of Mrs Jameson.

NEW NOVELS, ROMANCES, SKETCHES, &c. &c.

Books of entertainment have come forth in such abundance within the last six weeks, that we can only notice the flower of them, and that in the slightest way.

Jerrold's Men of Character

Is, however, something more than an ephemeral work of entertainment. It is a transcript from the ever fresh and open volume of daily life; teeming with instruction to the reflecting, and with knowledge and amusement to the most superficial. We are glad to meet these inimitable scattered sketches, collected into one portfolio; and not sorry that the familiarity of general readers, with their Hogarthian excellence, makes it unnecessary to say much about them. Who has forgotten Job Pippin's or Isaac Cheek's misadventures, the rotten egg of Barnaby Palms, or Mathew Clear's "*Hooking?*"

Misrepresentation; or, Scenes in Real Life,

Is a mere slice of the daily bread of the circulating libraries, and not very richly buttered. It purports to be one of a series of tales on the passions; but what passion is illustrated, we cannot guess, unless it be that of the heroines of novels, for tormenting themselves and all around them, by the old game of cross-purposes.

Royston Gower, or the Days of King John,

Is an historical romance, abounding in incident, and, if not in memorable characters, yet in *dramatis personæ*. It is the production of the writer known as the Basket Maker. The author's tasteful eye for soft landscape, and for forest scenery, and his love of ancient rustic sports and usages, imparts grace to his narrative. He has made himself acquainted with the manners of the age, which he undertakes to describe, and never outrages costume by those glaring anachronisms into which some historical romance-writers are apt to fall. With all this, "Royston Gower" is more to be commended for the fretting of the husk, than for the richness or raciness of the kernel. What matters it?—It is a pleasant, readable tale of the olden time, which will, in many particulars, beguile the hour as well as another; while Robin Hood, and his merry men, and Sherwood Forest, "time cannot stale;" and they are all flourishing here.

The River and the Desert, by Miss Pardoe,

Is not exactly a romance; but it is a book of amusement, and of the most gossamer texture. It is in the form of letters; and the perplexing title is simply translated into "Recollections of the Rhone and the Chartreuse." Next time Miss Pardoe writes, she should do herself and her readers the justice of having something to write about, and to take a little more pains with it.

PROGRESS OF PUBLICATION.

Modern Process of Preserving Alimentary Substances. By H. W. Brand.

The directions are brief and plain. They apply to every sort of fresh provisions, vegetables, and fruits.

Christian Sentiment of Flowers

Is a very small tract, containing a popular verse of poetry and a text of Scripture, applied to a great variety of common flowers.

A Second and Improved edition of Curtis on the Preservation of Health

Has been published, with improvements.

Gems from the British Poets,

Four small tomes, each forming a *complete* work, and the whole a very desirable addition to a juvenile collection. One tiny tome consists of *sacred* poetry; another of pieces from *living* authors. The selection is generally judicious, as the selector has wisely walked in the exact footsteps of the best of his precursors.

Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. V.

Gives us "Madoc" complete, and is a goodly volume in point of size. To us the charm of "Madoc" has ever been its sweet mother-English. It is the most purely Saxon of modern compositions, whether prose or verse.

Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organization. By Lieutenant-Colonel I. Mitchell, H. P. author of "The Life of Wallenstein."

Colonel Mitchell is a reformer of the economical and political departments of the military system, and also of the system of modern tactics, which he would supersede by one which he considers immeasurably better. The substance of his work has already appeared in *The United Service Journal*; and he now bespeaks the aid of those military men, qualified to judge, who encouraged the work in its progress, to assist in the completion of its grand object. Though that object is chiefly professional, the work is so managed as to interest general readers. It is often extremely lively, glancing brightly in all directions, as well as sensible and liberal. Yet the author is no exception to what may be made a general rule:—no old soldier without his prejudices. He has imbibed the prevalent contagious dread of the power of Russia, and has been carried a farther length by it than is common, even at this season of alarm. He is also an inordinate believer in the essential importance of colonies to national prosperity.

NEW POEMS.

Summer Months among the Mountains. By Andrew Mercer.*

This comprehensive title is given to a small volume of very miscellaneous character. It is, in fact, a collection of pieces, grave, gay, humorous, pathetic, descriptive, and complimentary, displaying more of the true spirit of poetry than we are accustomed to see in volumes of fugitive pieces,

"Nor wanting the accomplishment of verse."

The poems, indeed, partake more of the old school—more of the classical than the crude, though sometimes spirited, effusions with which the public have been made familiar of late. The locale of the poems is generally Ettrick Forest; and one of the finest of them bears the name, sacred to the Scottish Muses, of that resort—

"Whither the Scottish monarchs came,
By train of noble chiefs escorted,
In summer's prime to hunt the game
That here in pasturing crowds resorted.
Oh, grand the greenwood's rich display!
With hart and hind the glades abounded,
The eager stag-hounds loudly bay,
And bugles yell and horses neigh,
And arrows whizz, and fall the wounded.
Then deep carouse, when sport was o'er,
Held in the monarch's forest tower.

"The Forest rivers have been sung,
By many a bard in joy and sorrow;
'*Tweedside*' and '*Ettrick-banks*' along,
And many a lay on lovely '*Yarrow*.'
By *Cadon's* mountain stream, and *Quair*,
And *Leithen* braes, the Muse found matter
For love and song, then downwards where
She warmed the '*The Lads of Galla Water*.'
And every brook, and vale, and grove,
Have list strains of poetic love.

"A chant here for that lovely scene—
The lakes of *Lowes* and lone *St Mary*;
Where, round the pyramids of green,
Soft summer winds their waters carry."

. . . . . .

But we must turn from the tribute garland, woven of Forest Flowers, and from "Park, and Hogg, and Scott," who here find themselves in fellowship. Another Forest scene, *Fairnylee*, is sweetly sung:—

"Though *Yair* be sweet by fair Tweedside,
And rich its scenery be;
Yet it blinks not in the morning sun,
Nor basks until the day be done,
Like sweeter *Fairnylee*."

. . . . .

* Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. pp. 200; price 4s.

"There, when life's curfew late hath tolled,
To sleep, how sweet 'twould be!
Beneath some long-loved elm or oak
That never felt the woodman's stroke,
The green sward covering as a cloak,
In the woods of *Fairnylee*."

Some of the English songs are truly elegant, as that one beginning, "Why declare how much I love thee." So are the verses "To a Streamlet," and the "Wooing and Bridal of the Willow and the Brook." Though of humbler pretensions, this genuine Scottish lilt is not to be treated with indifference:—

"D'ye like, my lassie,
The fields, wild and free,
Where the song o' the herdsman
Gars a' ring wi' glee?
Or the steep rocky glen,
Where the eagles abide?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the mountains,
Where the dun heather grows,
Where dwell the ptarmigans,
The wild goats, and roes?
Or the roar of the torrents
That rush down their side?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the woodlands,
Where grow the wild pines,
The birks, and the hazels,
And brambles—our vines?
Where the dun fallow-deer
In hundreds reside?—
Then, on wi' the tartan
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the knowes, lassie,
That ever were green,
Unless wi' the blossoms
Of broom and of whin?
Or the sang of the lintie,
When wooing his bride?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the burn, lassie,
That loups o'er the linns?
Or the bonny green haughs,
Where it cannily rins,
Wi' a cozy bit cottage
Sae snug by its side?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride.

"D'ye like the blue bonnet,
The plaid and the trews?
And a yellow-haired laddie
Wad ye like to choose?
Will ye gang to the Highlands,
And there be his bride?—
Then, on wi' the tartan,
And off wi' me ride."

We admire the philosophy of the "Contrast," where the balance of happiness is thus decided in favour of Nancy, the hay-maker, and against "Harriet in her Chariot."

"Which is happier—maid or lady?
On this the world will disagree;
But, for my part, I've decided—
Come, Nancy, I'll make hay with thee!"

Among the best of the humorous pieces, is "The Man of Interjections," of whom we are told, that—

"When Ultra-Tories talked of force,
To keep the mob in awe,
And threatened troops of foot and horse,
He gruffly muttered—*Bah!*

"When braggarts boasted of great powers,
He gave his friend a nudge,
Or, wicked, misbelieving winked,
And slily whispered—*Fudge!*

"In physic, law, divinity,
There's quackery enough;
Whenever such was heard or read,
He peevishly cried—*Stuff!*

"But sterling sense, or genuine wit,
Or humour's merriest mood,
Well pleased he heard, and smiling he
Ejaculated—*Good!*

"Or, if some noble sentiment
Demanded a display
Of approbation, then, indeed,
Righty hearty his—*Hurrah!*"

We must give the *moral*, for the benefit of M.P.'s, and all speechifiers whatsoever; speechifying being the crying and prominent vice of the age:—

"If in and out of Parliament,
More silent would remain,
We should not be so often bored:
For this we pray—*Amen!*"

Is that not likely, courteous reader, to be a clever book which contains things like this? Buy it, therefore. It would not be easy to point out how you could spend four shillings more judiciously and agreeably.

The Cry of the Poor.

We have here a rhymed argument for the poor, by a man of amiable feelings, who is no despicable versifier. He is a Tory, moreover, and dislikes the French and the new Poor-Law, and admires the wisdom of our ancestors, and the manners and habits of that golden age of English cottage life, which, if it ever really existed, save in the poet's lays, contrasts painfully with the poverty, hurry, squalor, and uneasy restlessness of this transition period.

Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems. By Richard Chenevix Trench,

Is a new volume of verse by one, who may be better known as the author of "Justin Martyr" than by his proper name. The volume contains no fiery revelation of the spirit of poetry; but, nevertheless, many copies of pleasing verses, of the purest and kindliest tendency.

COMMUNICATION FROM MR HUME ON THE CAUSES OF CANADIAN DISCONTENTS.

TO THE REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Bryanston Square, 12*th March* 1838.

GENTLEMEN,—Being of opinion that every violation of the constitutional liberties of any portion of her Majesty's subjects, is an insult and injury to the whole, I think it of importance that the causes which led to the general discontent, for years past, in the province of Lower Canada, and the circumstances which occasioned the late lamentable civil war in a small portion of that colony, should be clearly understood by every British subject. I therefore request your careful perusal of the following narrative, lately sent from Vermont, one of the States of America adjoining to Lower Canada, which gives a more faithful and concise detail of the proceedings in that province than any account I have yet seen. The long-continued system of misrule appears to me sufficiently to account for what has taken place.—I remain your obedient Servant,

JOSEPH HUME.

Vermont, 15th December 1837.

The popular outbreak which has recently and unexpectedly occurred in the neighbouring Province of Lower Canada, has, it cannot be denied, excited much interest in the northern and eastern sections of the Union. The papers from all quarters comment, more or less, on the subject. This, if there were no other proof, is sufficient to shew the direction in which the public feeling is setting.

It is probable, however, that most of the citizens of the United States are yet in a great degree ignorant of the precise nature of the movement in the north; of the causes which have led to the temporary triumph of one of the parties, and to the temporary defeat of the other. But, above all, few of them are acquainted with the chain of circumstances which hurried long-lived and deep-rooted discontent into sudden resistance to the constituted executive authority of the colony. The following details will, it is hoped, enable the public to form, without going very far back into history, a distinct and clear idea of the rise and nature of the Canada difficulties.

The executive authority in that colony *is perfectly irresponsible to the people of Canada.* No matter how grave the malversation or misconduct of the persons exercising it—no matter how unfit they may be for the station—they can neither be removed from office, punished, *or controlled by the people*, whose affairs they maladminister, whose property or resources they waste, or whose liberties or rights they may invade or destroy. A consequence of this state of perfect freedom from control has been, that the members composing that executive have divided among themselves, their families, and dependants, more than a million of acres of the public lands. They have permitted the treasurer of the Province to peculate and convert to his own use, with impunity, 600,000 dollars (L.120,000) of the public money belonging to the colonists; and they still share among themselves enormous emoluments, large fees established without the authority of law, have obtained most valuable portions of the public domain for little or nothing, and combine, many of them, in their own persons, executive, legislative, and judicial functions. *That is, the same individuals sit in one chamber as makers of the law; in another, as judges of the law; and in a third, as executors of the law.* We need not tell our enlightened citizens, that every constitution of the Union wisely declares the exercise of these duties by the same persons to be incompatible.

In the next place, the second branch of the Provincial Legislature, which is called the *Legislative Council*, and which is equivalent to the Senate of this State, [or House of Lords in England,] is composed of persons appointed *for life* to that office by the authorities in Britain. The persons thus appointed are, nearly without an exception, *the creatures of the government*—some of them immoral men, and all of them totally independent and beyond the control of the people for whom they make laws. Let them behave ever so badly, they cannot be removed from office.

The great majority of the men holding seats in this branch of the legislature, are dependent on, or connected with, the government in one way or another. Some of them hold offices of profit, of from 2000 to 10,000 dollars a-year. Others among them have their children or connexions in office; and many have had large grants of lands, or leases of public property, for which they pay but a nominal sum; the continuance or renewal of which leases depend altogether on the good-will of the government. The independent members did not, until lately, amount to more than *half-a-dozen* in a body of more than thirty members.

It is evident, from such a composition, that it is directly the interest of these men to support a system in which the salaries are high, the patronage extensive; to oppose small salaries, the economical administration of affairs, and the control of the public purse by the representatives of the people.

From these feelings, they have ever steadily opposed the just demand of the House of Assembly to control the public purse; and, in every possible way, embarrassed that body in the exercise of its just privileges of voting the salaries of the public officers. It is unnecessary to enumerate here all the measures which have been passed by the people's representatives, and destroyed in this Council. In fourteen years, they amount to more than TWO HUNDRED bills, of the nature of which the following may give an idea.

They rejected the bill continuing common schools in the Province; and thus, at one blow, laid in ruins 1500 schools, and deprived 40,000 children of the means of acquiring the elements of education. There is not a public common school now in Lower Canada.

They have constantly rejected the bill to allow the people, in the country parts of the Province, to elect parish or town officers to regulate their local affairs; and have destroyed the corporations of Montreal and Quebec, by refusing to pass the bills continuing them.

In Lower Canada, there is no law for the *impartial drawing* of juries. The sheriff, who holds an office worth many thousand dollars a-year, during the pleasure of the Governor, has the power to put whomsoever he pleases in the jury box. In common language, he can "pack" the jury. Whenever the government prosecutes a person for political offences, it follows that the prisoner is sure of being found guilty; for the sheriff dares not displease the authority upon which his large emoluments depend. To rectify this vital grievance, the *House of Assembly* has passed a bill to regulate the drawing of jurors. The *Legislative Council*, the creatures of the government, destroyed the bill, so that it could not become a law.

They have arrested all public improvements. The Assembly voted over 100,000 dollars, in 1836, to finish a canal between St John's and Chambly, thereby to render uninterrupted the water communication from New York to Quebec; and also passed a bill to complete the docks and wharfs of Montreal. *Both these bills were destroyed by the Legislative Council.*

This list could be extended to ten times its length; but, as it is meant only to convey an idea of what the country has suffered from the *irresponsible* constitution of the Council, these few will suffice. As a remedy, it is demanded that the Members of that Council be *elected to office, for a limited time, by the people*, precisely as the senators of this state are elected. By that means, if they continued to prevent education and public improvement, or to refuse their consent to laws for the security of the people's liberties, other and better men might be chosen in their stead. This prayer has been refused by the Colonial Minister, and by the Imperial Parliament.

The next demand of the people of Lower Canada is that their representatives should have the control of all the public revenues raised within the Province. Some persons are under the impression that Great Britain pays all the expenses of the colony. This is an error. Lower Canada pays all the expenses of her own government, and has, at the same time, a surplus sufficient to defray the expenses of common schools and public improvements. Great Britain contributes not a cent to the civil expenditure, though she supports the military establishments at a great expense.

Having thus to pay all the civil expenses, it is natural that the Assembly should insist on the exercise of its constitutional right of controlling all the revenue. The government, which is not willing to have the means of rewarding its favourites curtailed—the office-holders, who like high salaries—have always opposed these rights of the representative branch of the Legislature. The Governor has, consequently, year after year, expended large sums of the people's money, without the consent and against the will of their representatives: and although the government promised, so far back as 1796, to surrender all the revenues to the control of these representatives, it has never performed its promise. In spite of all that the Assembly can do, the flood-gates of corruption and extravagance continue unclosed; and, to destroy all opposition, the Governor has at last accused the leading members of the Assembly, who have supported the people's rights, of high treason: he has, moreover, outlawed them, and set a price on their heads. When the wolves wish

to devour the sheep, they first wisely set about destroying the watch dogs.

A few more samples of Canadian grievances, and we have done with that part of the subject.

When the province belonged to France, large tracts of valuable land were given in trust to the order of Jesuits, for the purposes of public education. This property has been most shamefully wasted. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands of dollars, of the proceeds, have been squandered among officials and favourite churches—thousands of acres of the estates have been alienated for a mere nominal sum; and the college, founded by the Jesuits in Quebec, where, in the last century, youth acquired a knowledge of science and the higher branches of learning, has been positively converted into, and continues to be used as, a *barrack* for soldiers by the British government! Does not this one fact suffice to shew the nature of British rule in Canada?

Again, nothing can give an idea of the difficulty which the people labour under of acquiring land to settle on. The militia of the Province were promised lots in return for their services during the last war. They fought and bled. Peace came. Their services and wounds were forgotten; and government has, by systematic quibbling, ever since evaded the performance of the promise it gave in a moment of danger and fear. It has, on the contrary, in order to raise a revenue indeperdent of law, and beyond the control of the Legislature, sold nearly a million of acres of the public lands, to a company of speculators in London, at about twenty-five cents [twelve or thirteen pence] the acre; for which land this company, in return, demand and receive from a dollar and a-half to three dollars the acre, from emigrants and settlers. This land company has been chartered, and these lands sold, against the repeated protests of the local Assembly.

As a remedy for their grievances, of which the above is necessarily but a brief and faint outline, the people of Lower Canada demand:—

1st, That the Provincial *Executive Council* should be responsible to the people, through their representatives.

2nd, That the members of the *Legislative Council* should be elected by the people, on the same principle as the senators of the State of New York.

3d, That the representatives of the people should have the control of all the monies received in the public treasury, from public taxes and all other sources whatever, in the province, and that not a cent should leave that treasury without the authority of law.

4th, That no official incumbent should hold more than one place, and that the public salaries should be reduced. *Many* office-holders now hold *three or four* offices each, and the salaries are enormously high: the Governor, for example, receiving 20,000 dollars a-year, a sheriff 10,000 dollars, and judges from 4,000 to 9,000 dollars.

5th, They next demand, that various laws passed by the Parliament of Great Britain, wherein they are not represented, and affecting the *internal* affairs of the province, be repealed, and that the department of the public lands be regulated by provincial law; so that any man, whatever be his origin, language, or religion, who wishes to settle in the country, may have the means, at a very trifling expense of so doing, without favour or partiality for any class of settlers.

The House of Assembly, finally, have resolved not to vote any supplies to the government, until their various grievances be redressed; and, in accordance with this resolution, have steadily refused, for the four past years, to grant any supplies, *but with conditions annexed:* the *Legislative Council* have rejected those Bills of supply, where conditions were annexed.

The British Government, in reply to these demands, reiterated for years, at length sent out a royal commission to inquire into their truth. This commission made its report in 1836. It is a singular fact, that all the evidence collected was from the office-holders and their political friends. Strange to say, the justice of all the complaints of the people is, notwithstanding, admitted. Stranger still, the commissioners recommend the government *to refuse all the reforms demanded by them.*

In conformity with these anomalous and unjustifiable recommendations, Lord John Russell, the British minister, introduced into the British Parliament, last March, a series of resolutions, rejecting all the prayers of the Canadian Reformers. Not content with this injustice, he went one step further. Following the bad and unconstitutional examples set him by the Grenvilles, the Norths, and the other enemies of American rights, and forgetful of the sound constitutional principle, that nobody has the right to dispose of a people's money except their own freely-chosen representatives, the minister submitted his *eighth* resolution,* authorizing the British House of Commons to dispose of—"to give, and grant"—the money belonging to the people of Canada.

It is superfluous here to point out the blow aimed in this resolve against the very vitality of all constitutional freedom. It is the same unwarrantable pretension that the people of these States successively opposed, in the shape of a stamp act and a tea tax, and which is so familiar to every schoolboy throughout this Union.

These resolutions were, after strong opposition on the part of the friends of American rights, passed by the British Parliament by overwhelming majorities. In the House of Lords, only *one* man was found to record his vote against them—that man was HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

Though passed in England, they were not, to her honour be it spoken, submitted to in Canada. Her representatives persisted in refusing supplies, and demanded that the eighth resolution be expunged from the journals of Parliament. Taking a leaf from the history of the American Revolution, the people met in their several counties, and at once resolved not to consume any articles imported from Great Britain—to encourage domestic manufactures, and to trade almost exclusively with these States.

Conformably to these resolutions, wine and other luxuries forthwith disappeared from the tables of the people. The members of the Assembly, and the inhabitants, women as well as men, clothed themselves in cloth of domestic manufacture, and no tea or coffee was drunk, except such as was introduced from this country without paying duty.

A warfare such as this, the government well knew would be fatal to its power; for, the revenue proceeding in a great part from duties on imports, the non-consumption policy resorted to by the mass of the inhabitants, would most extensively affect the treasury.

To put a stop, then, to the spirit of incipient resistance, the Governor, Lord Gosford, issued a proclamation, denouncing as "seditious" the meetings above mentioned. This proclamation fell still-born from the press. It was derided and treated with every possible contempt; and the meetings continued. Finding proclamations of no avail against the Democrats of Canada, Lord Gosford next had recourse to acts of terror. He called magistrates and militia officers who attended the "anti-coercion" meetings, (as they were called,) to an account for so doing. These officers, with a spirit becoming free men, at once repelled this incipient attempt to coerce them in the expression of their opinions at public meetings, or in the exercise of their inherent rights. The Governor proceeded, thereupon, to dismiss them from office. These dismissals excited so much indignation throughout the country, that gentlemen who held commissions in the militia and in the magistracy came forward, in great numbers, in several counties, and voluntarily threw up the "royal" commissions, as officers of militia, and magistrates, which they held, and accompanied their resignation by letters couched in the most

* The eighth resolution, carried, on the 24th April 1837, in the House of Commons—116 for to 32 against—viz., That, for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice, and of the civil government of the said province, it is expedient that, after applying for that purpose such balance as shall, on the said 10th day of April 1837, be in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said Province, arising from his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and casual revenue, the Governor of the said province be empowered to issue from and out of any other part of his Majesty's revenues in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said Province, such further sums as shall be necessary to effect the payment of the before-mentioned sum of £142,160 : 14 : 6.

manly and independent terms. Whole counties by this means were left without a magistrate or a militia officer.

To prevent society from falling into a state of disorganization, the Reformers next commenced laying the foundation of an elective system of local government. On the 23d October last, delegates from the six counties bordering on the River Richelieu,* assembled at St Charles, and passed a series of resolutions, recommending the people to meet in the present month of December, in their several parishes, and to elect their own magistrates and militia officers. An address was also voted by this meeting to the people of Canada, containing a declaration of principles, thoroughly democratic—recapitulating the grievances under which the Province laboured—protesting against the introduction of an armed soldiery, [troops had been ordered from Nova Scotia, &c.,] in times of profound peace, for the physical coercion and destruction of the people of the Province, who were determined not to submit to the arbitrary measures of ministers; and, finally, recommending to their brother patriots to organize in their several localities, so as to be prepared for whatever it might please the providence of God to bring about. This address expressed, at the same time, a confident hope that the people of these States would never permit the principles for which the fathers of American freedom struggled in 1776, to be crushed in Canada in 1837.

This great meeting, and this bold address, were the signal for the British Government in Lower Canada to develope its long-planned conspiracy against the liberties of the colonists—to hurry the people into resistance, in imitation of the well-known inhuman policy pursued by Lord Castlereagh towards Ireland in 1798, in order that it may the more easily crush all opposition, and "*Polandize*" the Province.

The 6th of last month was the day on which the first part of this plot was unfolded. On that day, a young men's association, called "The Sons of Liberty," held their usual regular monthly meeting in Montreal. The government, or Tory party, stated, at an early hour, their intention to assault these young men. The latter, not yet aware that it was a crime to meet publicly and peaceably, to express their opinions on the interests of their native or adopted country, treated the threats of the Tories with no attention, and held their meeting, at which they passed a series of resolutions. During this meeting, stones were thrown at the young men; yet this passed unresented. On their way home from the meeting, they were, however, assaulted—the assault was repelled—their opponents retreated; and the magistrates, most of whom are violent partisans of the official or Tory party, called out the troops; and they paraded the streets, accompanied by several pieces of cannon.

"The "loyal" assailants of the "Sons of Liberty," now safe under the protection of British bayonets and artillery, were not slow in committing excesses. The most prominent of these was the breaking of Mr Speaker Papineau's windows; after which they broke into the office of the *Vindicator* newspaper, a reform journal, which, *with the knowledge and within the sight or hearing of the magistrates*, they utterly destroyed. Since that day, they have had undisturbed possession of the city of Montreal, and every public newspaper has been suppressed.

Not to be behind these furious men in zeal, the Governor next proceeded to act his part in this lawless drama.

His first step was to remove all the liberal magistrates from the commission of the peace in the district of Montreal. He was well aware that, so long as a Reformer remained as a magistrate, the victims whom he intended to sacrifice might have some person to sympathize with them, or give them advice. He deprived them of this hope, *by removing, in one day, between sixty and seventy magistrates, who happened to be Liberals, or were suspected of Liberalism, from the commission of the peace.* Then the reign of terror commenced in good earnest. Warrants were issued in torrents against every man who had dared to take a prominent part in the recent meetings. The president and divers officers of the "Sons of Liberty" were arrested on a charge of high treason, for merely having signed an address to their brethren in the other colonies. Warrants were next issued against the officers of the meeting of the six counties, and against the Members of the House of Assembly who had attended that meeting, as they were bound to do, by the obligation they had entered into with their constituents; and the district jail was at once crammed with the victims of arbitrary government.* *Liberty of speech, liberty of meeting, and the liberty of the press, were thus annihilated in the British Province, on our immediate borders, in the short period of twenty-four hours.*

The people of the country parts of the district of Montreal, on learning that warrants for high treason were issued against their most patriotic public men, and aware that, if the latter were once imprisoned, the chances were ten to one that their lives would be sacrificed, at once determined to oppose the execution of those warrants.

To those acquainted with the state of things in Canada, this determination does not seem strange. It rather does honour to the hearts of the Canadian farmers. The men doomed to incarceration, if not death, by the government, live among the people, are in daily intercourse with them, and have become connected with them by various ties. They are among the most intelligent, liberal, and able men of the Province, and of high moral and personal standing. The jail to which these patriots were to be conveyed, is not situated in the counties in which they reside. There are, indeed, but three jails in the Lower Province—viz., at Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. Prisoners are removed, in many instances, fifty, sixty, and ninety miles from their homes, friends, and neighbours, and immured in damp cells, in solitary confinement, on bread and water. Add to this, the serious consideration, that they will receive only the mockery of a trial; for, in the absence of all law providing for the impartial drawing of juries, *dependent sheriffs pack such juries* as they expect will return verdicts to please the government. Thus, the political prisoner has no barrier between him and the vengeance of arbitrary power; and, convinced of this, the country people determined to protect their representatives and public men.

The first time on which this feeling was called forth, was in the early part of last month, when Dr Davignon and Mr Demaray were arrested on a charge of high treason, at St John's. Instead of conveying these prisoners quietly to Montreal, direct by the railroad, the cavalry that captured them resolved on striking terror through the country, by conducting them round by Chambly and Longueil, a distance of thirty-six miles, with iron fetters on their hands and feet, and *ropes around their necks*. The people in the neighbourhood of Longueiul had a short notice of this arrest, assembled in a moment to the number of between thirty and forty men, and rescued the prisoners. The government seized on this petty, unexpected resistance by a few, as a pretext for levying war on the mass of the Canadian people inhabiting the district of Montreal. Immediately, a force of 800 men, with four pieces of cannon and a howitzer, was despatched from Montreal—one-half to attack St Denis, the remainder to storm St Charles, where several of the leading reformers from Montreal had retired, when they could no longer remain at their homes.

So little expectation was there that such an armed force would be sent into the country on the grave expe-

* These counties contain about the sixth part of the whole population of Lower Canada.

* "To-day, two young French lawyers (C. S. Cherrier and Mr Peltier) were arrested, charged with treason, and committed to jail. I saw them marched from the court-house by one of the volunteer corps of this city—many of whom were American-born citizens. May the free soil of our beloved country never again be polluted by their unhallowed footsteps! There is not a man in this city who dares to declare himself a patriot—the liberty of the press is destroyed; and, to speak in favour of their cause, will consign the body to chains and dungeons. To see these young Frenchmen, the descendants of the original proprietors of this city, driven to prison by a horde of hireling Britons, aided and abetted by a clan of mercenary American Tories, was too much for my feelings, and I am not ashamed to confess that the revolting spectacle was almost hid from my vision by the blinding tears of sympathy."—*Letter from an American citizen, temporarily in Montreal*, dated Dec. 1.

dition of arresting half a dozen of civilians, whose only offence was, that they had attended the St Charles meeting, at which they had taken an active part, that not the least preparation had been made to oppose such a body. There were no more than thirty men in St Denis previous to the arrival of the troops, and these were collected rather to prevent the sudden seizure of Dr Neilson by a posse of constables, than with any anticipation of contending against a regular armed force. The same may be said of St Charles. When, however, it was known the troops were coming, the tocsin was sounded—a crowd of about 300 men, armed, some with fowling-guns and others with pitch-forks, assembled at St Denis, and, after an engagement of five hours and a half, repulsed the soldiers, with a loss of fifty men and one piece of cannon. At St Charles, the only triumph the troops obtained, was the empty one of setting fire to a range of out-houses, in which were stored a quantity of hay and grain, and from out of which the patriots, about 300 in number, had kept up a galling fire, and of compelling the patriots to withdraw, with a loss of some thirty men, killed and wounded.* They afterwards burned the house of one of the vice-presidents of the St Charles meeting, not being able to find its owner, against whom they had a warrant; and made prisoner of "a liberty tree," planted some weeks before by the people, in honour of "PAPINEAU;" the erection of which, the Governor in council had solemnly, though not very legally, considered to be an overt act of "treason."

After a week's campaign, the troops were obliged to return to Montreal, having lost, in the collision with the peasantry, nearly 100 men, without arresting a single individual of those, to seize whom they had been despatched.

Two steamers, with four companies of soldiers, sundry pieces of artillery, a troop of horse, and a supply of rockets, were next despatched on a second expedition to St Denis, St Charles, and St Hyacinth, (the last-named village being 18 miles in the rear of the other two,) to bring in "the rebel chiefs." Not succeeding in the object of their expedition, and meeting with no opposition, the *gallant band amused themselves with firing the houses of defenceless women, helpless men, and absent individuals.* Their course through the country may be traced by havoc and devastation similar to that resorted to by the British troops in these States during the Revolutionary War of 1775.

An impression prevails in this part of the Union, that the late movement in Lower Canada was the commencement of a system of revolutionary resistance to the government, regularly organized by the leaders of the Canadian people. *This, it will be seen from what has preceded, is an error.* The resistance to the troops was simply and purely the spontaneous impulse of the farmers, who were determined to prove their gratitude and attachment to a few of their public men, who happened to be in danger. If Dr Neilson and Mr Brown led the people on these occasions, it was rather from the immediate and uncontrollable necessity of the moment, than from any pre-arranged plan of general resistance. Under these circumstances, it should not appear strange that advantage had been gained by regularly equipped and organized troops. The wonder should rather be that the people had gained the day even at St Denis.

The nature of the recent commotion in Lower Canada is now before the public. It is evident, from the details, that the movement was without the participation, and beyond the control of the leading men of the country, who must be held guiltless of the charge of imprudence, to which subsequent events may seem to expose them; but of which, now that the real merits of the case are explained, they cannot be accused. *The truth is, the British Government in Canada, and not the people, has been the aggressor.* The latter pursued, all along, a strictly constitutional course. They met in their parishes, counties, and districts, where their proceedings were confined to the passing of resolutions, making speeches, and publishing addresses. By these peaceable and strictly legal measures, the people were becoming thoroughly educated; and the foundations were being deeply laid for the establishment of a purely democratic system of government. The British authorities foresaw this, and resolved, *per fas et nefas*, to goad the people into resistance, in order that they might have a pretext before the world for extinguishing all constitutional government in Canada.* With this view, they began by at once destroying the liberal newspapers in the Province, and offering large rewards for the arrest of the editors and printers thereof.† Next, warrants were issued against the most influential members of the House of Assembly, who had hitherto consistently opposed the pretensions of Downing Street; and they were charged with high treason, in order that all opposition on their part, in the legislature, might be most effectually removed. Whilst the people were still fancying that the law would be respected, large masses of armed troops were sent into the interior of the country, to court collision, which would furnish an excuse for further coercion and violence on the part of the government. That collision has occurred; and the government, ever ready to curtail the rights of the people, has followed up the conspiracy on which it entered, by offering a price for the heads of the leading reformers, and declaring *martial law.*

Thus, all law—all constitutional right—all civil liberty—is extinguished in Canada; the words of the American Declaration of Independence are verified:—"The free system of English law is abolished in a neighbouring province, and an arbitrary government established therein, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into other colonies." It is not difficult to foretell the result of this deep-laid scheme against popular liberty, if the measures of the British authorities succeed. The limited privilege, hitherto possessed by the people, of electing representatives, will be either entirely destroyed, or so modified as to render the Assembly what the Legislative Council now is—the creature of the colonial minister, for the oppression, not for the protection or defence, of the colony; and the continent of North America will, in the nineteenth century, furnish Europe with the singular phenomenon of possessing, in the vicinity of each other, at one and the same time, the freest and most despotic systems of government.

* The account which Colonel Wetherall, known here as the "hero of St Charles," gives of the affair at that place, surpasses (if he is to be credited) even the barbarities of the Mexicans. He says that the patriots fought without a leader and without bayonets; that the regulars charged and murdered, with bayonets and the butts of their muskets, ninety-six French Canadians, most of them young men, and many of whom had laid down their arms and begged for quarter! and that at last the British officers were obliged to interfere and prevent a blood-thirsty hireling soldiery from massacring all who had surrendered.—*Letter from an American citizen, temporarily in Montreal*, November 30.

* The only offence committed by the people, or their leading friends, was that of peaceably assembling, setting forth their grievances, passing and publishing resolutions, addresses, &c. It is a fact, that the government found great difficulty in designating any acts that could be considered treasonable, and that the Council at last resorted to the pretext of the erection of a liberty pole, surmounted by a liberty cap, by a few of the more ardent young men at the meeting of the six counties, as the "overt act;" for which warrants were issued for high treason against some of the most intelligent, esteemed, and able men of the Province, and under which they were hunted down like wild beasts, by the myrmidons of power, with a price set upon their heads.

† There is not one liberal newspaper now in Lower Canada. There were four in the beginning of last month.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings in Parliament now create so little interest, that, of late, we have not thought it worth while to notice them at any length. It is seen, on all hands, that the Reform Act is worn out, and that it is in vain to expect any further good measures from it. The People have been miserably deluded, and can hardly reflect, without shame and sorrow, that all the efforts

they made in 1831 and 1832, to the sacrifice of their comforts and their interests, and at the manifest risk of bloodshed and civil war, should have ended in pushing one set of the aristocracy from their stools, to replace them by another, supported in office merely by their former opponents, who do not yet find it convenient to assume the reins of Government, and acting on the very principles which caused the Reform Act to be so eagerly demanded. Although we are only in the month of March, it is generally agreed that little more than routine business is to occupy the remainder of the session; the Lords are no longer to be "bombarded with good measures," and the quiet of the Conservatives is not to be disturbed. In short, the great parties in the State have declared an armistice, which, we doubt not, should there be any pressure from without, will soon end in a peace and a treaty, offensive and defensive, against all enemies. The representatives of the People—(we ought rather to say, the Members of Parliament—for not a score of them, at such a period as the present—a new reign, and the commencement of a seven years' Parliament—represent anybody but themselves)—already forgetting the promises and pledges they made a few months ago, during their canvass and on the hustings, boldly defy their constituents. They know that the electors have not the power they ought to have—that of dismissing, as well as electing a representative; and that to the call for a resignation of their seats, they can oppose against compliance, the authority of a Russell and a Peel, and the practice of an Andrew Johnston. But let them take warning by his fate. He had not the courage even to present himself at last election to any constituency in the three kingdoms. His refusal to fulfil his pledge closed *his* political career.

The personal squabbles of the month, however important they must, undoubtedly, at the time, have appeared, to those engaged in them, are unworthy of recording. According to the description of an eye-witness, there have been scenes in the House of Commons "which defy description, in ordinary limits of language; nothing more disgraceful ever occurred in the gallery of a suburban theatre." We merely allude to these scenes for the purpose of noting, that, while 517 Members assembled to take part in the ridiculous question about censuring O'Connell for stating what every one knows to be the truth, only 395 thought proper to attend the debate on Mr Villiers' motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, on the 15th of March; yet this is by far the most important motion, in as far as the People are concerned, which has occurred during the session. Mr Villiers' speech was one of considerable ability, though we have found nothing new, either in the facts or the reasoning. He estimates the loss incurred by the Corn-Laws, supposing the price to be enhanced 12s. per quarter, at £15,600,000; but it is a very rough way of going to work—to compare merely the price of grain in Britain and on the Continent. The great mischief of the Corn-Laws is, that they prevent industry, they create idleness and misery, they render the existence of heavy poors'-rates, and the degradation of pauperism necessary evils. A cutler at Sheffield, a cotton-spinner at Glasgow, is out of work, or suffering under a reduction of wages. Do you ask him why? His answer is ready; the market is overstocked with the commodities of his particular species of labour. He is lectured about gluts, and the evils of over production, and goes home—to starve. But what is the truth? There is a glut, an over production, simply because foreign nations are opposing restriction to restriction, and are not only supplying themselves with commodities with which we used to supply them, but are competing with us in countries, of the markets of which we had till lately the uncontrolled possession. *But the evil will cure itself.* A little more starvation will bring the working classes to comprehend the operation of the Corn-Laws; and who can say but that, in the rough operation under which the Corn-Laws will sink, many other excrescences of our never-sufficiently-to-be-admired constitution will at the same time go by the board? The aristocracy should take warning from the increasing resistance to the Poor-Laws. They have no right whatever, in justice or morality, to enforce these laws till the Corn-Laws be repealed. It is nothing but tyranny to reduce a man to idleness, and then punish him because he cannot support himself. Sir William Molesworth, in seconding the motion, took a profound and philosophical view of the question. He shewed that the vulgar notion, that a repeal of the Corn-Laws must necessarily create a great reduction of rents—the grand bugbear with our legislators—had no foundation to rest on; and he proved that the landlords injured not only all other classes of the community, but themselves likewise, through their ignorance of the effects of the Corn-Laws. Yet it was to this very class that Lord John Russell desired to give preponderance by the Reform Act; on which preponderance he had ventured to assert, that the stability of the institutions of the country depended. Sir W. pointed to the Corn-Laws in refutation of such doctrine, and contended that the stability of this country depended upon the wealth, power, and happiness of the community. He might, however, as well have spoken to the walls; and, in truth, the honourable representatives took care to keep up an incessant noise and confusion in the House, while the advocates of the Repeal were speaking. After a lengthened discussion, the motion was negatived by 300 to 95. So much for the Reformed Parliament! The Members of all the large towns in England voted in the minority, as well as those for Glasgow, Paisley, Aberdeen, and Dundee; but the member for Edinburgh (and we have only one) was an exception—Sir John Campbell having, we presume, on this as on the question of the Ballot and some others, not made up his mind. Would it not be advisable at next election to give him two or three years' leave of absence from Parliament, to enable him to study politics and political economy, of which two sciences it is no disparagement to him to say, considering his eminence in the law, he is miserably ignorant! As might have been anticipated in such a House, Colonel Sibthorpe's motion for a reduction of the tax on Fire Insurances, had little chance of success. Although the Reformed Parliament has relieved the "landed interest" of the *whole* of this tax in as far as their property is concerned, has reduced the poor-rates four millions, has imposed one half of the county-rates on the consolidated fund, and has granted them much relief by the Tithe Commutation Act, (which even exempts the advertisements made in pursuance of the act from the paltry duty levied from every one else)—the reduction of Fire Insurance duty to *one-half*, in as far as regards property not connected with land, was negatived by 95 to 20. Another instance occurred in the same week of the character of the House, on the motion of Mr Hume, regarding a recent appointment given to the Hon. Mr Bouverie Primrose, second son of the Earl of Rosebery, and nephew of the Earl of Lichfield, the Post-master General. This fortunate youth, who was never employed in the Post-Office, or anywhere else in his life, has been appointed Cashier and Receiver-General of the Post-Office in Scotland. It is as gross a job as was ever perpetrated by the Tories in the worst of times; yet only 9 Liberals and 20 Tories voted against the job, and 202 in its favour.

These are specimens of the proceedings in a Reformed House of Commons!

From the Steam-Press of Peter Brown, Printer, St James' Square, Edinburgh.